Fantastic 4

DOOM

2099

BRODERICK

MARVEL

THE ONCE-AND-FUTURE DOOM!

Victor Von Doom rises again to rule in a whole new era. But where **Doom** goes, his accursed foes, the **Fantastic Four**, will surely follow! The complete saga of Doom and the FF in the dark tomorrow of **2099** is collected in full for the first time!

COLLECTING *DOOM 2099 (1993) #1-44, FANTASTIC FOUR 2099 #1-8, 2099 A.D. APOCALYPSE #1, FANTASTIC FOUR (1961) #413,* AND MATERIAL FROM *2099 UNLIMITED #5-8* AND *2099 SPECIAL: WORLD OF DOOM* — WRITTEN BY JOHN FRANCIS MOORE, ERNIE COLÓN, WARREN ELLIS, TOM DeFALCO, KARL KESEL, TERRY KAVANAGH, BEN RAAB AND MORE; AND ILLUSTRATED BY PAT BRODERICK, ERNIE COLÓN, QUIQUE ALCATENA, DAVID KLEIN, JOHN ROYLE, STEVE PUGH, ASHLEY WOOD, JOHN BUSCEMA, RICK LEONARDI, MATT RYAN, PASQUAL FERRY, PAUL RYAN, MARK BUCKINGHAM, JEFF LAFFERTY AND MORE.

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Fantastic 4

DOOM

2045

Fantastic 4

• WRITERS:

John Francis **Moore**, *Ernie* **Colón**, *Warren* **Ellis**, *Michael Jan* **Friedman**, *Terry* **Kavanagh**, *Karl* **Kesel**, *Tom* **Peyer**, *Tom* **DeFalco** & *Ben* **Raab** *with Peter* **David**, *Jo* **Duffy**, *Joe* **Kelly**, *Evan* **Skolnick** & *Paul* **Ryan**

• PENCILERS:

Pat **Broderick**, *Ernie* **Colón**, *Quique* **Alcatena**, *Marie* **Severin**, *Edmund* **Perryman**, *David* **Klein**, *John* **Royle**, *Steve* **Pugh**, *Mark* **Buckingham**, *Ashley* **Wood**, *John* **Buscema**, *Rick* **Leonardi**, *Matt* **Ryan**, *Jeff* **Lafferty**, *Paul* **Ryan** & *Pasqual* **Ferry** *with Leo* **Durañona** & *Kyle* **Baker**

• INKERS:

Pat **Broderick**, *John* **Beatty**, *John* **Nyberg**, *Ernie* **Colón**, *Quique* **Alcatena**, *Marie* **Severin**, *Steve* **Moncuse**, *David* **Klein**, *Scott* **Koblish**, *Kev* **Sutherland**, *Al* **Williamson**, *Josef* **Rubinstein**, *Art* **Thibert** & *Jaime* **Mendoza** *with Leo* **Durañona**, *Kyle* **Baker**, *James* **Daly**, *Harry* **Candelario**, *Karl* **Story**, *Vince* **Russell**, *Keith* **Williams**, *John* **Lowe**, *Bob* **Wiacek**, *Al* **Milgrom**, *Andrew* **Pepoy** & *Dan* **Panosian**

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DOOM 2099

COLORISTS:

Christie ***Scheele***, *George* ***Roussos***, *Mike* ***Thomas***, *Joe* ***Andreani***, *Marie* ***Severin***, *Ben* ***Sean***, *Megan* ***McDowell***, *Paul* ***Becton***, *Ed* ***Lazellari***, *John* ***Kalisz*** & *Malibu* with *Kyle* ***Baker***

LETTERERS:

John ***Costanza***, *Rod* ***Ollerenshaw***, *Lois A.* ***Buhalis***, *Janice* ***Chiang***, *Phil* ***Felix***, *Jim* ***Novak*** and *Richard* ***Starkings*** & ***Comicraft*** with *Hector* ***Formento*** & *Kyle* ***Baker***

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

Sarra ***Mossoff***, *Matthew* ***Morra***, *Lia* ***Pelosi***, *Mike* ***Marts*** & *Joe* ***Andreani***

EDITORS:

Joey ***Cavalieri***, *Lia* ***Pelosi***, *Suzanne* ***Gaffney*** & *James* ***Felder*** with *Bobbie* ***Chase***

FRONT COVER ARTIST: ***Pat Broderick***

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: ***Rick Leonardi*** & ***Al Williamson***

FANTASTIC FOUR AND DOCTOR DOOM CREATED BY ***Stan Lee*** & ***Jack Kirby***

COLLECTION EDITOR: ***Jennifer Grünwald*** | ASSISTANT EDITOR: ***Daniel Kirchhoffer***

TALENT RELATIONS SPECIALIST: ***Lisa Montalbano*** | ASSOCIATE MANAGER, DIGITAL ASSETS: ***Joe Hochstein***

PRODUCTION: ***COLORTEK***, ***RYAN DEVALL*** & ***DEB WEINSTEIN*** | VP, PRODUCTION & SPECIAL PROJECTS: ***Jeff Youngquist***

ART RESTORATION SPECIALIST: ***Joe Frontirre*** | BOOK DESIGNERS: ***Sarah Spadaccini*** WITH ***Jay Bowen***

MANAGER & SENIOR DESIGNER: ***Adam Del Re*** | LEAD DESIGNER: ***Jay Bowen***

SR. MANAGER, DIGITAL: ***Tim Smith 3*** | DIGITAL PRODUCTION: ***Rachel Young***

VP, PRINT & DIGITAL PUBLISHING: ***David Gabriel*** | EDITOR IN CHIEF: ***C.B. Cebulski***

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MARVEL® COMICS

DOOM 2099

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

$1.75 US
$2.25 CAN
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JAN
CC 01158

ANTIKVA VILAGO, LATVERIA.

ONCE THIS MARKETPLACE WAS DIFFERENT-- A GATHERING OF COMMUNITY AND PROSPERITY IN A FAIRY TALE KINGDOM.

NOW CITIZENS OVER-EXTEND THEIR CREDIT FOR SPOILED SYNTH-FOODS, DESIGNER DRUGS, AND PIRATED RUSSO-V.R..

HERE THE BLACK MARKET IS THE ONLY MARKET.

THREE THOUSAND. NO MORE.

WHAT!?! WE AGREED ON FIVE, GASKARO!

ATARI

NO ONE BUT ME COULD FREESTYLE INTO TIGER WYLDE'S SECURITY NET FOR THESE ACCESS CODES--

IF YOU WON'T PAY MARKET VALUE, YOU CAN WATCH ME AND THIS DATA FADE.

LISTEN, YOU INPUT-ADDLED GYPSY, THAT INFORMATION IS USELESS TO YOU!

YOU'LL TAKE THREE AND LIKE IT!

HEY!!

PAY ATTENTION, JUNKMAN-- NOBODY HURTS WIRE. NOBODY.

L-LOSE THE SHIV, XANDRA, EVERYTHING'S ON LINE. I WASN'T GONNA HURT--

ATTENTION. SERGEI GASKARO, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR ILLEGAL TRANSFER AND SALE OF GOVERNMENT INFORMATION.

NO... NO...

GUARDSMEN!!!

DO NOT MOVE. RESISTANCE WILL BE MET WITH FULL PRE-EMPTIVE FORCE.

KRZACKK

LET'S FADE, WIRE! FAST!

WE SHOULD GRAB HIS CASE!

FORGET IT! WE'RE NEXT IF WE DON'T PICK UP SPEED.

THINK THEY KNOW I SNAKED THEIR DEFENSE CODES?

IF THEY DID, WE'D ALREADY BE ROADKILL.

NOBODY FIGURES A GYPSY CAN GHOST LIKE A CORPORATE RAIDER--

WE'RE JUST LOOSE ENDS TO THEM, HUH?

I'M GOING TO TRY TO LOSE THAT CROWD SWEEPER IN THE CASTLE RUINS--

-- BEFORE WE BECOME DEAD-ENDS.

I KNEW I SHOULD'VE CHARGED THE BATTERY THIS MORNING.

THEY'RE GAINING--

I KNOW--

WHAT'S WITH THE SUDDEN LIGHT SHOW...?

SCHRAKCKKKSKK

LOOK OUT!

HANG ON!

SO MUCH... PAIN.. BUT... FINALLY... HAVE RETURNED..

NO TIME FOR SIGHTSEEING. GLIDE, BABY, GLIDE.

CYCLE'S STALLED. BLASTED BATTERY.

VR-VVRRUHH-VR-VV

MY CASTLE... DESTROYED?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN AWAY?

ATTENTION. YOU ARE AN UNAUTHORIZED PRESENCE INTERFERING WITH OFFICIAL GUARDSMEN BUSINESS.

IDENTIFY YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY.

YOU DARE THREATEN ME?

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

Stan Lee presents
MUSES OF FIRE!
KKRROOWWSSCH
I AM DOOM!
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer
PAT BRODERICK artist
JOHN COSTANZA letterer
CHRISTIE SCHEELE colorist
JOEY CAVALIERI editor
TOM DEFALCO editor in chief

WHOEVER THAT GUY IS--

--I HOPE HE KNOWS WE WEREN'T WITH THOSE GUARDSMEN.

BATTERY'S NOT RECHARGING FAST ENOUGH--

--IF HE DOES TO US WHAT HE DID TO THEM--

CALM YOURSELVES. I DO NOT BATTLE CHILDREN. I WANT ONLY *WORDS* WITH YOU.

MY CASTLE NO LONGER STANDS. HOW DID THIS OCCUR?

YOUR CASTLE? THIS PLACE'S *ALWAYS* BEEN RUBBLE.

YOU SHOULD WORRY ABOUT WHAT *TIGER WYLDE* WILL DO WHEN HE LEARNS *YOU* EXXED HIS GUARDSMEN.

WHO IS THIS *TIGER WYLDE*?

WHERE HAVE *YOU* BEEN? *TIGER WYLDE'S* RUN LATVERIA FOR *YEARS*.

AND WHAT YEAR IS THIS?

TWENTY NINETY NINE.

HMMM... MUCH *LATER* THAN I EXPECTED.

CAN IT BE I HAVE BEEN *FORGOTTEN* IN *MY OWN* LAND?

IT IS TIME TO MAKE LATVERIA *REMEMBER*.

GOJRADIA, LATVERIA'S CAPITAL, ONCE THE PROMISE OF MODERNITY TO A BACKWARD NATION--

--NOW SIMPLY THE INDUSTRIALIZED GAME BOARD FOR THE INTRIGUES OF ITS CURRENT SOVEREIGN.

YOU FAILED AGAIN, STONE.

THIS IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF YOUR ASSASSIN.

ALCHEMAX STANDARDS SEEM TO HAVE DETERIORATED SINCE MY EMPLOYMENT IN THE ELITE.

MY DEAR TIGER WYLDE, OFFICIALLY, ALCHEMAX DENIES ANY CONNECTION TO THE ALLEGED ASSASSIN.

YOUR LONG-AGO DEPARTURE IS OF LITTLE CONCERN TO THE FIRM.

DON'T PATRONIZE ME, STONE. YOUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS VERY CONCERNED ABOUT LATVERIA.

IF ALCHEMAX WANTS WAR, I'LL GLADLY OBLIGE.

--AND I'LL TAKE GREAT SATISFACTION IN PERSONALLY GRINDING YOU INTO DUST.

THIS FEUD WITH ALCHEMAX MAY INTERFERE WITH MY TRITONIUM VENTURE.

WHAT DO THE CARDS SAY, FORTUNE?

WHY DO YOU PLACE FAITH IN HER SUPERSTITION, WYLDE?

HUMMMMM

ALWAYS THE MAN OF SCIENCE, EH, ZONE? TOO HARD TO ACCEPT WHAT WE GYPSIES KNOW--

--THAT BENEATH THE RATIONAL LIES THE INTUITIVE.

THE JUDGMENT A CHANGE IN POSITION. A SHIFT IN POWER.

WE'RE NEARING A CRISIS POINT.

KKRRASSHH!

DO NOT MAKE ME WASTE ANY MORE ENERGY ON DOG SOLDIERS.

I AM VICTOR VON DOOM.

I DEMAND TO SEE TIGER WYLDE.

ANOTHER DOOM ROBOT. SHALL I TAKE CARE OF THIS?

NO, ZONE, I WEARY OF MY ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES.

OUR UNINVITED GUEST MAY PROVE TO BE AN ENTERTAINING DIVERSION--

--AFTER ALL, THE OTHER ROBOTS WE FOUND WERE HARDLY IN WORKING ORDER.

THE HANGED MAN.

DANGER.

BE CERTAIN, I AM NO ROBOT.

DOOM RULED LATVERIA IN THE *TWENTIETH CENTURY.* HE *VANISHED* BEFORE I WAS BORN.

IF YOU ARE *TRULY* DOCTOR DOOM--

--YOU HAVE A *VERY LONG* ABSENCE TO EXPLAIN.

MEMORIES OF PAIN--

--UNENDING AND UNYEILDING--

--ONLY REMEMBER THE PAIN--

WHERE I HAVE BEEN IS *NOT* AT ISSUE.

YOU MAY LEAVE LATVERIA WITH NO FEAR OF *REPROACH--*

--BUT LATVERIA IS *MINE.*

SUCH *BRAVADO,* BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, OLD MAN-- *YOUR* LATVERIA NO LONGER EXISTS.

THE GOVERNMENT YOU LEFT BEHIND *COLLAPSED,* AND WAS ON THE VERGE OF BEING ANNEXED BY *CORPORATE* POWERS.

BUT I *FORTIFIED* LATVERIA AS AN *INDEPENDENT*-- AS A BASE FOR MY *OWN* ENTERPRISE.

YOU, DOCTOR, ARE NOTHING BUT AN HISTORICAL *FOOT-NOTE.*

PERHAPS A *HISTORY LESSON* IS IN ORDER.

URK!

YOUR REFLEXES ARE FASTER THAN I EXPECTED--

--BUT I TIRE OF THIS... NOSTALGIA.

KLANG

YOU ARE A GHOST OF THE PAST.

NOTHING MORE.

CHHONNNGG!

YOUR TRINITY BLASTER, SIR.

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOUR ANTIQUATED ARMOR--

--WAS ENOUGH TO SUCCEED WHERE THE BEST CORPORATE SOLDIERS FAILED?

UNGHHH... SYSTEM DIDN'T ABSORB SHOCK...

...POWER RESERVES... DOWN...

...DIDN'T ANTICIPATE... CYBORG...

I'VE BUILT AN EMPIRE ON THE CORPSES OF THOSE WHO UNDERESTIMATED ME.

COUNT YOURSELF AMONG THEM.

SRCHHHHH

NOW.
YOU'VE.
ANNOYED,
ME.
BEFORE I SEND YOU TO YOUR MAKER ONE *FINAL* QUESTION--
WHO SENT YOU?
ALCHEMAX? NOVOGRAD? PIXEL?
I... ANSWER... TO... NO... ONE... I... AM...
...DOOM... SO YOU'VE SAID.
...WILL... KILL... YOU...
IF YOUR EMPLOYERS BRIEFED YOU AT *ALL*--YOU'LL KNOW THAT'S *NOT* LIKELY--
I'M *FEEDING BACK* YOUR ARMOR'S *OWN* ENERGY--
FEEL THE HEAT AS YOUR CIRCUITRY *OVERLOADS*--
--AND *FUSES* INTO *SLAG*.
NO.
OH, YES.
THWUDD!

SHALL WE THROW HIM TO THE GENEDOCS FOR TESTING?

FIRST--LET'S SEE WHO'S BEHIND THIS POINTLESS CHARADE AS DR. DOOM.

SO MUCH STYLE OVER SO LITTLE SUBSTANCE.

I... AM... DOOM...

YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO BE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WARRIOR WHO OVER-THREW LATVERIA'S ROYAL HOUSE.

AND FAR TOO PRISTINE.

HISTORY SAYS DOOM'S FACE WAS HIDEOUSLY SCARRED...

ALLOW ME TO COMPLETE THIS MASQUERADE.

SSSSSZZZLLL

AAARRRGHH

ZONE, FIND OUT WHO HIRED THIS FOOL--

--AND CLEAN THIS UP. HE'S BLEEDING ON MY RUG.

I'LL SEE THE NEUROTECHS GET THE BODY.

--GET REAL--

--THOSE SCALPEL JUNKIES WILL ONLY TURN HIM INSIDE-OUT UNTIL HE FINALLY DIES--

--AND THE CARDS TELL ME HE'S WORTH MORE ALIVE.

FOUR DAYS LATER, NEAR THE CIRI RIVER.

UGHHN... I... AM... ALIVE?

MY BODY ACHES... AND MY FACE BURNS...

... MY FACE...

WHO ARE YOU, CHILD? WHERE AM I?

ANSWER ME... I DO NOT LIKE PUZZLES...

WAIT... YOU ARE MUTE.

AT LEAST, YOU ARE NO GUARD--

-- ALTHOUGH I EXPECTED TO BE DEAD RATHER THAN IMPRISONED.

YOUR GUEST IS AWAKE, FORTUNE.

--YOU'RE TAKING AN ENORMOUS RISK KEEPING HIM HERE.

I KNOW, ANDRE--

--BUT IF WE TAKE A GREATER CHANCE AND LET TIGER WYLDE CONTINUE HIS COURSE--

--HE'LL TAKE LATVERIA AND US STRAIGHT TO RUIN WITH HIM.

I KNOW THIS PLACE.

AS A CHILD, MY FAMILY CAMPED HERE AS WE TRAVELED SOUTH FROM GOJRADIA.

YOU'RE UP. GOOD. YOUR INJURIES WERE SEVERE.

I REMEMBER YOU, WOMAN. YOU STOOD WITH TIGER WYLDE.

READING THE TAROT FOR HIM PROTECTS MY PEOPLE.

THE NAME'S FORTUNE-- THIS IS VOX-- OUR TRIBE'S ADEPT.

YOU'D BE DEAD IF NOT FOR HIS HEALING MAGICS.

I HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO DEATH MANY TIMES IN THE PAST.

YOUR PAST IS QUESTIONABLE-- YOU MAY BE SOME DELUDED CORPORATE RUNAWAY--

--BUT THE CARDS--AND VOX--SAY YOU'LL CATALYZE A SHIFT IN POWER--

--AND TOPPLE TIGER WYLDE BEFORE HE DESTROYS LATVERIA.

THEN ACCEPT THAT I AM DOOM.

I HAVE LOST MANY YEARS, AND PERHAPS ALL OF THE RESOURCES ONCE AT MY COMMAND--

HELP ME RECLAIM LATVERIA.

AS LEADER OF THE ZEFIRO CLAN, I OFFER YOU MY TRIBE'S SUPPORT AND ASSISTANCE.

YOU ARE ZEFIRO?

I GREW UP HEARING STORIES OF LATVERIA'S ZEFIRO-BORN MONARCH.

THIS HAS BEEN PASSED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION...

I GAVE THIS TO BORIS, THE ONE MAN I CALLED FRIEND.

GYPSY BLOOD BONDS US, FORTUNE.

YOU REMEMBER NOTHING ABOUT YOUR DISAPPEAR-ANCE?

ONLY PAIN. BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

FOR THE MOMENT, I CANNOT BE CONCERNED ABOUT MY MEMORY LOSS--

--I HAVE TOO MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THIS NEW WORLD.

THIS IS WIRE--HE'S A CYBER-SAVANT--

THE BOY FROM THE RUINS. HOW CAN HE HELP ME?

--IF YOU NEED INFORMATION--WIRE CAN ACCESS ANY WORLD DATABASE--

FORTUNE GAVE ME THE SPECS. YOU'RE SCOPING RAZOREDGE TECH--

--AFTER SCAVENGING THE OBSOLETE CIRCUITRY IN THIS TIN CAN--

--STRAIGHT UP, YOU NEED MY HELP--

--ONLINE/BEGINSEARCH--

--NEWSINFONET/ BACKDOOR--

--ARCHFRAME/ LOCKEDWELL--

--VIRALATTACK/ LATERALDOWNLOAD--

MOST PEOPLE CAN'T PROCESS THE VOLUME OF INFORMATION WIRE INPUTS--

--BUT HE SKATES THROUGH CYBER-SPACE EFFORTLESSLY--

A WORTHY TALENT--IF HE CAN RECOGNIZE TRULY VALUABLE INFORMA-TION.

ACCESSED. EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN A GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE.

ONLY ONE PROBLEM--

--WE HAVE TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

THE MALHELA MOUNTAINS BORDER MOST OF SOUTHERN LATVERIA.

THEY HAVE HELPED KEEP THE REST OF THE WORLD FROM LATVERIA--

--AND LATVERIA FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD.

THIS IS CRAZY!

WHY SHOULD WE TRUST SOMEONE WHO BELIEVES HE RULED LATVERIA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO?

IF YOU WISH TO TURN BACK, GIRL, GO.

STAND WITH ME OR NOT AT ALL.

I'M WITH YOU--

--BUT ONLY SO YOU DON'T GET WIRE KILLED.

THE AMULET, FORTUNE.

EASY ON XANDRA. SHE MAY BE YOUNG, BUT SHE'S OUR BEST FIGHTER.

CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE MADE US ALLIES NOT FRIENDS.

I WILL NOT CODDLE AN ADOLESCENT'S HURT FEELINGS.

WHEN YOUR GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS ALIVE, FORTUNE--

--I GAVE HIM THIS AS A MEANS TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY SHOULD I FALL FROM POWER--

ZZZOWWW

--ONE MUST PLAN FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY.

AFTER FOUR HOURS OF CLOAKED FLIGHT THROUGH EURO-ATLANTIC AIRSPACE--

--THE DIAMONDHAWK CROSSES SOUTH AMERICA, HEADED FOR ISLA LOBOS DE AFUERA--

--AN ISLAND OFF THE PERUVIAN COAST OWNED BY THE MULTI-MEDIA CONGLOMORATE PIXEL--

--THE PALOMA INFORMATION EXCHANGE, LIMITED.

PIXEL HAS GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS TO PORTRAY THIS ISLAND AS SIMPLY AN EXECUTIVE RETREAT--

--AND NOT THE RESEARCH FACILITY IT TRULY IS.

HOW CAN WE LAND A PLANE ON A BEACH AND NOT BE NOTICED?

THE DIAMONDHAWK'S CLOAKING DEVICE PREVENTS CONVENTIONAL MULTI-SPECTRUM DETECTION--

EXPECT TO ENCOUNTER DIFFICULTIES ONCE WE'RE INSIDE--

WIRE. THE GATE. NOW.

HOW BOUT A LITTLE COURTESY?

WHO DIED AND MADE YOU C.E.O.?

CHILL, XANDRA, ENJOY THE GLIDE--

--THIS ACES SHORTCONNING FOODPACKS IN THE ANTIKVA MARKET-PLACE ANY DAY.

ONLINE/MAGPAYO/ ENTRANCE/SCRAMBLE

REROUTE/ CIRCLE/BLUE

O'DONNELL/ LOCKCODE/ SHIFT

FULLACCESS/ COMPLETE

SWOOOOOSHHHH

AFTER YOU.

WIRE, STAY CLOSE TO ME--

--AND TRY NOT TO SHOOT YOURSELF IN THE FOOT.

XANDRA!

QUIET. WE HAVE TWO LEVELS TO CROSS BEFORE WE REACH OUR DESTINATION--

--AND WIRE COULDN'T DETERMINE THE FULL EXTENT OF COMPOUND SECURITY.

NO GUARDS. NO LASER TRIPS. THIS IS TOO EASY.

WE SHUT DOWN WHAT WE COULD OF THE SECURITY SYSTEM--

--BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR WIRE TO SEARCH FOR BACK-UP DEFENSES.

SOMETHING'S WRONG. IT'S LIKE SOMEBODY GOT HERE BEFORE US.

SECURITY BREACH/ LEV 4/ SECT 12

WE HAVE VISITORS.

NOT THAT YOU CARE--

OVERRIDE

OVERRIDE

--BUT THEIR PRESENCE HERE MAY PROVE VALUBLE TO ME.

XANDRA. GUARD AHEAD.

TAKEN CARE OF.

CHUNDT

CYBER-NEUROLOGIC LABORATORY
ACTIVE ENVIRONMENT

EASIER LOCK.

DO YOU WANT ME TO KILL HIM?

NO. HOLD YOUR FIRE UNLESS NECESSARY.

INSIDE. QUICKLY.

CYBER-NEUROLOGIC LABORATORY ACTIVE ENVIRONMENT

NO ONE MOVES. NO ONE GETS HURT.

I SEEK DR. CELIA QUIÑONES.

PLEASE OFFER NO RESISTANCE.

DOCTOR, GET BACK!

DON'T BE STUPID, GORDO. WE'RE NOT SOLDIERS.

I'M DR. QUIÑONES. IF I'M BEING SHANGHAI'D MAY I PLEASE KNOW BY WHOM?

NOVOGRAD? ALCHEMAX? STARK/FUJIKAWA?

THIS IS NO CORPORATE ABDUCTION.

A BRILLIANT NEUROSURGEON LIKE YOURSELF DESERVES MORE--

--THAN INDENTURED SERVITUDE TO THE PIXEL CORPORATION.

I OFFER YOUR FREEDOM IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR SERVICES.

LATER.

REMEMBER TO MONITOR NEURO-CHEMICAL DISTRIBUTION ON THE *PET* * SCAN.

ALSO SHOULD ANY *CARDIAC* ANOMALY OCCUR--

PLEASE, DOCTOR, I KNOW MY OWN PROCEDURE.

WE BOTH HAVE A STAKE IN THIS OPERATION'S *OUTCOME.*

* *POSITRON EMISSION TOMOGRAPHY. --JOEY*

WHILE YOU'RE *UNDER*--

--SHALL I *RECONSTRUCT* YOUR FACE?

NO, THE SCARS ARE A *REMINDER*...

...OF MY...

... PAIN.

THINK HE'S THE *GENUINE* ARTICLE?

IF HE ISN'T THE REAL DOOM NOW-- IF HE *SURVIVES* THIS OPERATION--

... HE *WILL* BE.

I WISH DR. QUIÑONES WOULD OPERATE ON *ME.*

MOST OF THE CYBERTECH HERE HASN'T EVEN REACHED THE STREET.

WATCH. QUIÑONES' WALDOES ARE INSERTING *NANOIDS* INTO DOOM'S BLOOD STREAM--

-- WHERE THEY'LL ATTACH TO KEY POINTS OF HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM--

-- ENHANCING *NEURAL* AND *MOTOR* RESPONSES--

--AND CREATING A CYBER-NEURAL INTERFACE WITH *UNLIMITED* POTENTIAL.

--IF HE CAN HANDLE THE *RESTRUCTURING* OF HIS BRAIN--

--AND DOESN'T GO MAD.

YOU ARE NOT DOOM.

I AM DOOM.

DOOM'S DESTINY WAS TO RULE!

THAT DESTINY IS MINE.

DOOM NEEDED NO-ONE. YOU HOBBLE YOURSELF WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THEY ARE ZEFIRO. GYPSIES LIKE MY PARENTS--

YOU HAVE NO PARENTS. YOU HAVE NOTHING. NOT EVEN YOUR MEMORY.

BUT I REMEMBER--MY FATHER'S DEATH--THE EXPLOSION--THE TIBETAN MONASTERY--CONQUERING LATVERIA--

YOU REMEMBER FICTION--

--RICHARDS AND HIS FAMILY--AGAIN AND AGAIN--

--FEVER DREAMS--

I AM DOOM.

DOOM IS DEAD...

...IS DEAD...

..IS..

...DEAD...

...

..

.

PIXEL'S MANUFACTURING CAPABILITIES HAVE PROVED MOST EFFICIENT.

THE ALLOY MAKES THE ARMOR LIGHTER AND STRONGER.

IT FEELS MUCH MORE A PART OF ME.

--PIXEL WON'T BE THRILLED YOU'VE EXHAUSTED THEIR ADAMANTIUM LANXIDE STOCKPILE.

THAT'S THE CYBERMESH BENEATH THE ARMOR--

--IT GIVES YOU TACTILE INTERFACE WITH THE NANOTECH IN YOUR HEAD.

THERE'S A BATTERY OF TESTS I'D LIKE TO RUN...

I HAVE NO TIME FOR TESTS--

I HAVE BEEN REBORN, AND EVERY MOMENT COUNTS.

DOCTOR DOOM IS DEAD...

LONG LIVE DOOM!

O! For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
— Shakespeare, *Henry V*

TO BE CONTINUED

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DOOM

2099

TM

PAT BRODERICK 92.

BRUSSELS, EUROPEAN CONTINENTAL CONSOLIDATE, COURIER SCRAMBLESEND:

WORLD BANK INTERNATIONAL DATABASE ACCESSED.

TRANSMITTING MEGA-CREDIT FILES: LATVERIA/TIGER WYLDE, INC.

HONG KONG, PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA COURIER SCRAMBLESEND:

RESEARCH, FOREIGN ACQUISITIONS ARCHIVE, COMPLETED.

TRANSMITTING SOCIO-POLITICAL ANALYSIS: LATVERIA (TIGER WYLDE, GOVERNMENT).

MOSCOW, FREE RUSSIAN ALLIANCE COURIER SCRAMBLESEND:

KREMUN SQUARE INFOMARKET DUPLICATION PURCHASED.

TRANSMITTING CYBERNETIC HISTORY/PROSTHETIC SCHEMATICS (INCOMPLETE): TIGER WYLDE.

MEXICO CITY, FEDERATED STATES OF AMERICA COURIER SCRAMBLESEND.

AMERWEST SECURITY GLOBAL OVERVIEW OBTAINED.

TRANSMITTING ALCHEMAX CRISIS FILE (ACTIVE): TIGER WYLDE DEFECTION HISTORY/ TERMINATION ORDERS.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DOOM 2099

ISLAS LOBOS DE AFUERA--SITE OF A PIXEL* CORPORATION RESEARCH COMPOUND--

--TAKEN OVER BY A SMALL BAND OF WOULD-BE REVOLUTIONARIES --

--INTENT ON TOPPLING A GOVERNMENT HALF A WORLD AWAY.

YOUR FACILITY IN ROBOTIC DESIGN *AMAZES* ME. A *PASSION*?

*PALOMA INFORMATION EXCHANGE LIMITED. --JOEY

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, MY TRIBE'S PUPPETEER MESMERIZED ME WITH HIS *MARIONETTES*--

AS AN ADULT, MY OWN ROBOTIC CREATIONS HAVE PROVED A GREAT AID--

--IN BOTH THE *MAINTENANCE* OF STATE AND THE *GATHERING* OF INFORMATION.

HARD TO IMAGINE YOU AS A CHILD.

MY CHILDHOOD ENDED THE DAY I WATCHED THE OLD BARON MURDER MY FATHER--

--AND I *SWEAR*, AS I *WRESTED* LATVERIA FROM THAT MONARCH'S *TWISTED* GRASP--

-- SO SHALL I FREE MY *HOMELAND* A *SECOND* TIME-- FROM THE USURPER TIGER WYLDE.

THE ACTION OF THE TIGER

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer • PAT BRODERICK Penciler • JOHN BEATTY inker • JOHN COSTANZA letterer • CHRISTIE SCHEELE Colorist • JOEY CAVALIERI editor • TOM DeFALCO despot

YOU'VE DONE *REMARKABLY* IN TWO WEEKS--YOUR BODY'S RECOVERED FROM *NEUROSURGERY*--

--ADJUSTED TO YOUR *CYBERLINKED* ARMOR--

--BUT YOU'RE *OVERESTIMATING* YOUR ABILITY TO CONFRONT TIGER WYLDE SO SOON AFTER--

I AM *AWARE* OF THE TIME ELAPSED, DR. QUIÑONES--

--AND OF THE PROPER *SPEED* AT WHICH TO PROCEED AGAINST WYLDE.

JUST REMEMBER WHO *SAVED* YOU AFTER WYLDE *MUTILATED* YOUR FACE AND *LEFT* YOU FOR DEAD.

I WON'T LET YOUR NEED FOR *REVENGE* GET *MY* PEOPLE *KILLED*--

LATVERIA'S GYPSIES HAVE *NOTHING* TO FEAR FROM ME--

I CHALLENGED WYLDE BLINDLY ONCE-- I WILL *NOT* MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN.

THE COURIERS I BUILT SOUGHT OUT ALL AVAILABLE DATA ON HIS HISTORY AND OPERATIONS.

CONTRACTED TO ALCHEMAX, WYLDE ROSE TO LEAD THEIR ELITE CORPS--

--CORPORATE MUSCLE WHO FORCIBLY ENACT THEIR BUSINESS TAKE-OVERS.

DURING THE DECADE'S MULTINATIONAL SKIRMISHES--

HE REBUILT HIS BODY PIECE BY PIECE--

--DECLARING HIMSELF AN INDEPENDENT; BREAKING HIS ALCHEMAX CONTRACT.

A BRILLIANT STRATEGIST, WYLDE THEN STAGED A COUP IN UNSTABLE LATVERIA--

--DRAINING ITS RESOURCES FOR HIS OWN GAIN.

BUT WHERE CORPORATE *LACKEYS FAILED* IN *DESTROYING* TIGERWYLDE--

--DOOM WILL SUCCEED.

LATER.

DOCTOR QUIÑONES, YOU AND YOUR ASSISTANT ARE WELCOME TO *JOIN* US IN LATVERIA.

IT WOULD BE *FOOLISH* TO WASTE YOUR TALENT WHERE IT IS UNDER- APPRECIATED.

PERHAPS, BUT FOR *NOW*, WE'LL GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS--

--PIXEL MUST TRULY BELIEVE WE'RE *DEAD*. OR THEY'LL COME AFTER GORDO AND ME.

WIRE, IT'S *MY* TURN.

NOT EVEN, XANDRA. YOU *TORCHED* THE CROWD SWEEPER. *REMEMBER?*

THE CHARGES ARE IN PLACE.

GOOD. PIXEL'S *WORLDNET* WOULD BECOME AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE ON *THEIR* ISLAND IN *TEN* HOURS--

WE WILL LEAVE NO TRACE OF OUR USE OF *PIXEL* FACILITIES.

NOW, WIRE.

CHECK.

KLIK

KRAKKATHOOM

NOW WE RETURN TO LATVERIA.

THE REVOLUTION HAS *BEGUN*.

ANTARCTICA.

A HALF MILE OF *NOTHING.*

NOT EVEN A *WHISPER* THAT ZED STATION WAS HERE.

KIND OF PUTS YOU ON *EDGE,* KNOWING ONE *FALSE* MOVE, AND *WE'RE* HISTORY, TOO.

DO YOUR JOB *CORRECTLY*-- AND WE WON'T REPEAT THE ZED STATION ACCIDENT.

THERE IT IS-- *TRITONIUM.*

--AN EXTREMELY *RARE* MINERAL MINED FROM SATURN'S MOONS--

--EVEN A *SMALL* FRAGMENT CAN GENERATE ENOUGH ENERGY TO WIPE OUT A *CITY* BLOCK--

--BUT WHAT MAKES THIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORE REALLY VALUABLE IS ITS *REGENERATIVE* ENERGY PROPERTY.

ONCE SATELLITE AND SEISMIC REPORTS GET SORTED OUT--

EVERY CORPORATE ACQUISITIONS TEAM WILL BE HEADING SOUTH.

THAT'S WHY *WYLDE* HIRED ME.

I'M BABY-SITTING THE TRITONIUM ALL THE WAY TO GOJRADIA.

LATVERIA.

HEADS UP! IMMINENT SYSTEM CRASH!

WE'VE GOT TWO STARK/FUJIKAWA SCRAMBLERS HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS US!

GUESS THIS RUSTBUCKET'S CLOAKING DEVICE WARRANTY JUST CAME UP.

WE'RE AFTERBURN! S/F SCRAMBLERS NEVER MISS!

I HAVE DEALT WITH STARK TECHNOLOGY BEFORE.

AN ANNOYANCE, NO MORE.

WE ARE OUTNUMBERED BY OUR ENEMY'S FORCES-- SO WE FIGHT A GUERRILLA WAR--

ONE OF ATTRITION, CONFUSION, SUBTERFUGE--

BLAMFF BLAMFF

--AND CAREFULLY PLACED ALLIES WITHIN OUR FOES' WALLS.

THE LATVERIAN MINISTRY OF DEFENSE.

SITUATION IN AIR COMMAND CONTROL!

WE'VE GOT AN INTRUDER LOCKED IN!

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

KABLAAM

FREEZE, SCUM!

MAINFRAME DAMAGE?

LOOKS LIKE HE ONLY ACCESSED THE AIR DEFENSE SYSTEM.

COURIER SCRAMBLESEND:

PROGRAM EXECUTED.

BEGINNING AUTO DESTRUCT SEQUENCE.

WHAT'S HAP-- A ROBOT?

VVVV

GOJRADIA.

THE HARSH REALITIES OF LIFE ON THE STREETS OF LATVERIA'S CAPITAL--

--HAVE IGNITED THE FIRST TENTATIVE SPARKS OF A POWDER-KEG--

DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY

MORE FOOD

FEED US!

EAT

FEED US

--WE NEED FOOD--

--WON'T BE IGNORED ANY LONGER.

CHILDREN ARE DYING--

TIGER WYLDE, GO TO--

ACTIVATE SONIC CONTROL

SSSKREEEEEEE

SKKREEEEEE

"PERHAPS I SHOULD THROW THE DOGS A BONE--"

--WHAT DO A FEW *TABLE SCRAPS* MATTER TO ME?

YOU HAVE MORE *IMMEDIATE* CONCERNS, SIR.

MINISTRY DEFENSE WAS *BREACHED*. AIR SECURITY CODES SUBVERTED.

DAMAGE?

MINIMAL--AN UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT VIOLATED LATVERIAN AIRSPACE.

UNLIKELY--THEY PREFER *BIOSHOP* AGENTS THESE DAYS.

I'VE HEARD THEY'RE HAVING LAB TROUBLE.*

*SEE SPIDER-MAN 2099 #1. --JOEY

HOW'D THEY GET IN?

A *ROBOT*. IT SELF DESTRUCTED WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED.

ALCHEMAX, AGAIN?

MICROSCOPIC ANALYSIS OF THE RETRIEVED PARTS INDICATES *PIXEL* SERIAL NUMBERS.

PIXEL?

IF THEY'RE TRYING TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME ON THIS TRITONIUM DEAL--

GET ME *DEVARGAS* ON LINE. *NOW.*

DEVARGAS TRANSFORMED PIXEL FROM A REGIONAL MEDIANET INTO A TRANSNATIONAL MEGACORP.

DON'T EXPECT A STRAIGHT ANSWER-- DUPLICITY IS HIS SIGNATURE.

I AM QUITE AWARE OF DEVARGAS'S BUSINESS STRATEGEMS--

--AND I WOULD NEVER TRUST AN ECCENTRIC WHO HYGIENICALLY ENSEALED HIS ENTIRE BODY--

-- DUE TO HIS EXAGGERATED BACTERIAL PHOBIAS.

¿COMO ESTÁS, MI AMIGO? YOUR CALL IS UNEXPECTED.

HAS OUR PACKAGE ARRIVED SOONER THAN PLANNED?

THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL, DEVARGAS.

EXPLAIN WHY MY MEN INTERCEPTED A PIXEL ROBOT IN MY DEFENSE MINISTRY.

UNFORTUNATELY, SABOTEURS RECENTLY RAIDED OUR R&D FACILITY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

NO DOUBT THEY USED PIXEL RESOURCES TO THEIR OWN ENDS.

I ASSURE YOU, I WOULD DO NOTHING TO JEOPARDIZE OUR DEAL.

VERY WELL. INFORM ME IF YOU IDENTIFY THESE SABOTEURS.

IN THE MEAN-TIME, THE TRITONIUM IS EN ROUTE. WHEN IT IS IN OUR HANDS--

--WE WILL LEVERAGE ALCHEMAX OUT OF EXISTENCE BY WHAT-EVER FORCE NECESSARY.

AS THEY HAVE DONE COUNTLESS TIMES OVER COUNTLESS GENERATIONS--

--ZEFIRO GYPSIES MOVE ACROSS THE ARKOPA PASS INTO THE MALHELA MOUNTAINS--

--SEEKING SAFE GROUND AWAY FROM AN INHOSPITABLE LATVERIAN GOVERNMENT.

ABOUT TIME, FORTUNE--

--WHILE YOU WERE OFF IN PERU, WYLDE'S *GUARDSMEN* CAME LOOKING FOR YOU--

--ARTURO AND LILAH GOT ROUGHED UP PRETTY *BAD* WHEN THEY WOULDN'T TALK.

NOT TO WORRY, ANDREI, I'LL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT WITH WYLDE.

AND THIS DOOM. HE *CLAIMS* ZEFIRO BLOOD-- YET STANDS *ALONE*.

ALREADY HE ACTS AS IF *HE* RUNS THE TRIBE, NOT THE COUNCIL.

I'LL *TALK* TO HIM--

--AND I'LL MAKE *SURE* HE *LISTENS*.

I ONCE *SWORE* THAT MY PEOPLE WOULD *NEVER* BE DENIED HAVEN IN LATVERIA.

NOW, *LOOK*-- THEY ARE DRIVEN TO BACK ROADS *AGAIN* BY A DESPOT.

YOU WILL TELL THEM THAT WHEN *I* RULE, THIS WILL BE NO MORE.

LOSE THE IMPERIOUS TONE. THIS IS THE *TWENTY-FIRST* CENTURY-- THE TRIBE IS RUN BY *COUNCIL* NOW.

I HAVE NEVER REQUIRED A *CONSENSUS* TO VALIDATE MY ACTIONS.

YOU MUST *TRUST* ME.

TRUST MUST BE *EARNED.*

WHICH MEANS YOU *CAN'T* SEND WIRE AND XANDRA OFF ON *YOUR* ERRANDS--

--WITHOUT CONSULTING *ME* FIRST.

MY COURIER DISCOVERED A SHIPMENT OF TRITONIUM DUE IN LATVERIA SOON.

IN ORDER THAT I--*WE*-- ACQUIRE THAT VALUABLE CARGO *BEFORE* TIGER WYLDE--

--I *REQUESTED* WIRE AND XANDRA *PROCURE* ITS TRANSPORT SCHEDULE.

SATISFIED?

NO. IN THE FUTURE, YOU *WILL* DISCUSS THESE THINGS WITH ME.

I WON'T HAVE YOU *ENDANGERING* THE LIVES OF *MY* PEOPLE.

IF YOU ARE *THROUGH*--

--I HAVE *MORE IMPORTANT* THINGS TO ATTEND TO.

ARROGANT SON OF A--

LATER, A CLOAKED FIGURE WALKS THE RUINS OF CASTLE DOOM--

TWENTY NINETY NINE.

WITH ALL MY TEMPORAL TRAVELS-- I SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN*--

--THE FUTURE IS *NEVER* WHAT WE EXPECT.

I AM *FORGOTTEN*. MY CASTLE LIES IN *RUBBLE*.

--AND LATVERIA HAS STEPPED *BACK-WARDS* INTO FEUDALISM--

--WITH *CORPORATE LOGOS* INSTEAD OF *ROYAL CRESTS*...

AND MY *MEMORY* IS LIKE MY *CASTLE*...

THE *FRAGMENTED* REMAINS OF A *PAST* LIFE.

SO MANY QUESTIONS PLAGUE ME...

...AND THEIR ANSWERS HANG INFURIATINGLY OUT OF REACH.

I *MUST* REMEMBER...

...REMEMBER...

I REMEMBER BEING OLD.

THE AGE OF HEROES WAS OVER.

I DANCED ON THE GRAVES OF BOTH ENEMIES AND ALLIES.

YET, FOR ALL MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS, FOREBODING GNAWED AT ME LIKE A CANCER.

YOU MUST NOT *PUSH* YOURSELF THIS WAY, MY LIEGE.

DAMON, FAITHFUL SERVANT, SHADOWS *TAUNT* ME AT EVERY CORNER--SUBVERTING MY *EVERY* MOVE--

BUT YOUR *HEALTH*. EVEN *WITH* THE MEDICINE...

I HAVE *CONQUERED* CONTINENTS. I HAVE SURVIVED MEPHISTO'S *INFERNO*.

I AM *DOOM*. I AM *FOREVER* TRIUMPHANT.

AND SO I HURLED MYSELF AGAIN INTO THE VOID.

CHASING PHANTOMS I KNEW WOVE SUBTLE PATTERNS OF *DISCORD* IN THE FABRIC OF MY EMPIRE.

WHETHER I FOUND THESE INSIDIOUS WRAITHS--I DO NOT KNOW.

I REMEMBER ONLY THE PAIN--

--AND THE *FULL* TRUTH OF MY PAST CONTINUES TO *ELUDE* ME.

GOJRADIA.

YOU *TEST* ME, FORTUNE. A VERY *BAD* IDEA.

THOUGH I *DEEPLY* RESPECT YOUR *DIVINATORY* COUNSEL--

I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANOTHER THREE WEEK ABSENCE--

THERE WAS A ZEFIRO *COUNCIL*. IT WAS A *BLOOD OBLIGATION*.

I DON'T *CARE* ABOUT YOUR GYPSY TRADITIONS.

I AM YOUR OBLIGATION.

THWEK

SSSSSSS

UNGH!

YOU'RE A *SMART* WOMAN. I *VALUE* YOUR TALENTS.

BUT TEMPT FATE AGAIN--AND I WILL FIND *ANOTHER* SEER.

REMEMBER, GYPSIES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN--

--HISTORICALLY *EXPENDABLE*.

THE MAGICIAN. INVERTED.

CHAOS. UNCERTAINTY. DESTRUCTION.

TELL ME SOMETHING I *DON'T* KNOW.

ANTIKVA VILLAGE.

'MEMBER, WIRE, JACKIN' INTO A GUARDSMEN TERMINAL'S NO EASY NETSLIDE.

THIS ONE'S A JOY RIDE, XAN.

NO FREESTYLING EITHER. SNAKE THE INFO AND EXIT REALTIME FAST--

"--'CAUSE I CAN'T BE THERE TO WATCH YOUR BACK."

'SCUSE ME, SERGEANT, SIR. WHERE DO I SIGN TO JOIN THE GUARDSMEN?

WHAT DOES THIS LOOK LIKE, SQUID? A RECRUITING OFFICE?

FOR TRUE, SERGEANT, I WANT TO DOWNLOAD INTO THE CORPS--

YOU A GUARDS-MAN? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

GYPSY, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG, TOO SKINNY, TOO STUPID AND TOO--

KRASH

THAT SHOULD GET A REACTION.

THE GIRL ON THE BIKE!

STOP!

OKAY, WIRE, YOU GOT YOUR DIVERSION.

NOW, GET IN AND OUT BEFORE THEY SCOPE YOU COLD.

VVROOOOOO

ONLINE.

ACCESSCODEBACKDOOR

CROSSREF : TRITONIUM

CLASSIFIED
TRITONIUM
SHIPME
SCHE

DOWNLOADFILE

THWAP!

UNGFF!

START TALKING, YOU LITTLE CYBERLEECH.

UM... LOOKING FOR GAMESTUFF..

LIAR. TELL ME THE TRUTH--

--OR I'LL JACK YOU INTO SOME HIGH VOLTAGE--

CAPT. CABRARA
NARCOTI
STØ

--AND FRY ALL THAT STREET-TECH IN YOUR BRAIN.

ULP.

KRUNCH

KRONKK

WHA--
WHY--
WHO?

A FRIEND. MAYBE.

TAKE ME TO DOOM.

THUD

THE LATVERIAN MUSEUM GARDENS.

DON'T BLAME THE BOY.

HE HAD *NO* CHOICE BUT TO BRING ME HERE

IT WAS *TIME* TO MEET *FACE* TO *FACE*, DOOM.

FACE TO FACE WITH A MASTER OF DISGUISE DOES NOT ENGENDER *TRUST*.

HOLOGRAPHIC ENHANCEMENT?

ONE OF MY TOOLS. *MANY* FACES. *MANY* NAMES. YOU CAN CALL ME *POET*.

NO CORPORATE AFFILIATION. I'M A *FREE* AGENT.

YOU TALK BUT TELL US LITTLE. WHY COME TO *OUR* AID?

I WAS RAIDING THE *PIXEL* COMPOUND FOR *MEDTECH* WHEN YOU TOOK OVER THE ISLAND*--

I FIGURE ANYONE TAKING WYLDE ON DESERVES A LITTLE HELP.

*DOOM 2099 #1. --JOEY

AND IN RETURN YOU EXPECT *WHAT*?

NOTHING. RIGHT NOW, ANYWAY.

LET'S JUST SAY MY SUPPORT IS A FAVOR FOR AN OLD *FRIEND*.

SEE YOU '*ROUND*, DOOM.

AND, DOOM, WHEN YOU HIJACK THE TRITONIUM, BE *CAREFUL*.

IT'S *ALMOST* AS DANGEROUS AS YOU ARE.

LATER, AS TIGER WYLDE'S TRITONIUM TRANSPORT NEARS GOJRADIA AIRFIELD--

--AN ARMORED BIRD OF PREY MOVES IN FOR THE KILL.

BY INTERCEPTING THE TRANSPORT MOMENTS BEFORE IT LANDS--

--I HAVE LITTLE TIME TO SECURE THE TRITONIUM--

--BUT WYLDE'S FORCES WILL NOT *EXPECT* AN ATTACK SO NEAR ITS FINAL DESTINATION.

NOW TO MAKE MY *ENTRANCE.*

A *CONCUSSION* BLAST WILL *ANNOUNCE* ME.

KKCHHZZWW

WIRE'S PIRATED DATA WARNED ME OF THE *MERCENARY* WHO *PROTECTS* THIS CARGO--

--ROOK SEVEN, VETERAN OF THE *SAME* WARS THAT *SHAPED* TIGER WYLDE.

ROOK IS *CAUTIOUS*-- *WAITING* AND *WATCHING*--

--*ASSESSING* MY COMBAT CAPABILITIES BEFORE ATTACKING.

I APPROACH THE TRITONIUM *DIRECTLY*--

--FEIGNING GREED AND IMPATIENCE--

--LURING HIM TO MAKE HIS MOVE.

I DON'T *KNOW* YOU, SLAGDOG--

--BUT DON'T BOTHER IDENTIFYING YOURSELF--

--I'LL GET THAT FROM THE *GENECHECK*--

--IF THERE'S ANYTHING *LEFT* TO SAMPLE.

FOCUSED SONIC BEAM.

I COULD BE THROWN THROUGH THE HULL!

KLLAANNGG!!

PLANE'S DROPPING FAST!

I'M GONNA HAVE TO *JUMP* WITH THE CARGO.

ENGAGE

TRUST INTERNAL EQUILIBRIUM TO KEEP *BALANCE*--

--WHILE I FURTHER HASTEN THE PLANE'S DESCENT.

DON'T BE *STUPID* -- ANY MORE CONCUSSION BLASTS, YOU'LL SET OFF THE *TRITONIUM!*

ROOK IS *CORRECT*--

HOPE YOU WERE PAID IN *ADVANCE*-- YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO *COLLECT* FOR THIS JOB.

--WE ARE *TOO CLOSE* TO THE TRITONIUM FOR *FIREPOWER*--

--IT IS NOW A *PHYSICAL* CONFLICT--

MY MEMORY OF MY PAST IS *FRAGMENTED*--

--YET MY *MARTIAL ARTS* TRAINING IN TIBET--

--REMAINS *VIVIDLY* CLEAR.

READY TO DIE?

NO.

ДДДДННННН

BUT AM I TOO LA--

BBADDDOOMMM

ALL RIGHT, MEN, HANDLE THE FIRE FIRST--

--THAT TRITONIUM GOES, AND WE'RE ALL ROADMEAT.

WAIT! SOMEONE'S THERE! SOMEONE SURVIVED!

TELL TIGER WYLDE...

...THAT DOOM HAS RETURNED...

...AND WAR IS DECLARED!

TO BE CONTINUED

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility. But when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger."
— Shakespeare, *Henry V*

MARVEL COMICS

IN THE GRIP OF DOOM 2099

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STAN LEE PRESENTS: DOOM 2099

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE • writer
PAT BRODERICK • penciler
JOHN BEATTY • inker
JOHN COSTANZA • letterer
CHRISTIE SCHEELE • colorist
JOEY CAVALIERI • editor
TOM DEFALCO • latverian ambassador

UNTO THE BREACH

IN TIMES OF *REVOLUTION*--

--HUMANITY IS AN *OVERRATED* COMMODITY.

IN THE 20TH CENTURY, DOOM RULED LATVERIA WITH AN *IRON HAND* AND A SINGLE-MINDED VISION--

--ONE OF A COUNTRY APART FROM THE PETTY POLITICS AND MILITARY GAMES OF *LESSER* MEN--

--A COUNTRY *GRACED* BY HIS UNRIVALED GENIUS AND *PROTECTED* BY HIS UNMATCHED POWER.

THEN DOOM *VANISHED*, AND IN THE DECADES FOLLOWING HIS DISAPPEARANCE, LATVERIA *DECAYED* AND *CRUMBLED*.

NOW, THE RETURNED DOOM HAS RE-CREATED HIMSELF, A *NEW* MAN FOR A *NEW* WORLD--

--DETERMINED TO *RECLAIM* AND *REBUILD* THE COUNTRY THAT WAS ONCE HIS.

I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE PHILOSOPHY, DOOM, MY CONCERNS ARE MORE GROUN--

--DID YOU JUST FLOAT *THROUGH* THE DIAMONDHAWK?

INDEED. I HAVE ADAPTED A *PHASE SHIFTER* TO MY NEW ARMOR.

WITH MY NEURAL ARMOR-LINK, ITS CONTROL NOW REQUIRES ONLY *CONCENTRATION.*

SCOPE THIS. HE'S *BRAGGING.*

CONCENTRATE ON *THIS*, DOOM--

WYLDE'S TRACKERS ARE OUT IN FORCE LOOKING FOR THE *TRITONIUM* YOU STOLE. *

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO NAIL WYLDE BEFORE THEY FIND *IT* AND *US.*

*Last issue.
-- JOEY

GYPSIES AGAINST WYLDE'S *TRAINED* GUARDSMEN AND MERCENARIES...

... WE DON'T HAVE *MUCH* OF A CHANCE.

LOOK BEYOND THE *SUPERFICIAL*, GIRL.

WE *ARE* OUTNUMBERED, BUT WE HOLD SOMETHING WYLDE *DESPERATELY* WANTS.

TRITONIUM. A RARE, POWERFUL AND *VOLATILE* ENERGY-GENERATING ORE MINED ON SATURN.

WYLDE INTENDED TO USE IT WITH THE *PIXEL* CORPORATION AGAINST ALCHEMAX.

IT WILL BE *OUR* BAIT AND *HIS* DOWNFALL.

YEAH. IF IT DOESN'T *BLOW UP* IN *OUR* FACES.

CUTTING THROUGH THE HEART OF LATVERIA, THE CIRI RIVER NOW RUNS BLACK AND THICK--

--TAINTED BY UNCHECKED WASTE SPILLING FROM THE SEWERS OF GOJRADIA.

AAAAAAIIIEEE!

AAAAAAIIIEEE!

FWOOOSH

DO YOU WANT TO BE *NEXT*, MAKAROV?

SSSSSSS

ZONE...

YOU AND ALEKSANDR *DISAPPOINT* ME.

I EXPECT *MORE* FROM ALCHEMAX ESPIONAGE.

BE *SMART*. SAVE YOURSELF THE PAIN. WHERE'S THE TRITONIUM?

TOLD YOU. DON'T KNOW. CHECKED DOOM. DOESN'T CROSSREFERENCE ANY INDEPENDENT.

DON'T LIE TO ME!

IF ALCHEMAX HAD...TRITONIUM... WOULDN'T BE HERE...DOOM... BURNED YOU... BAD...

HAD ALCHEMAX ENGINEERED THE TRITONIUM THEFT--

--TYLER STONE WOULD MAKE *CERTAIN* I KNEW. HE *LOVES* TO GLOAT.

WYLDE...PLEASE... PROFESSIONAL COURTESY...

OF COURSE. A *QUICK* DEATH.

SKROOWWM

ANOTHER DEAD END, AND, STILL, WE HAVE NEITHER DOOM NOR THE TRITONIUM.

I AM *NOT* HAPPY.

ANTIKVA VILLAGE:

--GUARDSMEN'VE GONE *CRAZY*--

--THAT *CRASH* AT THE AIRPORT LAST WEEK--

--TO HELL WITH POLITICS, I JUST WANNA *EAT*--

--WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR AN *UN-CONTAMINATED* FOODPAK--

CITIZENS OF LATVERIA – HEED THE WORDS OF DOOM!

NO LONGER WILL YOU SUFFER THE NEGLECT OF THE USURPER TIGER WYLDE.

SOON THE TIGER WILL BE DEAD, AND A NEW LATVERIA WILL RISE.

CHICO TRANS

--BRING DOWN THE *GUARDSMEN*--

--DOOM'S LONG DEAD--

DOOM?

--DANGEROUS LANDING HERE--

DOOM?

REMEMBER THE VOICE OF DOOM.

--GRANDMOTHER TOLD ME ABOUT DOOM--

--HE'D BE *ANCIENT*--

WHO *CARES*? THOSE ARE *SYNTHIA* FOOD CRATES.

PROVIDING THE DISENFRANCHISED WITH SOME BASIC SUSTENANCE WINS A *SMALL* VICTORY IN OUR CAMPAIGN.

FOOD SUCCEEDS WHERE RHETORIC CANNOT IN DISRUPTING WYLDE'S STATUS QUO.

CARGO TRANS

WELL, OUR CHARITY DROPS HAVE JUST BROUGHT US AN UNWANTED AUDIENCE.

SURRENDER AND LAND IMMEDIATELY OR WE OPEN FIRE.

THIS TRANSPORT'S NOT ARMORED OR ARMED. HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS?

PILOT THE SHIP. I WILL TAKE CARE OF OUR WOULD-BE CAPTORS.

SSSZZZCCHHH

KKKTTHHOOWWM

I'VE NO LOVE FOR GUARDSMEN, BUT--

-- THAT WAS COLD, DOOM. ABSOLUTE ZERO.

I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE.

CARGO TRANS

GOJRADIA.

DEVARGAS. YOUR ARRIVAL IS *UNEXPECTED.*

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO VENTURE BEYOND THE GERM-FREE COMFORTS OF YOUR MADRID OFFICE.

I WOULDN'T RISK EXTERNAL CONTAMINATION IF MATTERS WEREN'T *SO URGENT.*

YOU MAY SPEAK *FREELY* IN FRONT OF MY *ANDROGYNE* SERVANTS--

THEY ARE BIOSHOP CREATIONS, *MINDLESS* AND *SERVILE.*

SUCH AN *ANTISEPTIC* HEART BEATS BENEATH YOUR BAROQUE TRAPPINGS, DEVARGAS.

YOU'RE IN *NO* POSITION TO BE *FLIPPANT,* WYLDE--

YOUR LOSS OF THE TRITONIUM *DISTRESSES* US DEEPLY.

WITHOUT IT WE CANNOT UNDERCUT ALCHEMAX'S NORTH AMERICAN ENERGY *MONOPOLY.*

WHO IS *DOOM?*

NO ONE OF CONSEQUENCE. I WILL FIND HIM AND TAKE BACK THE TRITONIUM.

WHEN YOU *BROKE* WITH ALCHEMAX, WE WERE IMPRESSED BY YOUR DETERMNATION AND TENACITY.

WHEN YOU TOOK LATVERIA, OUR RESPECT FOR YOUR SKILL ONLY *INCREASED.*

NOW I HOPE YOU ARE NOT LOSING YOUR EDGE, WYLDE.

REMEMBER WHAT I *SAID*--

--GET THE TRITONIUM.

GO BACK TO MADRID, YOU SHRINK-WRAPPED, SANCTIMONIOUS *CRETIN*--

I NEVER INTENDED MY *ALLIANCE* WITH *PIXEL* TO BE MORE THAN *TEMPORARY.*

LOSING *MY* EDGE?

WYLDE'S ANGER TRIGGERS SONIC RESONATORS HOUSED IN HIS CYBERNETIC LIMBS--

--BATHING THE ROOM IN A HURRICANE FORCE EXPLOSION OF ANGER-DRIVEN FEEDBACK.

KHHRRASHH

WELCOME TO CYBERSPACE.

THIS IS A LANDSCAPE OF INFORMATION--

--AN INFINITE FRONTIER OF EXPONENTIALLY EXPANDING ELECTRONIC DATA--

--EXISTING IN THE ETHER OF WORLDWIDE COMPUTER INTERFACE.

FOR MOST, CYBERSPACE IS ACCESSIBLE ONLY FRACTIONALLY, THROUGH VIRTUAL REALITY ENTERTAINMENT AND COMMUNICATION--

--BUT FOR WIRE, A CYBER-SAVANT WHO CAN NAVIGATE AND PROCESS THE LABYRINTHINE TERRAIN OF PURE INFORMATION--

-- CYBERSPACE CONTAINS NO BOUNDARIES THAT CANNOT BE CROSSED--

--AND NO PROGRAMS THAT CANNOT BE ACCESSED.

HAH! CLEAN SWEEP!

SNAKED THOSE CODES FROM THE *HEART* OF WYLDE'S DEFENSE SYSTEMS--

HIS PROGRAMMER LEFT THAT BACK DOOR *WIDE OPEN* FOR ME--

--*BOARDED* THROUGH THAT MAZE LIKE A *BREEZE.*

TIME TO EXIT WYLDE'S SECURITY NET-- AND HEAD BACK HOME.

WHOA...

A MONDO-ALL-POINTS-'CROSS-THE-BOARD BULLETIN.

I'LL DOWNLOAD IT, AND CHECK IT OUT *LATER.*

HRRMMMM

NOW TO *DISCONNECT* AND ONLINE THE *REAL* WORLD.

HE'S COMING OUT OF HIS CYBER-TRANCE...

HAS HE RETRIEVED THE *CODES?*

DIZZY. TOUGH TRIP. RETURN RIDE ALWAYS SPACES ME.

GIVE HIM A SECOND-- SOMETIMES OFFLINING *SCRAMBLES* HIM...

DEFENSE CODES I GOT... AND SOMETHING *ELSE*... A MESSAGE FOR *YOU*...

AS I EXPECTED.

THE SENDER DOWNLOADED ON EVERY PUBLIC INTERSECTION IN C-SPACE--

--"TO THE INDEPENDENT CALLED DOOM"--

--UNFORTUNATELY, THE REST OF THE SCRAWL'S ENCIPHERED--

I'LL JACK IN SO YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.

A LOGARITHMICALLY BASED CODE. EASILY BROKEN.

THE PIXEL CORPORATION WISHES TO NEGOTIATE FOR THE TRITONIUM'S RETURN.

THEIR FAITH IN TIGER WYLDE IS RAPIDLY DIMINISHING.

HAH! WYLDE'S GOTTA BE GOING THROUGH THE ROOF!

DON'T ASSUME VICTORY YET. WE STILL HAVE MUCH TO DO.

FIRST WE COMBINE THE SECURITY CODES YOU ACQUIRED TODAY WITH THOSE YOU'D PREVIOUSLY STOLEN--

STARK TRONICS

--AND THEN WE HAVE TOTAL ACCESS TO LATVERIA'S ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION NET.

SO WE CANCEL THIS MONTH'S HOLOVID BILL?

HARDLY. NOW WE BRING THE WALLS OF JERICHO DOWN--

--FROM THE INSIDE.

"SINCE WE DO NOT HAVE THE RESOURCES TO CONFRONT TIGER WYLDE HEAD-ON--

"--WE WILL DESTROY THE FOUNDATION BENEATH HIS FEET.

"WYLDE'S ADMINISTRATION DEPENDS ON THE DAY TO DAY MAINTENENCE OF LATVERIA'S UTILITIES.

"WIRE'S PILFERED CODES ALLOW US TO THROW A SPANNER IN THOSE PUBLIC WORKS--

"--AND BRING WYLDE'S LATVERIA TO AN ABRUPT HALT. MY PEOPLE MUST MAKE SACRIFICES TO BRING THEIR BELOVED RULER BACK!

"BY DAMPING THE MAGNETIC CURRENT THAT POWERS THE SUPERCONDUCTOR FREEWAY --

"--WE CRIPPLE GROUND TRANS-PORTATION TO AND FROM GOJRADIA.

"AS WYLDE WONDERS HOW HIS CITY IS FALLING APART--

"--WE BLACK OUT GOJRADIA, LEAVING THE CAPITAL POWERLESS.

"WE SHUT DOWN THE DRAINAGE SYSTEM POLLUTING THE CIRI-- BACKING UP THE SEWAGE--

"--AND LETTING WYLDE'S INDUSTRIES CHOKE ON THEIR OWN TOXIC WASTE.

"IN THIS CHAOS, I WILL APPEAR TO THE MASSES THROUGH HOLOPROJECTION."

CITIZENS! BEHOLD THE LATVERIA OF TIGER WYLDE-- A LATVERIA OF DARKNESS AND DISORDER--

--AWAIT THE NEW ORDER, THE NEW LATVERIA--

--AWAIT DOOM!

SOMEWHERE OVER THE PYRENEES, AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR BOARDS THE CICADA--

--THE PRIVATE ZEPPELIN OF PIXEL EXECUTIVE EDUARDO DeVARGAS--

GET OUT! YOU'RE UNCLEAN! YOU'RE CONTAMINATING EVERYTHING!

THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT AN INVITED GUEST.

I INVITED NO ONE. THIS IS A SEALED ENVIRONMENT!

YOU'RE CRAWLING WITH GERMS, BACTERIA, VIRAL STRAINS-- THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS--

IF YOU WISH TO DISCUSS THE TRITONIUM, DEVARGAS, YOU'LL HAVE TO ENDURE MY PRESENCE.

SO YOU'RE DOOM.

GIVE ME THE TRITONIUM, AND PIXEL WILL OFFER CLEMENCY.

JUST KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.

CLEMENCY? YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO DICTATE TERMS.

MY OFFER IS THIS-- WITHDRAW YOUR SUPPORT FOR WYLDE AND I WON'T USE THE TRITONIUM AGAINST PIXEL.

ABANDON WYLDE? HMMM.

AGREED.

NOW LEAVE.

COMPUTER. ACTIVATE EMERGENCY STERILIZATION. NOW.

HE *STEALS* MY TRITONIUM-- HE *SHUTS DOWN* MY CITIES--

--HOW CAN *ONE* MAN SABOTAGE SO MUCH?

BUT PERHAPS HE'S *NOT* ALONE--

WHO WOULD GAIN THE MOST BY MY *DEFEAT*?

HAVE YOU *BETRAYED* ME, ZONE?

TO *WHAT* END? YOU KNOW I HAVE *NO* INTEREST IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES OF STATE.

AND WHILE KILLING ME MIGHT ALLEVIATE *SOME* FRUSTRATION--

--IT WOULD *NOT* RETURN YOUR TRITONIUM.

FORGIVE ME, ZONE. WE SURVIVED TOO MUCH TOGETHER FOR ME TO DOUBT YOUR LOYALTY.

HAS POWER REPROGRAMMED THE ELECTRICAL GRIDS YET?

THEY ARE *RE-SECURING* OUR ENTIRE COMPUTER NET AS WE SPEAK--

--BUT I THINK OUR PRIORITIES BELONG *ELSEWHERE*. LOOK AT THIS.

REVIEWING SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE I FOUND AN *ANOMALY* INITIAL READ AS A *WEATHER PATTERN*.

COMPUTER READJUSTMENT SHOWED IT TO BE AN *ATMOSPHERIC CLOAK* HIDING...

DOOM... AND *FORTUNE*.

READY THE AIRSHIPS, ZONE.

BENEATH DOOM'S NO LONGER SECRETED HANGAR...

SUBBASE LEVEL 7 HORIZED RSONEL ONLY

MY MEDITATIONS HAVE *FAILED*. MY MEMORY REMAINS *FRAGMENTED* --CLOUDED--

--I CANNOT RISK A *HALF REMEMBERED* INCANTATION TO RETURN MY PAST TO ME.

BUT YOU, VOX, ARE THE TRIBE'S *ADEPT*.

I ASK YOUR HELP IN UNRAVELING THIS MYSTERY.

AS ALWAYS VOX SAYS NOTHING. HIS ACTIONS SPEAK FOR HIM.

HE SIMPLY GESTURES WITH HIS HANDS-- FLUID, YET WITH POWERFUL NUANCE--

SUDDENLY, HE RISES INTO THE AIR, HELD ALOFT BY VOX'S SPELL--

HIS PERCEPTION OF THE PRESENT FADES INTO A MISTY HAZE AND--

--FOR A MOMENT, HE STAGGERS ON A PRECIPICE, SUSPENDED OVER A CHASM OF MEMORY...

DOOM WATCHES, SURPRISED AT THE MYSTIC EASE OF ONE SO YOUNG.

...SO CLOSE TO HIS ELUSIVE PAST...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? I WOULD'VE BEEN HERE *SOONER*, BUT, WITH THE *BLACKOUTS*, THE ROADS HAVE--

DON'T APOLOGIZE, FORTUNE. YOU'VE BEEN *UNREPENTANT* SINCE OUR *FIRST* ENCOUNTER--

--WHEN I CAUGHT YOU AND YOUR GYPSY BRETHREN *STRIPPING* MY GUARDSMEN'S *CRUISERS*.

I COULD HAVE *KILLED* YOU THEN, BUT I RECOGNIZED YOUR GIFT WITH THE TAROT--

--AND KNEW I COULD *BENEFIT* FROM THAT TALENT.

IN RETURN FOR YOUR COUNSEL, *I* ENSURED YOUR TRIBE'S SAFETY IN MY COUNTRY.

YOUR *BETRAYAL* OF THAT ARRANGEMENT HURTS ME DEEPLY.

I--I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT--

TODAY I THOUGHT WE MIGHT CONDUCT OUR READING IN A *DIFFERENT* MANNER.

DIFFERENT?

TODAY *I* WILL PREDICT *YOUR* FUTURE. IT IS *VERY* CLEAR TO ME.

DEATH. TSK TSK. NOT A CARD THAT BODES *WELL* FOR YOU, FORTUNE.

I THINK IT'S TIME YOU TELL ME ABOUT *DOOM*.

:ULP:

DOOM CANNOT BE CERTAIN WHETHER VOX'S MAGIC HAS UNEARTHED BURIED MEMORIES--

--OR IF THE MUTE ADEPT HAS DISPLACED HIM INTO HIS OWN BODY OF YEARS PAST.

HIS SURROUNDINGS ARE VIVID YET UNFAMILIAR--

--BUT THE SMELLS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ARE ALL TOO WELL KNOWN TO HIM.

DOOM! THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOU'VE DESTROYED EVERYTHING!

THE WARRIOR POSES NO THREAT. HER WOUNDS ARE MORTAL.

I'LL SEE YOU FRY, DOOM... FRY!

AS SHE DIES AT HIS FEET, HE FINDS HIMSELF ODDLY MOVED, FEELING SYMPATHY...

...AND RESPONSIBILITY.

HAVE I DESTROYED A CITY FOR NAUGHT, DAMON?

HAVE I SOWN ONLY CONFLICT AND DISCORD, WHERE I INTENDED UNITY AND VISION?

MY WORLD COLLAPSES BENEATH MY FEET. FOR ORDER TO BE RESTORED, I MUST LEAVE--

THERE IS ONE PLACE I WILL FIND ANSWERS--

DOOM!!

DOOM!

WHAT? SO CLOSE AND THE SPELL IS BROKEN...

WHO DARES--

I DARE.

OUR SITUATION'S DEFCONNED BIG TIME!

WE'RE UP TO OUR BUTTS IN RADWASTE!

CALM YOURSELF, GIRL--

--AND TELL ME WHAT ALARMS YOU SO THAT YOU DISTURB MY MEDITATIONS.

I KNEW IT WAS STUPID TO HOLE UP HERE.

WE SHOULD'VE SPLIT UP, SCATTERED--

XANDRA.

LOOK! TIGER WYLDE'S ZEROED OUR LOCATION! HE'S OUTSIDE WITH MEGA-HARDWARE--

--AND WE'RE STUCK IN THIS CAVE, ONE EASY TARGET!

HMMMM...

THIS MAY CHANGE THINGS.

KRAKATHOA!

SURRENDER, DOOM!

OR I BURY YOU AND YOUR GYPSIES BENEATH THIS MOUNTAIN!

TO BE CONCLUDED!

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead." — Shakespeare, *Henry V*

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DOOM 2099™

GROVEL BEFORE YOUR NEW KING-- TIGER WYLDE™ THE FIRST!

2099

BARROUMM

MOMENTS AGO, THE LATVERIAN GYPSIES TAKING REFUGE IN THIS HIDDEN MOUNTAIN-SIDE HANGAR THOUGHT THEM-SELVES SAFE--

--UNAWARE THAT TIGER WYLDE, THE CYBORG DESPOT THEY OPPOSE, DISCOVERED THEIR LOCATION--

--AND MOBILIZED HIS FORCES AGAINST THEM.

BARELY HOLDING THEIR OWN AGAINST WYLDE'S BARRAGE OF AIRFIRE AND GROUND TROOPS--

--THE GYPSIES WONDER IF THEY ARE MAKING ONE FINAL, SUICIDAL STAND.

KCHOW KCHOW KCHOW

BODDAHBODDAHBODDAHBODDAH

THEY WONDER WHY THE ARMORED ENIGMA IN WHOM THEY PLACED THEIR TRUST IS ABSENT FROM THE FRAY.

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER WITHOUT DOOM!

BLESSED MOTHER, WHERE IS HE?

POKTAPOKTAPOK

I DON'T KNOW! XANDRA WENT BELOW TO FIND HIM!

CHA-THWOOMFF

UNGGHFF!!

CONCUSSION GREN--AHHHHH!

WE'VE LOST, ZEFIRO. LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS BEFORE ANYONE ELSE IS HURT--

FORTUNE? YOU'RE HERE? CAN'T SEE WITH ALL THE SMOKE. SITUATION'S BAD, REAL BAD--

I KNOW! WYLDE CAUGHT ME IN THE CITY--

GODDESS, WIRE! IS HE--

STUNNED. KID CAN'T EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT. HE SHOULDN'T'VE BEEN UP HERE.

LOOK WHAT YOUR BETRAYAL HAS WROUGHT, FORTUNE.

YOU WERE ILL ADVISED TO SIDE WITH THE UPSTART DOOM AGAINST ME.

I DID NOT CONQUER THIS COUNTRY BY LETTING PEASANTS STAND IN MY WAY.

NOW, GIVE ME DOOM AND THE TRITONIUM * HE STOLE--

--OR WATCH YOUR BELOVED TRIBE DIE ONE BY ONE BEFORE YOUR EYES.

NO-- PLEASE--

YOU WON'T GET THE TRITONIUM FROM FORTUNE, TIGER WYLDE--

* A rare energy-generating ore, taken by Doom in issue #2.--Joey

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DOOM 2099

FIRE ANSWERS FIRE

YOU MUST FACE ME FIRST.

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer • PAT BRODERICK penciler • JOHN BEATTY inker • JOHN COSTANZA letterer • CHRISTIE SCHEELE colorist • JOEY CAVALIERI editor • TOM DE FALCO editor in chief

YOU CAN'T *HIDE* BEHIND A HOLOGRAM, DOOM.

SURRENDER THE TRITONIUM, OR I'LL DROWN YOU IN GYPSY *BLOOD*.

KILL THEM *ALL!* IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD--

DOOM DOES *NOT* SURRENDER.

YOU SAID YOU WOULD *BURY* ME BENEATH THIS *MOUNTAIN*!* I AM PREPARED TO DO THE SAME.

*LAST ISSUE.--JOEY

I HAVE PRIMED THE TRITONIUM TO DETONATE UNLESS YOU FACE ME *ALONE*.

THE TWO OF US? VERY WELL.

I AWAIT YOU *BELOW*.

LET DOOM BLOW HIMSELF UP. TRITONIUM *REGENERATES*.

WE CAN RETRIEVE IT FROM HIS *SCATTERED REMAINS*.

NO, ZONE. THIS TIN PLATED *ANACHRONISM* HAS CAUSED ME GREAT TROUBLE.

I WILL TAKE *PLEASURE* IN SENDING HIM BACK TO THE GRAVE.

BENEATH THE HANGAR, IN SUBBASEMENT SEVEN--

KILL THEM ALL?!?

IS THAT ALL WE ARE TO YOU-- CANNON FODDER?

PUT YOUR GUN *DOWN*, XANDRA. LEARN NOT TO WEAR YOUR EMOTIONS SO OPENLY.

THIS IS A WAR OF *STRATEGY*. I CANNOT ALLOW WYLDE TO USE THE TRIBE *AGAINST* ME.

FORTUNE UNDERSTANDS, AND SO SHOULD YOU.

I DON'T CARE! YOU CAN'T SACRIFICE THEM LIKE *PAWNS* IN SOME *CHESS* GAME!

I'M GOING UP THERE--

--TO BE *KILLED*? THINK, GIRL, YOU CAN'T OVERPOWER WYLDE'S TROOPS.

THEN WHAT AM I *SUPPOSED* TO DO?

TAKE *VOX* AND KEEP HIM SAFE. THE CHILD'S *MORE* POWERFUL THAN ANY KNOW, BUT HE'S NO *WARRIOR*.

THE VENTILATION SHAFTS WILL LEAD YOU OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THEN *WAIT*. THIS CONFLICT ENDS SOON.

YOU'RE *RIGHT*. FOR *NOW*. BUT IF FORTUNE OR WIRE DIE BECAUSE OF YOU--

-- I'LL *RETURN* AND SHUT *YOU* DOWN.

BENEATH HIS ARMORED VISAGE, DOOM ALLOWS HIMSELF HALF A SMILE.

FIRE DRIVES XANDRA, AS IT DOES HIM--

IT IS THAT MOLTEN CORE BURNING IN DOOM'S HEART THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO THIS TIME OF RECKONING--

--THAT WITHSTOOD THE DISORIENTATION OF AN UNEXPLAINED, DECADES LONG EXILE--

--THAT SURVIVED A NEAR-FATAL FIRST CONFRONTATION WITH TIGER WYLDE--

--AND THAT NOW BALANCES HIM ON A CATACLYSMIC LEDGE IN HIS QUEST TO RECLAIM LATVERIA.

WYLDE MEANT TO USE THE TRITONIUM'S REGENERATIVE ENERGY CAPACITY AGAINST ALCHEMAX--

--UNDERMINING THAT CONGLOMERATE'S FOREIGN ENERGY MONOPOLIES.

MORE DIRECTLY, DOOM HAS USED THE PIRATED SATURN-MINED ORE AS BAIT--

--INTENDING TO FORGE THE OFF WORLD MINERAL INTO THE FINAL NAIL IN WYLDE'S COFFIN.

DOOM WILL RECLAIM WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY HIS. HIS COUNTRY. HIS PEOPLE. HIS THRONE.

AND REVENGE?

YES, THERE IS THAT, ALSO.

ELSEWHERE.

CLANG!

KEEP BEHIND ME, VOX.

AND TRY TO STAY LOW. YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A FLOATING TARGET.

SOMETIMES I WISH YOU WOULD TALK.

I COULD USE A REASSURING WORD OR TWO RIGHT NOW.

WE'RE OUTNUMBERED. FORTUNE'S CAPTURED. DOOM'S UNDERGROUND.

ARGH! I HATE FEELING SO--

--HELPLESS.

WELL DON'T GO AND DO SOMETHING STUPID.

WHAT WOULD YOUR BOY-FRIEND DO WITHOUT YOU?

I MAKE A *POOR* HOSTAGE, WYLDE.

DOOM AND YOU ARE *ALIKE* IN THAT SENSE.

SENTIMENT NEVER CLOUDS YOUR ACTIONS.

BAH! DOOM IS A *RELIC*, NO MATTER THE VINTAGE OF HIS ARMOR.

STILL, HIS TECHNOLOGY WAS REMARKABLY *PRESCIENT* FOR A CENTURY PAST.

I'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO OVERRIDE BASIC SECURITY CODES.

DOOM IS ON THE SEVENTH LEVEL, BUT I CAN'T TELL WHAT KIND OF *DEFENSES* HE'S SET UP.

GIVE ME TIME, I CAN ENGINEER A FOCUSED *MAGNETIC PULSE*, AND TRAP HIM IN HIS SUBTERRANEAN BURROW.

NO, THIS IS BETWEEN THE TWO OF US.

I'LL GO MY WAY.

THWOOOW!!!

WYLDE'S BLAST ATOMIZES REINFORCED STEEL AND CONCRETE INTO DUST AND SMOKE--

--CLEARING A VERTICAL PATH TO SUBBASEMENT SEVEN.

WHOOSH

BWUMFF!

AH, I SEE YOU'VE WIRED THE TRITONIUM TO A *DETONATOR*, DOOM--

--A *FUTILE* GESTURE.

I WILL KILL YOU *LONG* BEFORE THE DEVICE IS TRIGGERED.

INSURANCE, WYLDE--

--TO MAKE CERTAIN OUR SUBTERRANEAN SUMMIT IS *UNINTER-RUPTED* BY YOUR GUARDSMEN.

OR YOUR ZEFIRO.

THEY ARE *GYPSIES*. THEY WILL SURVIVE NO MATTER THE OUTCOME.

AND *YOU*--THE *ONCE* AND *FUTURE* DOOM--WILL NOT BE SO FORTUNATE.

BACK TO THE DUST, OLD MAN!

THHWOOSHH

I'LL NOT BE DISPOSED OF THAT EASILY, WYLDE.

CONVENTIONAL WEAPONRY CANNOT PENETRATE MY ADAMANTIUM LANXIDE ARMOR.

I HAVE NOT RETURNED TO MY HOMELAND TO BE DRIVEN AWAY BY SOME *MECHANIZED CARPETBAGGER.*

CARPETBAGGER? STRONG WORDS FROM ONE WHO BELIEVES HE IS A DECADES-DEAD MONARCH--

--BUT I WILL NOT CONTEST YOUR *DELUSION.*

IF YOU CHOOSE TO *LIVE* AS DOOM--

--DIE AS DOOM!!!

HOW CAN THIS BE? MY *DISRUPTION FIELD* SHOULD *FRY* YOUR ARMOR'S CIRCUITRY--

--SHUTTING DOWN YOUR POWER SYSTEMS.

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD SUCCEED *TWICE* WITH THE SAME ASSAULT?

YOU WERE THE ONE WHO MADE IT *PAINFULLY* CLEAR I WAS UNPREPARED FOR THIS WORLD. *

NOW, YOU FACE A *NEW* DOOM--

--ONE WHOSE ARMOR *RECHANNELS* FREQUENCY DISRUPTION BACK AT THE SENDER.

* Wylde trashed Doom in issue #1. -- JOEY

UNDERSTAND, DOOM, I FOUGHT MY WAY OUT OF CORPORATE SERVITUDE--

--REBUILT MY BODY PIECE BY PIECE--

--AND TOOK THIS COUNTRY FOR MY OWN--

--NOT THROUGH TECHNOLOGY--BUT BY FORCE OF WILL--

LATVERIA IS MINE, DOOM.

MINE!

LATVERIA HAS NEVER BEEN YOURS, WYLDE.

ARGHH!

AT THE SAME TIME, ABOVE THE SUB-TERRANEAN CONFLICT...

NNRRGGLL...

QUIET, GIRL. YOU'LL DISTURB OUR WELL ARMED NEIGHB--

FWIPPP

OOF!

NICE REFLEXES.

POET?!?

THAT WAS STUPID! I COULD'VE KILLED YOU!

NOT A GOOD IDEA SINCE I'M THE ONLY FRIEND YOUR TRIBE HAS ON THE OUTSIDE RIGHT NOW.

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR GYPSY REVOLUTION-ARIES.

YOU'LL NEED HELP. JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE.

VOX, IF THINGS MELT DOWN, STRAIGHTLINE TO OLD DOROTHEA'S CABIN. SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

NO ARGUMENT. GO!

YOU'RE NOT GYPSY BORN, XANDRA. WHY THE LOYALTY?

THE ZEFIRO TOOK ME WHEN I WAS A STRAY, HUNGRY ON THE STREETS OF ANTIKVA VILAGO.

THEY MAY NOT BE BLOOD, BUT THEY'RE MY FAMILY.

AND WHY ARE YOU TAKING DOOM'S SIDE?

IT'S NOT DOOM'S SIDE I'M ON. LONG STORY. I'LL EXPLAIN SOMETIME.

RIGHT NOW, TAKE THESE. BE CAREFUL, THEY'LL FRY YOUR BRAIN IF THEY GO OFF.

NEURAL GRENADES? I THOUGHT ONLY STARK/FUJIKAWA ELITE HAD ACCESS TO THESE.

I KNOW WHERE TO SHOP!

THE GRENADES' ELECTRICAL CHARGE AFFECTS THE BASE OF THE BRAIN, PLAYING HAVOC WITH MOTOR SKILLS.

FORGET THE GUNNERS, AIM FOR THE PILOTS IN BACK, AND--

--MAKE IT COUNT 'CAUSE ONCE WE'RE SCOPED, WE'RE RADWASTE.

YOU GOT IT. LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER ARCADIA USED TO SAY..

"LAISSE LES BON TEMPS ROULLE."

CHCHANG CHOW

"LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL!"

BROUFF ZZZSSKH!

NEURAL GRENADE! PILOT'S DOWN!

LOST CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

THWOOMP

SOME FOOL'S KNOCKED OUT OUR STABILIZERS!

GOING DOWN--

BBKOWW

BBKOWW

BBKOWW

INSIDE THE HANGAR, THE EXPLODING AIR-CRAFT CATCH BOTH GUARDSMEN AND GYPSY BY SURPRISE.

KBLOOM

YOU GYPSIES ARE BETTER ARMED THAN MY RECONNAISSANCE SUGGESTED.

BEFORE I KILL YOU, I WANT THE *TRUTH*. WHICH MEGACORP FUNDED THIS LITTLE *COUP D'ETAT*?

I *TOLD* YOU. WE STAND ONLY WITH DOOM. HE *IS* WHO HE SAYS, ZONE. THE CARDS--

DON'T GIVE ME THAT TAROT HOGWASH.

WYLDE NEVER SHOULD HAVE PLACED FAITH IN THE CARD TRICKS OF A GYPSY CON ARTIST.

NOW, I'LL *CORRECT* HIS MISTAKE.

KLIK

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDD

AGHHH

KCHOW

WHO--

YOU!?!

YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE COMING BACK HERE.

NO TIME FOR THANKS, DARLING. WE NEED TO GET YOUR PEOPLE OUTA HERE BEFORE THE GUARDS-MEN CALL REINFORCEMENTS.

YOUR MOVEMENTS GROW SLUGGISH, DOOM!

ALL THE STOLEN *PIXEL* TECHNOLOGY IN THE WORLD CANNOT PROTECT YOU FOREVER FROM MY DISRUPTORS' INTENSITY.

TELL ME AGAIN OF THE *OLD* DAYS-- OF THE POWER AND GLORY OF *DOCTOR DOOM*--

--WHOSE SCHEMES WERE CONTINUALLY UNDONE BY *ARMCHAIR* INTELLECTUALS AND *SIDEWALK* VIGILANTES.

YOU ONLY EVER MASTERED *SELF OBSESSION*, DOOM.

MOCK ME AS YOU WILL--

--BUT YOU TOO SUFFER AND SLOW FROM BATTLE WITH THIS ANACHRONISM!

PERHAPS HISTORY WILL BE KINDER TO YOU, THAN I WILL BE.

IT WAS NOT *WEAKNESS* YOU SENSED, BUT A DIVERSION OF POWER--

KRUNCHHKKF

--TO KNOCK OUT THE STRUCTURAL SUPPORTS OF THIS MOUNTAIN CHAMBER--

CAN'T SHIFT FOCUS AWAY-- CAN'T REROUTE WYLDE'S ASSAULT--

-- SYSTEM DEFENSES OVERLOADING.

YOU'VE MEDDLED IN MY BUSINESS FOR THE LAST TIME, DOOM.

IT ENDS HERE, OLD MAN.

SYSTEMS SHUTTING DOWN.

NOT NOW.

NOT...

...

HIS BODY BLEEDING AND BRUISED WITHIN ARMOR THAT MAY BECOME HIS COFFIN--

--DOOM'S PAIN TRIGGERS AN OVERWHELMING MEMORY OF PAIN SUFFERED IN ANOTHER PLACE--ANOTHER TIME.

IN A WORLD OF SHADOW HE HUNTED PHANTOMS, AND INSTEAD FOUND HIMSELF CAUGHT.

HE CANNOT SEE HIS CAPTORS, BUT HE HEARS THEIR ALIEN VOICES TAUNTING HIM, RELISHING THE PAIN THEY INFLICT--

AND AS HE FEELS HIS BODY TEMPERATURE RISE AND HIS MUSCLE TEAR--

HE KNOWS HE WILL NOT SURVIVE THIS, AND HE WILL DIE IN THIS FOREIGN PLACE--

--FAR FROM HIS HOME--

--FAR FROM LATVERIA.

DIE!

THUNDT CHANKGG!

I THANK YOU, DOOM.

YOU HAVE SHAKEN ME OUT OF MY ADMINISTRATIVE COMPLACENCY.

ONCE I CRIPPLE ALCHEMAX'S ENERGY CONCERNS WITH THE TRITONIUM--

--I WILL REPAY DEVARGAS FOR BETRAYING ME.

THEN WITH CONTROLLING INTEREST OF BOTH PIXEL AND ALCHEMAX--

WIYYCHKWIYYCHK

--I WILL BEGIN WORLD WIDE CORPORATE ACQUISITION.

TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO WATCH ME REDEFINE HOSTILE TAKEOVER.

WHAT? THE TRITONIUM DETONATOR HAS BEEN ACTIVATED!

IT IS A GOOD DAY TO DIE.

DOOM!

YES...YOU DESTROYED BUT ONE OF MY ARMOR SYSTEMS--

--FAIL-SAFES INITIALIZED BACK-UP SYSTEMS SOON AFTER THE FIRST CRASHED--

--EVEN NOW, THE NANOTECH IN MY BODY IS REPAIRING MY BROKEN BONES, STANCHING THE BLEEDING--

I DO NOT DIE EASILY.

00:00:06

THEN YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT AS WELL AS MINE.

THE TRITONIUM WILL EXPLODE IN SECONDS.

AS I PLANNED FROM THE BEGINNING.

LET THIS MOUNTAIN BURY US BOTH.

00:00:03

GO TO H--

00:00:01

00:00:00

BLAMMFFF

HIS CASTLE DESTROYED IN HIS ABSENCE, PARTS OF HIS MEMORY LOST UPON HIS RETURN--

--THE MAN CALLING HIMSELF DOOM FOUND LITTLE LEGACY OF HIS PAST IN THIS WORLD OF THE FUTURE.

ALL THAT REMAINED WAS A MOUNTAINSIDE HANGAR BUILT AS A SAFE HAVEN.

AS THE MOUNTAIN EXPLODES WITH TITANIC FORCE, THE REMAINS OF THE DOOM'S 20TH CENTURY LIFE ATOMIZE INTO DUST.

GROUND'S STILL SHAKING. YOU SOLID, WIRE?

GOT A *RINGING* IN MY EARS BUT OTHERWISE, ON LINE AND *OPERATING.*

THINK DOOM GOT OUT?

WITH HALF A MOUNTAIN COLLAPSED ON HIM? *NOT* LIKELY.

IT'S NOT OVER YET. ONCE NEWS OF WYLDE'S DEATH HITS THE INFONETS--

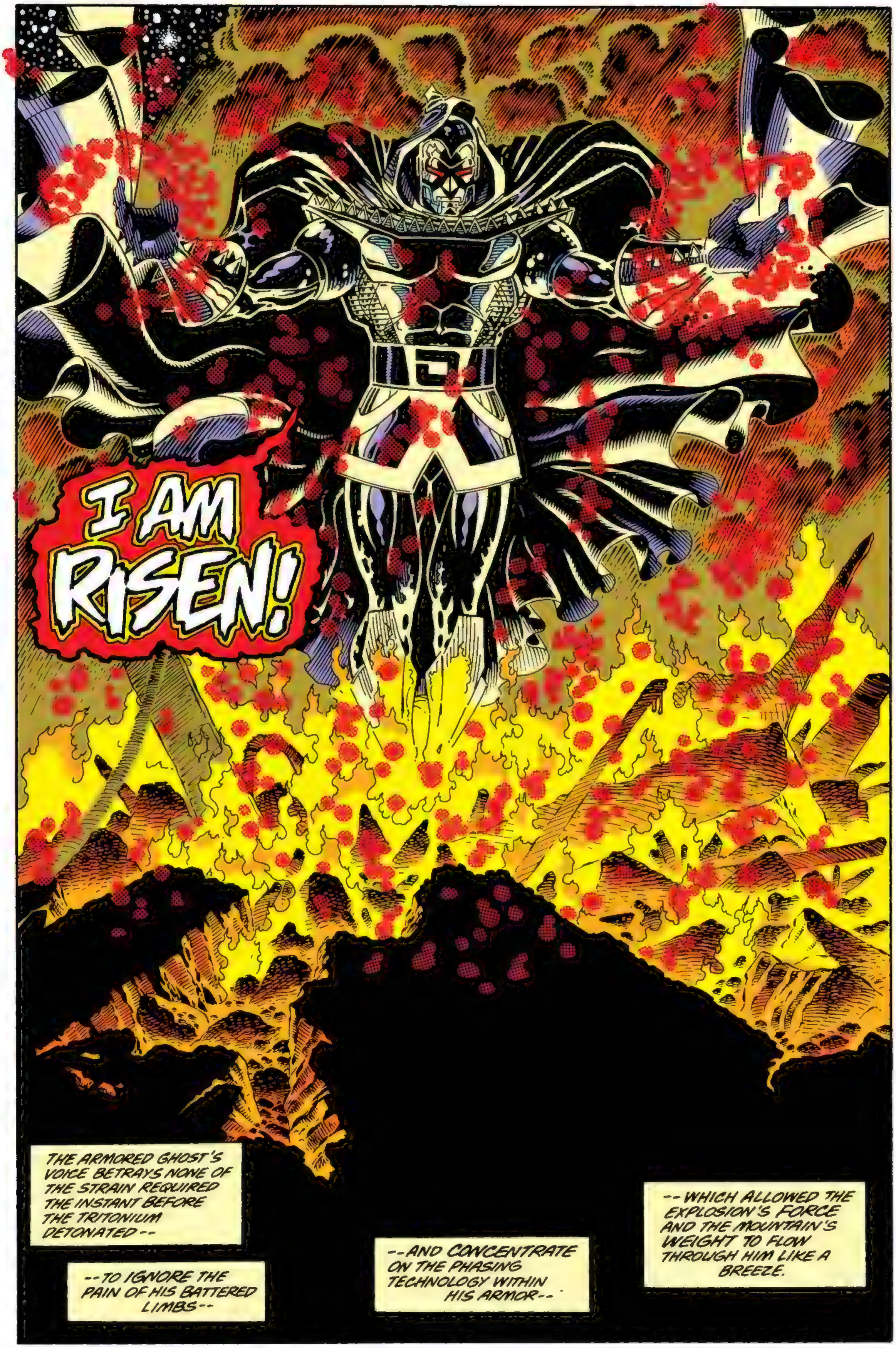
--EVERY CORPORATE *RAIDER* WITHIN SPITTING DISTANCE WILL BE ROCKETING HERE TO CLAIM THAT TRITONIUM.

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT YOU'RE RIGHT, POET OR *WHATEVER* YOU CALL YOURSELF *THESE* DAYS--

--WITHOUT DOOM, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH LEVERAGE AGAINST ANY MEGACORP WITH ITS SIGHTS ON LAT--

CHHHCKRRRROOOWWWM!!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...


I AM RISEN!
THE ARMORED GHOST'S VOICE BETRAYS NONE OF THE STRAIN REQUIRED THE INSTANT BEFORE THE TRITONIUM DETONATED --
--TO IGNORE THE PAIN OF HIS BATTERED LIMBS --
--AND CONCENTRATE ON THE PHASING TECHNOLOGY WITHIN HIS ARMOR--
-- WHICH ALLOWED THE EXPLOSION'S FORCE AND THE MOUNTAIN'S WEIGHT TO FLOW THROUGH HIM LIKE A BREEZE.

"Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames each battle sees the other's umbered face."

— Shakespeare, *Henry V*

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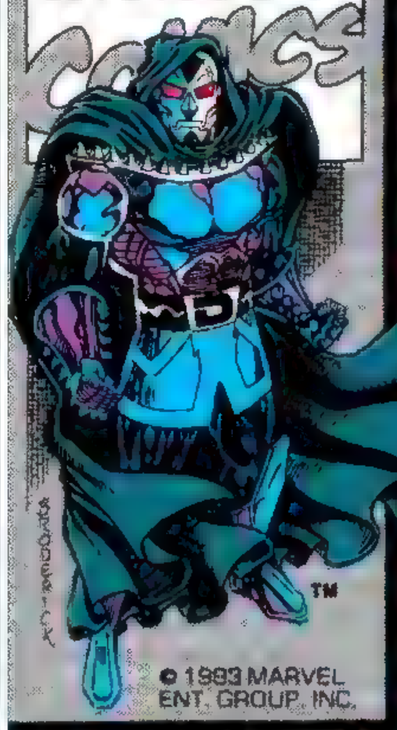

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INTRODUCING FEVER!™

DOOM 2041™

BRODERICK NYBERG

2041

Cyberspace.

think you're safe here?

don't delude yourself.

the rhythmic pulse of electronic interface offers no protection from my viral touch.

the ordered assembly of binary code cannot shelter you from my infectious kiss.

i acknowledge no borders in this landscape of information and program.

i ignore every lock and password and security program.

i'm the disease that corrupts your silicon core.

i'm the abomination in your electronic heart.

i'm FEVER.

and i'm coming for you, Doom.

LATVERIA.

YOU CANNOT KNOW, FORTUNE, HOW LATVERIA'S CURRENT ENVIRONMENTAL STATE PAINS ME.

THE GROUND IS *CONTAMINATED*, THE RIVERS ARE *POLLUTED*, AND THE AIR--

--EVEN THROUGH MY ARMOR'S *FILTRATION* SYSTEMS, I CAN TASTE THE *CHEMICALS* THAT HAVE DIRTIED THIS ONCE PRISTINE SKY.

IN MY YOUTH, THE LATVERIAN AIR WAS SO CLEAN AND PURE AS TO BE *INTOX-ICATING*.

THIS IS THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY. *NOTHING'S* AS PURE AND CLEAN AS IT ONCE WAS.

NOT TO INTERRUPT YOUR CHILDHOOD REVERIE, BUT DOES THIS MEAN YOUR MEMORY HAS RETURNED?

NO.

DURING MY BATTLE WITH TIGER WYLDE, HIS ASSAULT TRIGGERED A *BURIED* MEMORY, ONE OF MY *DEATH*, IN ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE --

I REALIZED THEN THAT MY RESURRECTION HERE AND NOW HAS *PURPOSE*.

I CANNOT LIVE IN THE *PAST*.

I HAVE A *FUTURE* TO CONSTRUCT.

STAN LEE PRESENTS

THIS MAN CONDEMNED

THE LATVERIAN CABINET:

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE•PAT BRODERICK•JOHN NYBERG•
JOHN COSTANZA•CHRISTIE SCHEELE•JOEY CAVALIERI•TOM DeFALCO

SOMEDAY, I WILL FILL THE MISSING GAPS IN MY MEMORY.

BUT FOR NOW, I OWE THE *LATE* TIGER WYLDE A DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR REMINDING ME THAT MY PRIORITIES LIE IN THE *PRESENT*.

I SPOKE WITH THE MALHELA RECLAMATIONS CREW.

THEY FOUND *NO* TRACES OF WYLDE'S BODY ON WHAT'S *LEFT* OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

WYLDE BORE THE FULL BRUNT OF THE *TRITONIUM* EXPLOSION. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF HIM TO FIND.

YOU SURVIVED.

WYLDE IS *DEAD*. SAVE YOUR CONCERN FOR THE *OTHERS* WHO WILL NOW ASSUME THAT LATVERIA IS *THEIRS* TO PLUNDER.

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED ON THE CASTLE CONSTRUCTION UNTIL WE'VE FORMALIZED RELATIONS WITH THE MEGACORPS.

NO, JUST AS THE TRAPPINGS OF WYLDE'S RULE COME DOWN, WE MUST RAISE THE MARKS OF THIS *NEW* LATVERIA.

A REBUILT CASTLE DOOM IS A NECESSITY, BOTH AS A CENTER OF GOVERNMENT AND DEFENSE--

--AND AS A TANGIBLE SYMBOL OF LATVERIA'S NEWFOUND STRENGTH AND RESOLVE.

RIGHT NOW, WE NEED THAT NEWFOUND STRENGTH IN DEALING WITH SOME OLD BUSINESS...

...THE REMAINING MERCENARY ELITE TO WHOM TIGER WYLDE GAVE ASYLUM.

SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, THEY COULD PROVE TROUBLE FOR US IN THE FUTURE.

DOOM, MAY I PRESENT THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GUILD OF INDEPENDENT ELITE.

CHILL IS A DOMINO WEAPONMASTER. SCRATCH, A VIRTUOSO OF PERSONAL COMBAT, AND FADE, AN ARTIST OF ESPIONAGE.

I HAVE REVIEWED YOUR GUILD'S CONTRACT WITH TIGER WYLDE. HALF YOUR FEES IN EXCHANGE FOR HAVEN IN LATVERIA.

THIS IS ACCEPTABLE UPON ONE *ADDITIONAL* CONDITION.

IF, AT FUTURE DATE, I REQUIRE YOUR SERVICES, YOU WILL BE PAID *TWICE* YOUR RATE--

--BUT MY NEEDS TAKE *IMMEDIATE* PRIORITY OVER ALL OTHER BUSINESS.

I BELIEVE OUR LAWYERS CAN DRAW UP MUTUALLY SATISFACTORY PAPERS.

WAIT A SECOND, I DON'T KOWTOW TO *ANY* REGENT OR CEO--

--YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE EXPECTING ME TO DROP EVERYTHING AT *YOUR* CALL.

IN FACT LATVERIA'D BE BETTER OFF IF THE *GUILD* CALLED THE SHOTS.

YOU'VE HEARD MY TERMS. YOU MAY ACCEPT OR NOT.

HOWEVER, IF YOU ARE *FOOLISH* ENOUGH TO *OPPOSE* ME--

I WILL *GLADLY* SHOW YOU THE *ERRORS* OF YOUR WAYS.

YOU'RE A TOUGH NEGOTIATOR, DOOM. YOU SEEMED READY TO START ANOTHER WAR.

CHILL AND HIS KIND UNDER-STAND ONLY FORCE AND INTIMIDATION. REASON WOULD HAVE BEEN WASTED ON HIM.

KEEPING THE GUILD WITHIN OUR BORDERS MAY STILL BE A RISK...

BETTER THE GUILD THAN THE OCCUPYING FORCES OF ALCHEMAX OR STARK/FUJIKAWA, FORTUNE.

THEY WILL ACT AS A DETERRENT UNTIL MY DEFENSES ARE--

freeze.

UNNH...

DOOM?

ARMOR... LOCKED... CAN'T CONTROL...

BLESSED MOTHER! WE'RE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE GUIDEWAY!

WHOOSH

THAT WAS CLOSE--

WHAT HAPPENED?

VVRRRR

th-th-that's all for now--

I DO NOT KNOW.

THE ZEFIRO GYPSY CAMP. LATER.

--I SWEAR, ANDREI. WE WERE THIS CLOSE TO BEING PLASTERED AGAINST A SKYSCRAPER.

DO THE SIGNS HAVE TO BE ANY CLEARER? WITH DOOM, YOU GAMBLE YOUR LIFE.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY IS TO THE TRIBE.

STRENGTH

NO. LOOK.

THAT'S ME, THE WOMAN HOLDING THE LION'S MOUTH SHUT.

DOOM'S HISTORY IS A DARK ONE. I CAN KEEP HIS MORE DESTRUCTIVE NATURE IN CHECK.

YOU MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE YOU DID WITH WYLDE. MEN LIKE THESE ARE AGENTS OF CHAOS.

LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

VOX TRUSTS DOOM. HIS INSTINCTS ARE BETTER THAN EITHER OF OURS, ANDREI.

THE LOVERS.

BESIDES, THE COUNCIL IS IN GOOD HANDS WITH YOU, MY FRIEND.

THE LOVERS?

THAT CARD USED TO TURN UP A LOT.

IN THE *OLD* DAYS, ANYWAY.

VOX, MAYBE IT'S TIME WE CHECKED OUT THE SYNTHIA® FOODPACK SHIPMENT.

'SCUSE US.

ANDREI, YOU DON'T HAVE TO--

EVER SINCE THE SHOW-DOWN WITH WYLDE, YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME LIKE THE PLAGUE.

I THOUGHT MAYBE, AFTER ALL THIS TIME, YOU'D *FORGIVEN* ME--

THWAK!

MAYBE I *DESERVE* THAT.

IT WASN'T ALWAYS THIS WAY BETWEEN US. REMEMBER THAT FIRST NIGHT IN ANTIKVA?

HOW COULD I *FORGET*, POET...

"... I REMEMBER EVERYTHING ABOUT THAT NIGHT.

"BEFORE WYLDE AND HIS ELITE SEIZED POWER FROM THE CRUMBLING REGIONAL ALLIANCE--

"--MY BROTHER KAZ AND I RAIDED THE ANTIKVA PROVO MARSHAL'S KITCHEN FOR FOOD!

"GOING HOME, WE MADE A WRONG TURN INTO A DOGPACK--TRASHBOY SCAVENGERS.

"WE WERE THIEVES NOT FIGHTERS.

"THEN YOU SHOWED UP. A SKINNY KID, BARELY SEVENTEEN. CLEAN SHAVEN IN THOSE DAYS.

"I NEVER SAW ANYONE MOVE THAT FAST.

"THE DOGPACK RAN. YOU STAYED. YOUR LATVERIAN WAS SO BAD.

"YOU WERE SO GRACEFUL. SO MYSTERIOUS. YOU PUT BOTH OF US UNDER YOUR SPELL."

MEAT AND FOOD! TOGETHER! LUCKY DAY, EH?

KEEP BEHIND ME, FORTUNE.

YOU GYPSIES BE NICE, MAYBE WE NOT KILL YOU ALL THE WAY. WHAT SAY?

HAH, YOU MAKE GOOD JOKE, TRASHER! THEM NOT WANNA LIVE AFTER US THROUGH!

HAH!

YOU'RE GYPSIES, RIGHT? COOL.

WHO ARE YOU?

JUST A TOURIST.

YOU SWORE YOU'D PROTECT HIM.

WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK TO OUR CAMP? WE *OWE* YOU FOR SAVING OUR LIVES.

POET, POET. I *TRUSTED* YOU...

PIXEL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS, MADRID.

USING PALOMA©, A GROUNDBREAKING MEDIANET PROGRAM, EDUARDO DEVARGAS AGGRESSIVELY TRANSFORMED PIXEL INTO A WORLDWIDE CONCERN--

--BROKERING ALL FORMS OF ELECTRONIC INFORMATION AND COMMODITIES THROUGH HIS CORPORATE HOUSE.

DOESN'T ANYONE KNOW ANYTHING AROUND HERE?

PLEASE REPHRASE INQUIRY.

I SEEK TO UNDERSTAND THE MAN WHO NOW CONTROLS LATVERIA -- BUT ALL I GET FROM YOU IS CONTRADICTION.

TIGER WYLDE WAS EASILY UNDERSTOOD. SO PREDICTABLY NORTH AMERICAN.

BUT NOTHING HERE OFFERS ANY INSIGHT INTO DOOM'S IDENTITY, HIS HISTORY, HIS MOTIVATIONS.

ALL INFORMATION CONCERNING DOOM, VICTOR VON, IS CURRENTLY ON - LINE.

VICTOR VON DOOM. BIRTHDATE UNKNOWN. BIRTHPLACE: HAASENSTATDT FATHER: WERNER JOSEF. MOTHER: CYNTHIA ELENA. ASSUMED LATVERIAN THRONE FROM BARON VASSILY GONEREO KROZI, 19--

ENOUGH! SO MUCH IS HISTORICAL SPECULATION. HE WORE MANY FACES.

EVEN THE RICHARDS ARCHIVES ACKNOWLEDGE THAT ANY DOOM ENCOUNTERED IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAY HAVE BEEN A ROBOT.

INSUFFICIENT DATA AVAILABLE TO--

COMPUTE PROBABILITY CURRENT DOOM IS ACTUALLY THE ORIGINAL VICTOR VON DOOM.

SKRRT

TECH

buenos días, eduardo, how's life under wraps?

you look pale. maybe you should take a walk outside. get some fresh air.

AS MY EMPLOYEE, FEVER, I WOULD APPRECIATE IF YOU ADDRESSED ME AS SEÑOR DEVARGAS.

easy, eduardo, you'll burst your bubble--

AND, FURTHER, I HOPE YOUR INTRUSION HAS NOT DAMAGED ANY OF MY FILES.

all you need to know about doom is that with a little satellite enhancement, i breached his armor--

and once inside, his modified pixel circuitry was child's play to crack--

you know, there are backdoors in all the paloma © based programs that lead to unexpected places--

"YOU WILL HAVE TO TELL ME SOMETIME."

oh, i don't think so. i can't give away all my secrets. can i?

SO I WAS RIGHT. DOOM USED OUR TECHNOLOGY TO BUILD HIS ARMOR.*

* See DOOM 2099 #1. --JOEY

"THEN GET ON WITH YOUR JOB.

"LATVERIA'S RESOURCES WILL BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR PIXEL ONCE DOOM IS ELIMINATED."

AGAIN? THIS IS THE SECOND TIME WE'VE RUN THIS TEST.

THE LATVERIAN MUSEUM'S TREASURES WERE PILLAGED IN DOOM'S ABSENCE--

NOW, THE RANSACKED BUILDING HAS BECOME THE FUNCTIONAL CAPITOL FOR DOOM'S NEW GOVERNMENT--

--AND THE TEMPORARY HOUSING FOR HIS PRIVATE LABORATORY.

CALL DR. QUIÑONES. * SHE'S BETTER EQUIPPED TO MAKE DIAGNOSTIC JUDGMENTS THAN I AM.

I SEE NO NEED TO DISTURB DR. QUIÑONES.

YOU REALLY HATE ASKING FOR HELP, DON'T YOU?

* the neurocybersurgeon who helped design Doom's current armor. --JOEY

I AM SELDOM IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE. DISENGAGE THE IMAGING SYSTEMS.

THE RESULTS ARE THE SAME. ALL SYSTEMS ARE OPERATING WITHIN ESTAB-LISHED GUIDELINES.

STILL, I DO NOT ACCEPT THAT MY RECENT ARMOR MALFUNCTIONS ARE MERE HAPPEN-STANCE.

MAYBE YOU PUT TOO MUCH FAITH IN TECHNOLOGY.

JUST A THOUGHT.

WE CAN RUN THROUGH THE TESTS AGAIN.

NO. WE CANNOT SPEND ALL OUR TIME HERE.

LET US SEE TO THE CASTLE'S CONSTRUCTION.

ON THE BUSY CASTLE GROUNDS...

WIRE, GET *DOWN!* YOU'RE GONNA DO SOME MAIN-FRAME DAMAGE!

DON'T OVERHEAT, XAN. REMEMBER GARGOYLE CLIMBING ON THE NIADAMO CATHEDRAL?

REMEMBER *BREAKING* YOUR *ARM?*

ANCIENT HIST--

WIRE!!!

WHOOAOA

OOF!

BOOP!

DO I HAVE TO SAVE YOUR BUTT ALL THE TIME? I DIDN'T SIGN UP TO BE YOUR MOTHER!

SORRY, XAN.

YEAH, FORGET ABOUT IT.

XANDRA IS AN *UNUSUALLY* STRONG GIRL, FORTUNE.

IN MORE WAYS THAN YOU GIVE HER CREDIT FOR.

SOME-DAY, YOU MUST TELL ME HOW SHE CAME TO THE TRIBE.

WE FOUND HER HIDING IN A *BOMBED OUT* BUILDING IN ANTIKVA. SHE WAS SIX, *SCARED*, AND *ALONE*.

SHE WOULDN'T COME OUT UNTIL *WIRE* WENT IN AFTER HER. THEY'VE BEEN *INSEPARABLE* SINCE.

A FEW MONTHS LATER THEY FISHED A *WAKANDAN* COUPLE OUT OF THE CIRI. WE THINK THEY MAY HAVE BEEN HER *PARENTS*.

WHAT THEY WERE DOING IN LATVERIA, WE COULD NEVER FIND OUT.

THE GIRL IS *WAKANDAN*? AND WITH SUCH *STRENGTH*?

THIS WARRANTS *INVESTIGATION*.

WHILE DOOM IS UNAWARE OF CHILL'S INTEREST IN XANDRA...

... HE IS ALSO UNAWARE THAT THE VIRAL PRESENCE CALLED FEVER HAS INFECTED HIS ARMOR'S CIRCUITRY AGAIN.

VRREE VRREE VRREE

ooh... doom's security systems... pixel's arcweld3 prototypes.

i'm soooo scared

booga! booga!

now that i have complete control of his armor...

time to begin the real damage.

oh, i'm going to enjoy this...

you pride yourself on absolute self discipline. always in control, eh, doom?

how much fun it will be shattering that illusion.

DOOM, YOU'RE SHAKING--

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING INTO SEIZURE!

NO!... ARMOR... OPERATING... BY... ITSELF...

CRASH

POW

HE'S MALFUNCTIONING AGAIN!

HE'S BEELINING FOR THE TURRET FRAMEWORK!

DOOM'S SERIOUSLY SCRAMBLED.

confused, doom?

ZZZACKTT

KRUMBLL

don't worry, there'll be more--

later--

STAY BACK. I CANNOT CONTROL MY...

ALL THAT WORK, ACED IN A COUPLE SECONDS.

FIRST IT WAS THAT "I'M THE ORIGINAL DOOM" RAP, NOW THIS. HE'S CRAZY.

XANDRA, PLEASE...

...FALL.

SOMEONE IS TOYING WITH ME.

WIRE, WE HAVE WORK TO DO.

CONSIDER CYBERSPACE AN *INTERSECTION* OF MAN AND MACHINE, INTIMATELY JOINED BY *NEUROTECHNOLOGY*--

--A *CROSSROADS* WHERE THE MACHINE PROCESSES THE USER AS ACTIVE DATA--

--AND THE USER TRANSLATES THE MACHINE'S ELECTRONIC CODES INTO *SENSORY* IMAGES.

WIRE, A *CYBERSAVANT*, KNOWS WELL THIS OTHER-WORLD OF INFORMATIONAL INTERFACE--

--AND MOVES THROUGH ITS TWISTING PATHWAYS WITH *NATURAL* EASE.

CAN'T BELIEVE DOOM LET ME JACK INTO HIS ARMOR SYSTEMS TO RUN A SYSTEMS CHECK.

WITH THE NANOTECH IN HIS HEAD CONNECTED WITH HIS ARMOR'S SOFTWARE--

--THIS IS LIKE CRACKING A *PERSON*, NOT A PROGRAM.

UGH... HERE'S THE PROBLEM. *VIRAL INFECTION*, CLOGGING DOOM'S *COREPROG*.

DON'T RECOGNIZE THE SIGNATURE, AND IT LOOKS *WIDESPREAD*.

BUT I BET IT'S NOTHING A DOSE OF *DISINFECTANT* WON'T CURE.

NO VIRUS I KNOW CAN WITHSTAND *THIS* INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH CLEANER.

UH OH.

BACK IN THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE MUSEUM LAB...

...AND THIS VIRUS INFECTS MY ENTIRE SYSTEM?

BIG TIME.

YOU COULD ALWAYS WIPE YOUR CPU, BUT THIS VIRUS IS ADAPTABLE -- ALMOST CONSCIOUS.

DON'T RISK IT HIBERNATING AND REAPPEARING DOWN THE LINE.

LET ME REWORK MY DISINFECTANT AND GO BACK IN ON A SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSION.

NO. NOT ALONE.

EXCELLENT.

IN CYBERSPACE, YOU'RE REPRESENTED BY PROGRAM ABSTRACT CALLED AN ARCHETYPE--

--FEEL FREE TO CUSTOMIZE YOURS IF YOU WANT.

MAY I SUGGEST SOMETHING IN REAL CLOTHES.

THIS VIRAL AFFLICTION IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. I NEARLY BROUGHT DOWN THE CASTLE.

THERE-FORE, I AM SHUTTING DOWN MY ARMOR SYSTEMS, LEST THIS VIRUS WREAK MORE HAVOC WHILE I AM ON LINE.

DOOM'S SURROUNDINGS FADE TO BLACK AS HE DROPS INTO THE SENSORY DIVERTED TRANCE OF THE NETGLIDER.

WIRE, LET US BEGIN.

THEN, HE IS LIGHT YEARS FROM THIS WORLD...

EXHILARATING.

I DID NOT EXPECT SUCH A POWERFUL SENSE OF... REALITY.

ALTERNATE REALITY.

YOUR PHYSICAL BODY MAY BE BACK IN THE MUSEUM, BUT ALL THE SENSORY INPUT YOUR MIND PROCESSES GENERATES *HERE*.

REMEMBER, THIS *ISN'T* A VR PROGRAM. THERE ARE NO SAFEGUARDS HERE.

IF YOUR C-SPACE ARCHETYPE *SCRAMBLES* OR *DE-REZZES*, YOU RISK HARDCORE DAMAGE FROM THE NEURAL FEEDBACK.

BUT THE NETGLIDE'S *WORTH* THE RISK.

IT PRESENTS AN INTRIGUING AVENUE OF EXPLORATION.

BUT *FIRST*, WE MUST ELIMINATE THE VIRUS FROM MY SYSTEM.

THE VIRUS HAS BLOCKED YOUR MAIN SYSTEM PATH.

BY ACCESSING YOUR SYSTEM *BACK-UP*, WE SHOULD AVOID DETECTION.

AND YOU CAN DO SO BY *TOUCH*?

TACTILE INTERFACE IS PROGRAMMED INTO MY ARCHETYPE, AND YOURS, TOO.

ONCE YOU LEARN WHERE TO SCOPE, OPEN DOORS ARE *EVERYWHERE* IN CYBERSPACE.

RUMMMBLLLL

RUMBLL

WHAT?

THE VIRUS! WE'VE BEEN ZEROED!

so the host sends antibodies against me?

the fools don't realize that fever is a terminal infection--

--and before i complete my excruciatingly slow kill--

i will drive them mad.

SENSES ARE DISORIENTED.

IT'LL PASS.

WORMHOLE! TRY TO STAY CLOSE!

IS THERE NOTHING I CAN DO?

JUST RIDE IT OUT.

THE HOLE WILL SPIT US OUT SOONER OR LATER.

SOMEWHERE.

YOU MEAN WE ARE **LOST?**

TECHNICALLY...

WHEN I FIGURE OUT WHERE WE'VE BEEN DUMPED, WE CAN TRACE OUR WAY BACK TO YOUR SYSTEM.

PROGRAM, ACTIVATE.

LOOKS LIKE A REALSPACE SIM.

FUNNY... I CAN'T FIND AN EXIT.

THERE IS SOMETHING *FAMILIAR* ABOUT THIS PLACE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE IT PAST OUR SECURITY DEFENSES, MISTER--

FEELS KIND OF *RETRO* TO ME. KIND OF NEO-VINTAGE.

--BUT YOU'VE MADE A *HUGE* MISTAKE COMING HERE.

AWW, SAVE YOUR BREATH, STRETCH! IF THESE YANCY STREET REJECTS WANNA *TANGO*, MY DANCE CARD IS *WIDE* OPEN!

THIS CANNOT BE...

ONE TWO CHA CHA CHA...

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."
— *George Santayana*

NEXT ISSUE:
FACE TO FACE WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

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BRODERICK NYBERG

THE FACE OF DOOM 2099

2099

LATVERIA.

CAN'T STAND BEING PLUGGED IN, HOOKED UP TO A MACHINE, CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD.

ALL THE SENSORY INPUT GENERATED IN THE COMPUTER NET MAKES MY HEAD SPIN.

IF I HAD TO NETGLIDE LIKE WIRE, I'D GO INSANE.

WIRE'S SPECIAL. HIS MIND CAN PROCESS THE MAELSTROM OF ELECTRONIC SIGNAL. HE THRIVES ON IT.

AND DOOM WILL MASTER CYBERSPACE OUT OF NECESSITY.

DOOM'S ENTIRE ARMOR SYSTEM IS UNDER SIEGE BY A BRUTAL COMPUTER VIRUS.

THAT'S WHY HE WAS SO ADAMANT ABOUT ACCOMPANYING WIRE INTO CYBERSPACE. HE HATES NOT BEING IN CONTROL.

THEY'D BETTER SUCCEED. IF THIS VIRUS INFECTS THEM WHILE THEY'RE JACKED INTO THE MATRIX--

--THEY COULD END UP SCRAMBLED, VACANT OR WORSE--

"I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT PAST THE BAXTER BUILDING'S SECURITY..."

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

Tripping the Light FANTASTIC

--BUT YOU WON'T GET PAST THE Fantastic Four.

WHO DO THESE JOKERS THINK THEY ARE, WALTZIN' IN HERE LIKE THEY WAS INVITED FOR TEA?

PROGRAMMED WITH VIRTUAL PRECISION BY:
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
PAT BRODERICK
JOHN NYBERG
JOHN COSTANZA
CHRISTIE SCHEELE
JOEY CAVALIERI
TOM DEFALCO

WIRE, THIS IS *ABSURD*. MOMENTS AGO, WE WERE CAUGHT IN THE VORTEX OF A CYBERSPACE *WORMHOLE*--

--AND NOW WE'VE BEEN DROPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF SOME APPALLING HISTORICAL *CARICATURE*.

GAMESIM, ACTUALLY. LOOKS LIKE A STANDARD POWER FANTASY OBSTACLE RUN.

UNFORTUNATELY, UNTIL WE FIND AN *EXIT MENU*, WE'RE *STUCK* IN THIS SIMULATION.

SINCE YOU SEEM TO KNOW THESE CHARACTERS, MAYBE WE CAN GET AROUND THEM WITH A *MINIMUM* OF STATIC.

IN MY PAST, THE FANTASTIC FOUR WERE A CONTINUAL *THORN* IN MY SIDE--

BUT THIS IS A *SHAMBLING MOCKERY* OF THE GROUP THAT PLAGUED ME.

THEY'RE JUST ACTORS SCANNED INTO THE PROGRAM. GAMESIMS ARE NOTORIOUSLY *INACCURATE*. NOBODY CARES ABOUT HISTORY.

HEAR THAT, JOHNNY-BOY? THESE YAHOOS DON'T BELIEVE *WE'RE* THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

GEE, YOU'D THINK YOUR UGLY MUG WOULD BE ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THEM.

THEY'LL CHANGE THEIR MINDS ONCE THEY'VE TASTED MY *FIREBALLS OF VENGEANCE*.

WIRE, IF THIS IS MERELY A SIMULATION, WHY CONCERN OURSELVES WITH THESE *SHADOWS*?

WE'RE PLAYING AGAINST THE PROGRAM--IT'S *NON-LETHAL*, BUT IT CAN TIE US UP.

EACH MOMENT WE'RE HERE GIVES THE VIRUS TIME TO INFECT *MORE* OF YOUR SYSTEM.

LISTEN, PAL, YOUR ATTITUDE TICKS ME OFF--

--AND THE *MADDER* BENJAMIN J. GRIMM GETS THE *STRONGER*--

FIRST I AM *FORGOTTEN* IN LATVERIA, AND NOW *THIS*.

WERE ALL RECORDS OF THE LATE 20TH CENTURY *LOST*?

KRUNNK

THUD!

I'M *FED UP* WITH EVERY SUPER VILLAIN *UNDERESTIMATING* AND *IGNORING* ME BECAUSE I'M A *WOMAN*--

SUE STORM WON'T BE TREATED LIKE THE *INVISIBLE* MEMBER OF THIS TEAM!

DOOM, UNTANGLE ME!

BAH, I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE PLAYING A BADLY REMEMBERED VERSION OF MY YOUTH.

AN ELECTRICAL BLAST WILL DETER INVISIBLE *WOMAN* OR *MADAM MEDUSA* OR WHATEVER THIS BLONDE SIMULATION REPRESENTS.

AHHHHHH!

WIRE, LET US CONCLUDE THIS FOOLISHNESS.

I'M LOOKING FOR AN EXIT, BUT THIS PROGRAM'S BEEN *MODIFIED*, THE NORMAL TRAP DOORS *HIDDEN*.

THEN THE VIRUS DROPPED US HERE *INTENTIONALLY*?

GIVEN THE NUMBER OF AVAILABLE GAMESIMS, LANDING IN ONE WITH THE AMAZING FOUR PROBABLY ISN'T COINCIDENCE.

FANTASTIC FOUR.

OH *NO*. WE'RE IN A *NOVOGRAD* PROGRAM. THEIR GAMESIMS RUN *LONGTERM*.

NOVOGRAD

COULD TAKE *DAYS* TO FINISH THIS PROGRAM--

--IF WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE.

WIRE'S SWEATING. HIS BODY FEELS HOT.

THEIR TEMPERATURES ARE RISING. ADRENAL LEVELS AS WELL.

IF THEY HIT DIFFICULTY IN CYBERSPACE, WIRE KNOWS TO OFFLINE.

MAYBE, BUT WIRE ACTS RECKLESSLY AROUND DOOM, LIKE HE'S LOOKING FOR APPROVAL.

AND DOOM KNOWS IT. IF WIRE GETS HURT BECAUSE OF HIM...

YOU CAN'T PROTECT WIRE ALL THE TIME, XANDRA.

HE'S BOUND TO MAKE MISTAKES WHETHER YOU'RE AROUND OR NOT.

BZZT

THAT'S MY COM.

FORTUNE, ANDREI. NEED YOU TO RELEASE THE NEW FOOD SHIPMENTS FOR ANTIKVA.

RIGHT. ON MY WAY.

TAKE CARE OF THINGS HERE. I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY.

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

BOOM!

WOW! THIS PROGRAM'S HARDCORE! I *FELT* THAT FIRE-BALL'S HEAT!

THE NEGATIVE ZONE?

WE MUST BE IN THIS PONYTAILED RICHARDS'S *LABORATORY.*

MOST GAMESIMS OFFER WAYS OF CIRCUMVENTING THE OBSTACLES -- LIKE A *HOSE* TO PUT THE FLAMING SKULL GUY OUT.

IF I AM FORCED TO ACCEPT THE EXAGGERATED LOGIC OF THIS *GAME*--

--PERHAPS IT IS TIME TO TEST THE PROGRAMMER'S *TECHNICAL* DETAILING.

THEY'RE IN MY LAB!

THE BIG GUY'S *MINE!*

THOSE FOUL MISCREANTS WILL KNOW THE VENGEANCE OF THE HUMAN TORCH!

LIGHTEN UP, JOHNNY.

I THINK I HAVE FOUND THE MEANS TO END THIS CHARADE.

WIRE, DO THE *HONORS.*

AWRIGHT, FRONT AND CENTER, YOU BUMS, IT'S CLOB--

NO, BEN! STAY BACK! HE HOLDS THE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER™!

DON'T THINK I WON'T... UH... NULLIFY YOU ALL IF YOU GET ANY CLOSER.

AW, REED, CAN'T YOU TELL THE KID'S BLUFFING?

WE CAN'T RISK IT, JOHNNY. THE NULLIFIER HAS THE POWER TO DESTROY OUR ENTIRE WORLD, NAY, EVEN THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM.

GALACTUS GAVE US THE NULLIFIER TO SAVE EARTH FROM THE WORLD-HUNGRY WATCHER.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLAYING WITH.

I BEG TO DIFFER. WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE DOING.

NOW IF YOU VALUE YOUR SIMULATED EXISTENCE, I SUGGEST YOU STAND TOGETHER.

REED, HE'S ACTIVATING THE TIME PORTAL! TM

WOTTA REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT THIS IS.

BUT HOW COULD HE OPERATE THE MACHINE UNLESS HE WAS ALLIED WITH THE EVIL--

WHAT DID YOU DO?

IF THIS TIME MACHINE TRULY SIMULATED MY ORIGINAL--

--THIS POOR MAN'S FANTASTIC FOUR ARE NOW ABOARD A PIRATE SHIP SOMETIME IN THE FIFTEEN HUNDREDS.

POP!

NOW THAT THEY ARE OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR AN EXIT UNINTER--

STEP AWAY FROM THAT CONSOLE!

I AM DOCTOR DOOM™

KNEEL AND OFFER *TRIBUTE* TO THE *GREATEST* MIND OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

EVEN AS WE SPEAK, THE BAXTER BUILDING IS *HURTLING* INTO SPACE AT MY COMMAND.

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE YOU? YOU SHOULD TALK TO A *LAWYER*.

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO STAND AGAINST THE *UNRIVALED* MIGHT OF THE MONARCH OF LATVERIA.

I AM OFFENDED.

SO, YOU DARE *CHALLENGE* ME. YOU WILL RUE THIS DAY, STRANGER, FOR I AM--

PROGRAM CANCELED

FOUND THE EXIT! KNEW IT WAS SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE.

EXIT

DID YOU REALLY SEND THEIR APARTMENT BUILDING INTO SPACE?

IT WAS A *VERY* LONG TIME AGO.

BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR *FOND* REMEMBRANCES. WE MUST FIND OUR WAY HOME.

WE WERE SENT INTO THAT GAMESIM *INTENTIONALLY.* WE ARE BEING *TOYED* WITH.

THIS VIRUS HAS NOT ONLY A *CONSCIOUSNESS* BUT ALSO A *BLACK* SENSE OF HUMOR.

I AM *NOT* AMUSED.

AT LEAST YOUR FIRST VENTURE INTO CYBERSPACE WAS ENTER-TAINING.

WE'RE IN THE *MAINSTREAM* NOW -- THE CONNECTIVE ARTERY THROUGH THE MYRIAD PROGRAMS OF CYBERSPACE--

--A ROAD THAT GOES ON FOREVER IN ALL DIRECTIONS--

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ACCESS THE RIGHT REFERENCE POINTS AND WE CAN BACKTRACK TO YOUR SYSTEM.

THE MUSEUM.

SO MUCH TO DO. FOOD SHIPMENTS. GUILD NEGOTIATIONS. CASTLE CONSTRUCTION. SLEEP IS AN *OVERRATED* COMMODITY.

RUNNING LATVERIA ALONGSIDE DOOM IS *MORE DEMANDING* THAN I IMAGINED.

BUT THIS IS WHAT I WANTED, TO HAVE BOTH *VOICE* AND *POWER* IN THE GOVERNMENT.

AT LEAST DOOM, UNLIKE TIGER WYLDE, FEELS A *GENUINE* IF *PATRIARCHAL* CONCERN FOR THE PEOPLE.

ATHOUGH HIS CONDESCENDING ATTITUDE DRIVES ME *CRAZY* SOMETIMES--

FORTUNE STOPS AS A SUDDEN ELECTRIC CHARGE CRACKLES IN THE MUSTY MUSEUM AIR--

--AND A MENACING AND UNRECOGNIZED FIGURE MATERIALIZES FROM THE SHADOWS.

GREETINGS, FRAULINO FORTUNE.

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET PAST SECURITY?

I AM *HAZE*. I BRING YOU AN *INVITATION*.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T REFUSE.

IN THE MUSEUM'S DOOM-BUILT LAB...

WIRE, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW FRUS-TRATING IT IS FOR ME TO WATCH YOU ON-LINE.

CYBERSPACE'S THE ONE PLACE I CAN'T GO WITH YOU. THE ONE PLACE I CAN'T PROTECT--

SOMEONE BEHIND ME. TOO BIG TO BE FORTUNE. AND NO ONE ELSE IS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

PRETEND YOU DON'T NOTICE, THEN--

HAH!!

THWACK

YOU TELEGRAPHED YOUR KICK, XANDRA. YOU'VE GOT POWER-- AND I'VE GOT THE BRUISES TO PROVE IT--

--BUT YOU NEED TRAINING. STRENGTH ONLY GOES SO FAR.

POET, I'M SICK OF YOUR SURPRISE ENTRANCES.

IT'S A HABIT I CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK.

WHERE'S FORTUNE?

OUT. WITH DOOM JACKED INTO THE MACHINE, SHE HAS HER HANDS FULL RUNNING THINGS.

SO WHAT'S WITH YOU AND HER? MENTION YOUR NAME, AND SHE *CHANGES* THE SUBJECT OR *ENDS* THE CONVERSATION.

NOT MUCH TO SAY. IT WAS A *LONG* TIME AGO.

I'D BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE SEMINARY, AND WAS TRAVELING WITH A *DOCTORED* PASSPORT AND *NON-EXISTENT* CREDIT.

IN ANTIKVA, I CONNECTED WITH *FORTUNE* AND HER BROTHER *KAZIMIERZ*, AND STAYED WITH THE ZEFIRO FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS.

TOGETHER, WE HAD WILD TIMES, *RAIDING* FOOD SHIPMENTS, *OUTWITTING* THE PROVO MARSHAL, *RUNNING CIRCLES* AROUND THE DOGPACKS.

ABOUT THE SAME TIME THE TRIBE MADE FORTUNE A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL, MY *WANDERLUST* RETURNED, AND KAZ FOUND HIS.

WE'D HEARD RUMORS OF AMAZING EVENTS IN *CHINA*.

THE CHINESE BORDERS REMAINED *CLOSED* AND *GUARDED*, BUT THERE WERE *OTHER* AVENUES FOR THOSE WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK.

FORTUNE WARNED US NOT TO GO. HER CARDS PROPHESIED *DISASTER*. WE *IGNORED* HER, AND DIDN'T LEAVE ON GOOD TERMS.

KAZ NEVER MADE IT TO CHINA.

PIXEL HEADQUARTERS, MADRID.

why the interest in a backwater country like latveria?

ONCE DOOM IS ELIMINATED, I WILL CONTROL A COUNTRY WITH MANY RESOURCES TO PLUNDER--INCLUDING TRITONIUM *.

* see DOOM #1-4. --JOEY

doom's a minor threat compared to me--

A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE. INEVITABLY, OUR PATHS WILL CROSS. SO LET IT BE NOW, AND ON MY TERMS.

i can shut down the paloma operating systems without breaking a silicon sweat--

--without its precious information network, pixel would be nothing but a shrink wrapped ceo.

so, eduardo, here's a friendly reminder--

--begin transferring payment to my cayman island account--

--or i infect you like i have doom.

remember, fever makes everyone sweat.

STAY CLOSE. YOU'RE STILL NEW TO THE CYBERVERSE--

--YOU GET LOST, YOU MAY NEVER OFF-LINE.

THE LONGER WE TRAVEL THROUGH THIS CYBERVERSE, THE MORE OF ITS COMPLEXITIES I BEGIN TO COMPREHEND.

WERE WE NOT HERE TO ELIMINATE THE VIRUS THAT PLAGUES MY SYSTEM, I WOULD EXPLORE THIS LANDSCAPE FURTHER.

YOU'VE ONLY SEEN A FRACTION OF C-SPACE-- NEW INTERFACES ARE CONSTANTLY CREATING MORE ELECTRONIC HIGHWAY.

CAREFUL YOU DON'T ZOMBIE-- THAT'S WHEN A GLIDER BUG-EYES, FORGETS WHERE HE CAME FROM, AND GOES ON THE INFINITY GLIDE.

WE WILL RETURN, I SWEAR. I WILL FIND THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR SABOTAGING MY ARMOR.

WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?

CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP CLOP

THAT SOUND.

HOOFBEATS?

IN THE CYBERVERSE, THERE EXISTS A ROYAL COURT OF NETGLIDERS--

--LEGENDS OF GREAT SKILL WHO HAVE CRACKED THE UNCRACKABLE, ACCESSED THE INACCESSIBLE, PROGRAMMED THE UNPROGRAMMABLE.

THEIR NAMES ARE SPOKEN REVERENTLY AMONG 'GLIDERS. THE WORD. FIRELIGHT. SHIVA BLUE. BROKEN HAIKU. DOT 33.

ON A PROGRAM CONSTRUCTED HORSE RIDES THE GLIDER COURT'S KNIGHT ERRANT,

DUKE STRATOSPHERE

WHOA, CHAOS! WE'VE FOUND OUR FRIENDS.

DOCTOR DOOM AND WIRE, I PRESUME?

YOU KNOW US?

OF COURSE HE DOES. THIS IS DUKE STRATOSPHERE. *THE* DUKE STRATOSPHERE.

HE'S ONE OF THE *AVALON FIVE*. THEY STOPPED THE DOMINO CRASH THAT ALMOST DESTROYED C-SPACE IN '97.

AND WHY SHOULD I NOT ASSUME THAT THE DUKE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR CURRENT STATUS?

THINK WHAT YOU *WILL*, BUT POLITICAL SUBTERFUGE IS NOT *MY* STYLE.

I'M A *SOUL GLIDER*, HERE FOR THE *RIDE*, NOT CORPORATE INTRIGUE.

NOT TOO MANY GLIDERS MAKE IT THIS DEEP INTO THE NET. NATURALLY, MY CURIOSITY WAS AROUSED AT YOUR PRESENCE.

NATURALLY.

THE DUKE KNOWS MORE OF CYBERSPACE THAN ANY GLIDER PAST OR PRESENT. HE CAN GET US OUT OF HERE.

A *SHORT CUT* TO A MORE TRAVELED PART OF THE MAINSTREAM? MY PLEASURE.

FOLLOW ME.

GIDDY-UP, CHAOS!

THESE ARE THE *WASTELANDS*, THE NEXUS OF UNFINISHED AND ABANDONED PROGRAMS...

THESE PATHS ALLOW ONE TO GLIDE LESS CONSPICUOUSLY.

FORGIVE ME IF I MISTRUST YOUR GENEROSITY. YOU'VE NO REASON TO AID US.

CURIOSITY. YOU'VE DISTURBED AND ANGERED MANY IMPORTANT PEOPLE SINCE YOUR RETURN, DOCTOR.

I WAS INTERESTED TO MEET THE MAN-- OR HIS ARCHETYPE AT THE VERY LEAST.

AND YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THE VIRUS PLAYING HAVOC WITH MY ARMOR.

VIRUSES ARE PECULIAR THINGS--

--THEY OFTEN MANIFEST AT THE WORST POSSIBLE MOMENTS.

DOOM! THE *BRIDGE!*

YOUR INSTINCTS WERE *RIGHT*. YOU *SHOULDN'T* HAVE TRUSTED ME.

THEY'RE ALL YOURS, FEVER.

Why thank you, strat.

i called the duke to ferry you to me when our business kept me from greeting you personally once you exited the fantastic four sim.

i hope you enjoyed my historical flourish--

--so few of my victims appreciate the thought i put into my work--

WHO *ARE* YOU AND WHY HAVE YOU ATTACKED ME?

i am fever, and this is business, my armored friend, business. i offer incurable infection at a premium price.

YOU AND YOUR *LACKEY* WILL NOT FIND ME AN EASY TARGET.

LACKEY? OUCH. I GUESS I *DESERVE* THAT.

MY APOLOGIES, DOCTOR. THIS SETTLES AN *OLD* AND *UNPLEASANT* DEBT. FEVER, WE ARE *SQUARE* NOW.

STRATOSPHERE, WE *WILL* MEET AGAIN.

I CAN'T BELIEVE DUKE STRATOSPHERE SOLD US OUT.

I *DOUBT* THAT, DOCTOR--

"--FEVER IS BRUTALLY THOROUGH."

praise from the duke himself. pinch me. i must be dreaming.

--but you're not. the time has come to end this assignment--

--don't take it personally, you're just another contract kill--

DOOM! DON'T LET HIM MAKE CONTACT! LET'S GET OUT.

a pity. the little net glider had soooo much potential.

did he warn you how damage to one's c-space archetype affects the nervous system?

UNGH!

YOU'LL DO NO MORE DAMAGE, FEVER!

THIS ARCHETYPE HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED WITH VIRAL DISINFECTANT!

aaaahhhhhhhh!

THE DISINFECTANT WE UPDATED AND STRENGTHENED WORKED AGAINST FEVER.

BUT PERHAPS TOO LATE FOR WIRE. HIS ARCHETYPE LIES *UNMOVING* AND *UNRESPONSIVE.*

THE YOUTH STOOD BY ME THROUGH ADVERSITY THAT WOULD HAVE *COWED* OTHERS LESS STRONG.

YOUR FALL WILL NOT GO UNAVENGED. I WILL FIND FEVER'S EMPLOYERS AND EXACT PAYMENT FOR THIS MISFORTUNE.

AND WITHOUT HIM CAN I NAVIGATE CYBERSPACE'S MYRIAD ROUTES BACK TO MY BODY?

your concern is Touching *-- but ill-timed.*

like a novice, you've been thinking in realspace.

an archetype is only a small part of a neurolink program.

it can be discarded *and* re-formed *before any real damage is done.*

So sleep the sleep of the dead, *doom--*

this is the fever dream from which you'll never wake...

WARNING. NEURAL ACTIVITY DECREASING.

REEREEREEREEREEREEREEREE

XANDRA, WHAT'S GOING ON?

BLESSED MOTHER, THEY'RE CRASHING!

REEREEREEREEREEREEREEREE

WARNING. NEURAL ACTIVITY BELOW SAFE LEVELS.

WIRE,EEG RANGE 00.056 WARNING
DOOM, EEG RANGE 00.034 WARNING

DISCONNECT THEM!

THEY AREN'T RESPONDING TO AN OVER-RIDE!

EEEE

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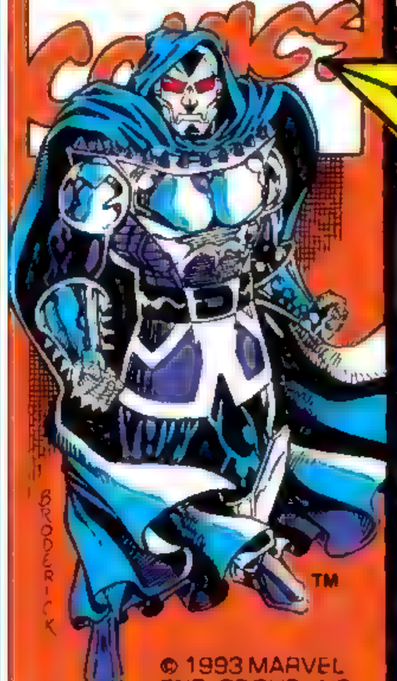

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DOOM 2099™

HER NAME IS...

PALOMA™

BRODERICK

too bad, Doom--you and your boy wandered into the wrong part of cyberspace--

--so very certain you could find and destroy the virus infecting your armor.

oh, but the tremors in your electronic heart were caused not by a mere bug created by a disgruntled corporate peon--

--rather they are the results of the inspired viral sabotage of yours truly--

Fever.

who else could bring about your end with such wicked charm and vicious wit?

--who else would pit you against a virtual reality fantastic four, see you betrayed by the legendary duke Stratosphere--

--then cut you off forever from the real world?

i hope you said goodbye to those nearest and dearest to you.
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
WRITER
PAT BRODERICK
PENCILS
JOHN NYBERG
INKS
JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERS
CHRISTIE SCHELLE
COLORS
DAVE AVALLONE
EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
IT'S NO USE. THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING, XANDRA. SOMETHING'S BLOCKING THE NEUROTECH INTERFACE.
NEURAL ACTIVITY HAS FLATLINED. THEY'RE GONE.
NO!!!
a Region of Ether and Sighs!

WIRE, COME ON, DON'T CRASH ON ME. YOU CAN GLIDE BACK. I KNOW YOU CAN, TRUE.

POET, YOU ALWAYS PULL OFF THE LAST MINUTE RESCUES-- DO SOME-THING!

I'M NO CYBER-MEDIC, XANDRA. I CAN BYPASS ACCESS CODES ON MOST SECURITY SYSTEMS--

--BUT I'M NO PROGRAMMER. I *CAN'T* REFIGURE DOWNED ARCHETYPES IN THE CYBERSPACE GRID.

THE NEUROTECH IN THEIR HEADS PROVIDES THEM A *SIXTH* SENSE, A *CYBER-SENTIENCE*-- BUT IT DOES SO BY REROUTING EXTERNAL SENSORY INPUT.

--THEY'VE CRASHED INTO AN AUTISTIC LIMBO.

IF THEY'RE *LUCKY*, THEIR ARCHETYPES WEREN'T DESTROYED. IF *NOT*--

I WON'T ACCEPT THAT!

XANDRA...

WE CAN *OVERRIDE* THE NEURO-TECH-- FORCE THE BODY TO RECONNECT WITH OUTSIDE STIMULI--

BLAST, WYATT, YOU ALWAYS SWORE YOU HAD BACKUP FOR ANY CRISIS IN THE NET--

--I KNOW YOU CAN GET OUT OF THIS ONE.

FEVER... WON'T... LET... YOU...

how positively darling... doom's lapdog revives himself--and all for naught.

you'll be long dead before your backup can circumvent my grasp, little netglider--

...WHY...

you need a reason for your imminent and-- i assure you-- unpleasant demise? very well--

while i take great personal pleasure from my internet acts of destruction and mayhem--

in this instance, the pixel corporation paid me an obscene price to knock your tatverian knight off his high horse--

...DOOM... WILL... STOP... YOU...

your faith in that man in the iron mask is heartwarming--

but doom is in no shape to stop anyone--

-- and neither are you, my impetuous gypsy child.

with this wormhole, i consign you and your poorly chosen companion to cyberspace oblivion.

the time has come to bid farewell to your misspent and short-lived youth.

you're being dumped in the trash--

NOOOOOOO

--where your program archetypes will de-rez and decay--

--leaving your physical bodies to rot in realspace as mindless wetware.

don't look so hurt--

--you've simply borne the bad end of a business transaction--

THE SIGNALS ARE FAINT, BUT DEFINITELY THERE. WIRE'S STILL ON-LINE!

FIND FORTUNE, POET. SHE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO! SHE'S GOT ALL OF LATVERIA'S RESOURCES AT HER COMMAND--

I'LL GO, BUT BE REALISTIC, XANDRA. DOOM AND WIRE'S MINDS ARE LOST IN THE MAZE OF CYBERSPACE.

I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT, BUT THEY MAY BE BEYOND HELP.

I DON'T CARE. I WON'T JUST LET HIM FADE AWAY.

HE MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU?

MORE. WE'RE CONNECTED AT THE SOUL. IF I COULD TAKE HIS PLACE, I WOULD.

I'D DIE FOR HIM.

SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE LEPONTINE ALPS OF SWITZERLAND.

UGGGH!

YOU'RE AWAKE? GOOD.

IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN DROWNED IN MOLASSES--WHAT IS *THIS*--

A *NECESSITY*, I'M AFRAID.

YOU'VE BEEN COVERED IN AN *OSMIOTIC SEALANT*. IT ALLOWS RESPIRATORY EXCHANGES--

--WHILE PREVENTING YOUR BODY'S *INFINITE* COLLECTION OF *BACTERIA* AND *GERMS* FROM CONTAMINATING MY CHAMBERS.

I HEAR *ENGINES*. *WHERE* AM I? AND *WHO* ARE YOU?

YOU ARE ABOARD THE PIXEL EXECUTIVE ZEPPELIN, THE *CICADA*.

I AM YOUR HOST, *EDUARDO DeVARGAS*.

DeVARGAS? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

HOW DID YOU...

SPIRIT YOU AWAY FROM LATVERIA AND ONTO THE CICADA?

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT *HAZE*, SPECIALIST IN *PERSONNEL RETRIEVAL*.

CHARMED, FRAULINO.

HAZE *LIBERATED* MANY OF PIXEL'S MOST TALENTED EMPLOYEES FROM *PREVIOUS* CORPORATE COMMITMENTS.

I ALWAYS BRING THEM BACK *ALIVE*.

WHEN I *REQUEST* THAT OPTION, OF COURSE.

SO WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

SEÑORITA, YOU ARE FAR MORE RESPONSIBLE FOR TIGER WYLDE'S DEMISE THAN APPEARANCES SUGGEST.

YOU BRILLIANTLY MANIPULATED BOTH DOOM AND WYLDE TO BRING ABOUT A NEW GOVERNMENT.

ALAS, DOOM'S REIGN, TOO, NEARS ITS *END*, BUT YOU NEED NOT FALL WITH HIM.

WORK FOR ME. YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS WILL NOT BE WASTED AT *PIXEL*.

YOU *SHANGHAI* ME, COVER ME IN *SLUDGE*, AND THEN EXPECT ME TO SIGN UP WITH YOU?

YOU CAN *TAKE* YOUR OFFER AND--

I UNDERSTAND YOUR RELUCTANCE-- GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR MEETING.

I AM *SURE* YOU'LL COME AROUND.

NOW, IF YOU WILL *EXCUSE* ME, I HAVE A CALL TO MAKE.

eduardo... you test my good nature...

AT A TERMINAL STATION WHOSE LOCATION REMAINS *GUARDED* AND *SECRET*, FEVER CONDUCTS HIS ELECTRONIC SYMPHONY OF *CHAOS*.

INTRAVENOUS NUTRIENT SUPPLIES PROVIDE HIS SUSTENANCE. HIS COMMAND CHAIR MOVES HIS BODY AT RANDOM INTERVALS TO PREVENT MUSCLE ATROPHY.

I NEED TANGIBLE EVIDENCE, FEVER. I CANNOT OCCUPY LATVERIA UNTIL I AM CERTAIN DOOM HAS BEEN ELIMINATED.

IN THIS *CONTAINED ENVIRONMENT*, HE HAS NO NEED TO DISCONNECT FROM THE NET--AND NO DESIRE.

OFF LINE, HE IS ANONYMOUS AND IMPOTENT. *ON* LINE, HE IS *DESTRUCTION PERSONIFIED*, AND *THRIVES* ON THE HAVOC HE WREAKS.

right now, doom is nearly lifeless flesh gift wrapped in metal.

if you want to bury the body, have one of your errand boys gladhand the corpse--

--wetware disposal's not in my contract.

MUST YOU ALWAYS BE SO *IMPERTINENT?*

you didn't hire me for my table manners, eduardo--

our business is complete--

i stole doom's soul--

--and consigned it to the abyss.

...FEVER...

...HURT BEFORE I COULD OFFLINE...

...FEEL SLUGGISH... DIFFICULT TO MOVE...

...ARCHETYPE FAILSAFES BARELY OPERATING... NEUROLINK BLOCKED...

FEVER LEFT US IN THE MIDDLE OF CYBERSPACE LIMBO--

WITHOUT DIRECT CONNECTION TO OUR CYBER-INTERFACES, OUR ARCHETYPES WILL DECAY INTO SO MANY UNCONNECTED BYTES.

UNGHHH...

UNGH... AM I SCRAMBLED OR WHAT... THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE THAT LAST WORMHOLE...

WIRE'S ARCHETYPE IS ALREADY FADING... BECOMING GHOST-LIKE...

BY REBOOTING HIS ARCHETYPE WITH MY PROGRAM MEMORIES --I CAN REVIVE HIM--

...BUT WITH BARELY ENOUGH ENERGY TO SUSTAIN ONE PROGRAM, WE WILL BE LIKE DIVERS SHARING A SINGLE TANK OF OXYGEN.

GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK ON LINE. THOUGHT BOTH OF US WERE ZEROED.

THERE IS NO TIME FOR *SUPERFLUOUS* CONVERSATION. WE MUST FIND OUR WAY BACK TO OUR BODIES.

THAT'S A *PROBLEM*. WE'RE ON THE *OUTERMOST* REGIONS OF CYBERSPACE -- BEYOND THE WASTELANDS*.

YOU'D HAVE TO BE *DUKE STRATOSPHERE* TO NAVIGATE THROUGH *THIS* VOID.

WHAT OF THESE PROGRAM *ICONS?*

USELESS. AS THE NET UPDATES AND REFORMS, OLD PROGRAMS ARE *DISCARDED* AND *LOST*. THIS IS ALL *TRASH*.

TOLD YOU. *USELESS*. *ANTIQUE*. WE NEED TO SNAKE A *NAVIGATION* PROG TO GET US TO RECOGNIZABLE C-SPACE--

IF THESE ARE OUR *ONLY* RESOURCES, WE MUST MAKE DO.

WHAT ABOUT THE CHESS PIECE ON YOUR RIGHT?

THE ROOK? DOUBTFUL, BUT I'LL ACTIVATE IT.

EDGEWOOD SECURITY PROGRAM 4.01. VERIFICATION REQUI... SQUAWKKK

OUR TIME IS *LIMITED*. I AM UNSURE HOW LONG I CAN MAINTAIN THIS LEVEL OF ARCHETYPE RESOLU--

RRRROWW

* WHERE DOOM AND WIRE ENCOUNTERED FEVER LAST ISSUE. -- JOEY

MORE TOYS FOR CATSCAN? RRREEEOWW.

NOT BAD ENOUGH TO BE DUMPED IN THE NETHER REGIONS OF CYBERSPACE! NOW THIS!

A CAT?

CATSCAN PLAY

NOT A CAT. CATSCAN. IT'S A POLTERGEIST PROGRAM. A RANDOM GATHERER.

KIND OF LIKE A TORNADO OR TIDAL WAVE, A 'GEIST PICKS UP ANYTHING IN ITS PATH.

I AM IN NO MOOD FOR GAMES!

NO!

CAN'T STOP A 'GEIST PROGRAM WITH BRUTE FORCE.

IT JUST MAKES THEM ANGRIER!

DEFENSES FAILING. NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD ARCHETYPE INTEGRITY...

CAN BARELY KEEP MYSELF...

...TOGETHER...

"I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET FORTUNE DRAW ME BACK HERE..."

I SPEND A *LIFETIME* KEEPING PEOPLE AT ARM'S LENGTH-- AND NOW IT'S LIKE I'M *SEVENTEEN* AGAIN--

--CHASING FORTUNE ALL OVER LATVERIA.

ANDREI SAID FORTUNE NEVER SHOWED UP TO OKAY THE ANTIKVA FOOD SHIPMENTS.

THAT'S NOT LIKE HER.

INFRA-RED SPECTRUM THERMAL TRACE: HIGH

OH *NO*. THESE MULTI-BAND LENSES I STOLE FROM THE ALCHEMAX LAB SHOW CLEAR HEAT TRACES OF A STRUGGLE.

FORTUNE... AND SOMEONE ELSE...

FIRST DOOM GETS *TAKEN OUT* BY A COMPUTER VIRUS, NOW FORTUNE IS *KIDNAPPED*.

WHOEVER'S LOOKING TO DISMANTLE THE NEW LATVERIAN GOVERNMENT'S DOING A *FINE* JOB OF IT.

IF I WERE *SMART*, I'D *EXIT* THIS OLD WORLD COUNTRY RIGHT NOW, AND FORGET ABOUT PLAYING WHITE KNIGHT TO THE WORLD.

IF I WERE *SMART*.

HEAD IS SPINNING.

DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN THROW UP IN CYBERSPACE-- BUT I SURE FEEL LIKE IT.

AFTER CATSCAN DEREZZED DOOM, HE LEFT ME HERE IN HIS DEN--

--WITH ALL THE OTHER PROGRAMS HE'S ACCUMULATED.

BLESSED MOTHER, I'VE BEEN TRASHED AND LEFT IN THE JUNKYARD.

WANT TO LIE DOWN AND GIVE UP...

NO! CAN'T LET MYSELF!

DOOM WENT OUT FIGHTING. HAVE TO DO THE SAME.

DOOM SAID TO USE THE RESOURCES AVAILABLE.

MAYBE I CAN JURY-RIG A DIRECTIONAL PROGRAM. SOMETHING. ANYTHING.

THE DOVE.

THAT'S AN OLD PIXEL PROGRAM ICON.

MAYBE I CAN SCAVENGE SOME NAVIGATION SOFTWARE FROM THIS.

WHAT IS THIS PROGRAM?

PALOMA GENERATION ZERO
INFOLINK RETRIEVAL / SYNTHESIS
COREPROG ACCESS CODES
OVERRIDDEN CONFIGURING

THE PALOMA COREPROG? IF THIS IS THE INFO-GATHERING SYSTEM PIXEL WAS FOUNDED ON--

--I CAN USE ITS NETWORK CAPABILITIES TO PIGGY-BACK MY WAY HOME.

AMAZING. I'D HEARD THE PIXEL PROGRAM BASE WAS A BRILLIANT PIECE OF SOFTWARE DESIGN.

--BUT I HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD BE SO...

...BEAUTIFUL.

ONLINE / COMMAND PREFERENCES / COMMUNICATION OPTIONS

VERBAL AND VISUAL MODES.

HOW MAY THIS PROGRAM HELP YOU?

CAN YOU LOCATE LOST OR DAMAGED FILES?

RETRIEVAL FUNCTIONS ARE WITHIN MY PROGRAM BOUNDARIES

LOCATE USER ARCHE-TYPE FILE NAMED *DOOM*.

THIS PROGRAM REQUIRES MORE DATA TO CARRY OUT SEARCH FUNCTION FOR ARCHETYPE DOOM.

YOU MAY DOWNLOAD FILES THROUGH TACTILE SIMULATION WITH THIS PROGRAM.

RECEIVING AND INITIATING SEARCH.

DOOM ARCHETYPE RETRIEVED.

RECONFIGURING AND REINITIALIZING.

PHENOMENAL. CATSCAN COMPLETELY *DESTROYED* DOOM'S ARCHETYPE-- *SCATTERED* IT TO THE WIND--

--BUT PALOMA'S REASSEMBLING DOOM *BYTE* BY *BYTE*.

IT--*SHE'S*--THE KIND OF SOPHISTICATED PROGRAM CORPORATIONS KEEP UNDER *LOCK AND KEY*.

SO HOW DID CATSCAN END UP WITH IT *HERE*?

ARCHETYPE FILE DOOM INTEGRATION INCOMPLETE.

THIS PROGRAM'S DIAGNOSTIC SYSTEMS ARE MALFUNCTIONING.

WE CAN'T LEAVE DOOM *HALF*-RESOLVED AND *HALF*-CONSCIOUS. *CYBER-AUTISM'S* A FATE I WOULDN'T WISH ON *ANYONE*.

WHAT IF I *TROUBLESHOOT* YOUR SYSTEM USING THE REPAIR TOOLS PROGRAMMED INTO MY ARCHETYPE?

MANUAL SYSTEM REPAIR REQUIRES PROGRAMMER COMMANDED SYSTEM ENTRY OVER RIDE.

CORE-PROG ENTRY. TAC-SIM TRANSFER. DOWNLOADING USER.

I'VE SPENT ALL MY TIME ON THE NET GLIDING PAST SECURITY SYSTEMS IN ORDER TO *CRACK* PROGRAMS--

--BUT I'VE NEVER HAD ONE *INVITE* ME INTO ITS CORE.

WILD.

I'M IN THE *HEART* OF PALOMA.

NET BUZZ SAYS THE PROGRAMMER DIED BEFORE HE FINISHED REFINING THE PROGRAM--

--BUT WHAT HE DID COMPLETE PROPELLED A SMALL SPANISH INFO-BROKERAGE INTO A *MEGACORP.*

THIS PROGRAM PROCESSES AND CROSS-REFERENCES FROM EVERY ON-LINE SOURCE INFORMATION--

IT'S PRACTICALLY *SENTIENT.*

I'VE NEVER BEEN INSIDE ANYTHING THIS *COMPLEX*, AND YET SO *FLUID* AND *ETHEREAL.*

MY GUESS IS THIS SYSTEM'S *ARTERY'S* BEEN BROKEN.

RECONNECTING WILL RESTART PALOMA'S DIAGNOSTICS.

SHE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REPAIR HERSELF FROM--

SYSTEM OPERATIONAL. ARCHETYPE FILE DOOM REINTEGRATED.

--HERE.

WIRE? WHY AM I SO-- COLD?

PALOMA REROUTED YOUR CONNECTION BACK TO LATVERIA. THE *FOREIGN* CONNECTIONS ARE PERCEIVED AS *TEMPERATURE FLUX.*

RREEOORR

THE COLD'S THE *LEAST* OF OUR WORRIES.

CATSCAN IS *ANGRY!* RODENTS HAVE BROKEN CATSCAN'S TOYS!

FREEZING--

LOOKOUT!

CYBERSPACE DISPLACEMENT

UNANTICIPATED TAC-SIM INTERFACE.

!!!

ARCHETYPE INITIATING SYSTEMS DRAIN UNABLE TO QUIT FUNCTION.

YES...

...NOW I HAVE THE *POWER* I NEED -- AND *MORE*.

PALOMA! WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU?

SECURITY SYSTEMS BREACHED BY ARCHETYPE. UNAUTHORIZED INTERFACE REWRITING COREPROG AUTONOMY.

ARCHETYPE HAS DIVERTED THIS PROGRAM'S RESOURCES TO HIMSELF.

DO NOT THINK CHANGING SIZE WILL MAKE CATSCAN TURN TAIL, LITTLE PROGRAM.

NO, I DO *NOT* WANT YOU TO RUN, KITTY CAT.

YOU CANNOT STOP CATSCAN IN HIS OWN DEN.

STOPPING YOU WOULD BE *KIND*. I INTEND TO *OBLITERATE* YOUR *EXISTENCE*.

AND IF 'GEIST PROGRAMS CAN FEEL *PAIN*--

RANDOM ENERGY ASSAULT DISRUPTING CATSCAN'S INTERNAL COHESION--

REEOOWW

--THEN *SUFFER*.

SOMETHING'S *WRONG*. DOOM SHOULDN'T HAVE THAT MUCH POWER--

NOTHING IN CYBERSPACE CAN STOP ME NOW! I AM EVERYWHERE AND EVERYTHING!

I HAVE TOTAL ACCESS!

ARCHETYPE DOOM IS ACCESSING THIS PROGRAM'S NETWORK FUNCTIONS, CONNECTING WITH MILLIONS OF TERMINALS WORLDWIDE..

MILLIONS? HE'S DOWNLOADING TOO MUCH DATA FOR A HUMAN MIND IN PROCESS!

HE'LL GO INSANE!

NEXT: MONDO DOOM

"She rolls
through an ether
of sighs —
She revels in a
region of sighs."
—*Poe, "Ulalume"*

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DOOM 95

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ALAS, POOR DOOM...™

...I SLEW HIM WELL!

BABYLON TOWERS, NEW YORK CITY.

YOU'VE REACHED BABYLON 3735. MIGUEL O'HARA CANNOT TAKE YOUR CALL AT THE MOMENT.

PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE. :BEEP:

MIG, IT'S *DANA*. SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE *NEVER* HOME THESE DAYS.

Y'KNOW, LATELY I'M HAVING *MORE* OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH *LYLA* THAN WITH YOU.

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE LEADING *ANOTHER* LIFE.

SO HOW ABOUT PROVING ME WRONG BY DOING SOMETHING *RECKLESS* AND *IMPULSIVE*--

--LIKE SPENDING AN EVENING WITH *ME*.

TAMARA GAVE ME HER TICKETS TO TONIGHT'S ARMAGEDDON CHOIR HYPERMEDIA--

SKEEN

...NO LOCK DENIES ME...

...NO DOOR BARS MY WAY...

...ALL ROADS *RISE* WITH ME...

SKEENCHH

WHAT THE *SHOCK* WAS THAT?

NEVER MIND. JUST *CALL* ME.

MAN, I *HATE* ANSWERING MACHINES.

BY OVERRIDING THIS PROGRAM'S NETWORK FUNCTIONS--

EMPEROR OF THE MIND

I AM THE *EVERYWHERE* AND THE *EVERYTHING*... *LORD* OF THIS REALM... *GOD* IN THIS *MACHINE*...

--ARCHETYPE DOOM HAS ACTIVATED UNIVERSAL ACCESS TEMPLATE--

--GIVING HIM GEOMETRICALLY INCREASING ACCESS TO DATABASES WORLDWIDE.

AND JUDGING BY HIS RANTING ABOUT *GODHOOD*, PALOMA, THE SUDDEN *INFLUX* OF DATA HAS SENT HIM OVER THE EDGE.

WHEN I USED YOUR RETRIEVAL FUNCTIONS TO REINTE-GRATE DOOM'S ARCHETYPE--

I DIDN'T THINK HE'D *DIVERT* YOUR CORE PROGRAMMING TO HIS CONTROL--

--LEAVING US *STRANDED* AT THE FAR END OF CYBER-SPACE WATCHING HIM *FLIP OUT.*

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE *writer* • PAT BRODERICK *penciler* • JOHN NYBERG *inker* • JOHN COSTANZA *letterer* • CHRISTIE SCHEELE *colorist* • JOEY CAVALIERI *coreprogrammer* • TOM DeFALCO *master cylinder*

DOOM, *LISTEN* TO ME, YOU'VE GOT TO DISENGAGE FROM THE PALOMA PROGRAM--

YOU'RE BURNING YOURSELF OUT! HER SYSTEM'S TOO POWERFUL FOR A *USER* TO PROCESS!

WIRE, YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND THE *EXPANSE* THE PALOMA PROGRAM HAS OPENED FOR ME.

I NOW NAVIGATE A SEA OF *LIMITLESS* POSSIBILITIES.

I RIDE THE CREST OF AN *UNENDING* WAVE OF ELECTRONIC SIGNAL.

I FATHOM THE *UNKNOWABLE* DEPTHS OF ENCODED INFORMATION.

AND YOU WISH ME TO *LIMIT* MYSELF TO ONE *INFINITESIMAL* SEGMENT OF CYBERSPACE--

--WHEN I CAN DANCE THROUGH THIS ETHER WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT?

EVEN AS WE SPEAK I GLIDE THROUGH THE NAVIGATION GRIDS OF BEIJING AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL.

IN *NEW YORK*, I CRACK THE VAULTED OMNI-COMMUNICATIONS CENTER OF ALCHEMAX'S PUBLIC EYE.

AND IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF *STARK/FUJIKAWA*, I LAUGH AT THE SECURITY MAZE GUARDING THEIR EXECUTIVE BOARD.

IN *BOGOTA*, I STUDY THE CLASSIFIED RESEARCH OF BIO-CHEMISTS ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE THE DEPLETED OZONE LAYER.

NOT SINCE I TASTED THE *POWER COSMIC* HAVE I KNOWN SUCH *OMNISCIENCE.*

THERE IS SO MUCH TO *DISCOVER.* SO MUCH TO PROCESS--

DOOM'S FADING.

BY ACCESSING MULTIPLE OP SYSTEMS, ARCHETYPE DOOM CANNOT MAINTAIN PROGRAM INTEGRITY.

SO TO KEEP HIMSELF TOGETHER, HE CAN ONLY BE ONE PLACE AT A TIME? ANY IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT BE?

THIS PROGRAM CONTAINS ANTI-ENCRYPTION CODES TO LINK WORLD SATELLITE NETWORK.

ARCHETYPE DOOM CAN ACCESS LOCATION IN CYBERSPACE GRID.

GREAT, THAT STILL LEAVES US STUCK IN WHAT REMAINS OF CATSCAN'S DEN. CAN'T YOU STOP HIM?

THIS PROGRAM CANNOT OVERRIDE USER'S CONTROL OF CORE COMMANDS.

PALOMA, WHEN I FOUND YOUR PROGRAM ICON AMONG THE REFUSE CATSCAN COLLECTED--

--I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR TICKET OUT OF THE HOLE FEVER HAD TOSSED US INTO--

--INSTEAD, I'VE MADE THINGS WORSE.

DOOM'S TOO ENRAPTURED WITH HIS CYBERSENTIENCE TO CARE ABOUT OFFLINING--

--AND THE LONGER I'M HERE THE LESS CHANCE I'LL EVER RETURN HOME--

--AND SEE XANDRA AGAIN.

ON THE REAL WORLD SIDE OF THE ELECTRONIC FENCE, IN THE LATVERIAN LABORATORY WHERE DOOM AND WIRE'S BODIES LIE IN CYBERLINK-INDUCED COMAS--

NO SLEEP IN *TWO* DAYS. TOO WOUND UP TO MEDITATE.

WIRE AND DOOM'S NEURAL PATTERNS FLATLINED, AND THEN RETURNED *BARELY* AND *ERRATICALLY*.

I HOPE THAT MEANS WIRE IS STILL ON LINE *SOMEWHERE*--NO MATTER HOW *THREADBARE* THE CONNECTION IS.

DON'T WANT TO THINK THOSE READINGS ARE JUST SOME TECHNICAL *GLITCH*.

I WISH FORTUNE WERE HERE. POET WENT AFTER HER--BUT HE HASN'T RETURNED *EITHER*.

GODDESS, PLEASE NEVER MAKE ME FEEL THIS *USELESS* AGAIN.

EVEN IF SHE WERE NOT FATIGUED BY LACK OF SLEEP AND WORRY--

--XANDRA WOULD NOT HAVE HEARD THE WHISPER OF FOOTSTEPS THAT MOVED THROUGH THE LAB--

--FOR IT IS ONLY *SILENCE* THAT ANNOUNCES THE *MERCENARY* CALLED *SCRATCH*.

--AND ONCE HER PRESENCE IS *KNOWN*--

--IT IS *TOO LATE*.

I HAVE ALREADY TAKEN YOUR WEAPON FROM YOU.

AND I WOULD NOT NEED A CHILD'S TOY SUCH AS THIS TO END YOUR LIFE IF I CHOSE.

SO LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS ON MY WORDS.

ELSEWHERE.

YOU REFUSE?

A PITY.

WITH DOOM DEAD AT THE HANDS OF MY HIRED ASSASSIN FEVER--

--AND WITH LATVERIA SOON UNDER *PIXEL* CONTROL--

I WAS CERTAIN YOU'D SEE WHAT A GENEROUS OFFER I'VE PLACED BEFORE YOU.

I DON'T NEED YOUR GENEROSITY.

SUCH RUDENESS. AFTER I REMOVED THE OSMIOTIC SEALANT YOU FOUND SO DISTASTEFUL, YOU SHOULD BE FLATTERED. I ALLOW FEW PEOPLE SUCH INTIMATE PHYSICAL PROXIMITY.

IF YOU WANT GRATITUDE, *FORGET* IT.

LATVERIA'S NOT UP FOR GRABS, AND *NEITHER* AM I.

YOU DISAPPOINT ME. I WILL NOT ASK AGAIN.

YOU WILL BE DEALT WITH ONCE PIXEL FORCES OCCUPY LATVERIA.

GIVEN YOUR ADAMANT REFUSAL TO WORK *WITH* ME--

--I SUPPOSE I WILL HAVE TO MAKE AN *EXAMPLE* OF YOU FOR THE *PEASANTS*.

AT THE SAME TIME, OUTSIDE THE CICADA, A SUPPLY SHIP DOCKS AT THE PIXEL ZEPPELIN'S SIDE.

UMBILICAL MOORINGS CONNECT THE LARGER VESSEL WITH THE SMALLER CRAFT--

THUNK

--TRANSFERRING NOT ONLY FUEL AND SUPPLIES TO THE CICADA'S INTERIOR--

--BUT ALSO A STOWAWAY CALLED *POET.*

THE HEAT TRACE PATTERNS I FOUND IN THE MUSEUM MATCHED A LIGHT REFRACTION SYSTEM USED BY A HEADHUNTER NAMED *HAZE.*

A CALL TO MY "*SERVICE*" REVEALED HE RENDEZVOUSED WITH THE PIXEL EXEC ZEP-- --MEANING FORTUNE'S KIDNAPPING GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF PIXEL.

AS LONG AS FORTUNE'S OKAY, I CAN GET OUT WITH A *MINIMUM* OF BLOODSHED.

--BUT IF THEY'VE *HURT* HER--

I'M GONNA MAKE THESE PEOPLE WISH THEY'D BOOKED PASSAGE ON THE *HINDENBURG.*

"*UNDERSTAND THE MAGNITUDE OF MY REBIRTH AND TRANSFORMATION--*"

I AM NOW ALL SEEING AND ALL KNOWING--NOTHING REMAINS SECRET FROM ME.

IN ICELAND, THE GENE PATTERNS OF SIX MEN AND SEVEN WOMEN WITH WORLD-SHATTERING POWER ARE HELD IN AN INTRICATELY GUARDED DATABASE.

IN CAIRO, A PLAGUE VIRUS HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY THE OSIRIS CORPORATION TO BE USED AGAINST ITS COMPETITOR.

ON A FARM OUTSIDE OF EDINBOROUGH, A TEACHER'S MATHEMATICAL OBSESSIONS HAVE PRODUCED AN EQUATION THAT IS POETRY IN ITS ABSTRACTION.

IN TAOS, A CULT LEADER NAMED BRIMSTONE PROGRAMS HIS FOLLOWERS THROUGH NEURAL HOOKS, PROVIDING CYBER-SIMULATED REVELATION AND EPIPHANY.

YOU'VE LOST IT BIG TIME, DOOM.

AND THIS IS ONLY A FRACTION OF THE KNOWLEDGE AVAILABLE TO ME AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.

YOU AND I ARE STILL TRAPPED HERE.

YOU HAVE TO GIVE BACK THE NETWORK CONTROLS TO PALOMA!

BY SIPHONING OFF HER PROGRAM ENERGY, YOU'RE KILLING OUR ONLY WAY HOME.

NO, THE ETHER IS MY KINGDOM. FROM ITS HEART WAS I REBORN AFTER MY DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE MACHINATIONS OF...

...YES, HE HAS ESCAPED MY WRATH FOR TOO LONG.

NOW I MUST FIND THE VIRAL CATALYST OF MY ASCENSION--

--AND REWARD HIM HIS DUE.

work. work. work.

A simple task... destroying a prototype operating system of a clean-fuel energy generating plant--

--a system that would inevitably supplant its unwieldy and polluting competition.

NOW, after my touch, The op sys fails, programmers are fired, the program gets scrapped.

business at its best.

FEVER!

DOOM.

shouldn't you be catnip for that poltergeist tabby i left you with?

CATSCAN HAS FELT MY WRATH--AS WILL YOU.

always so formal, doom. Who knows? if you loosened up a bit--

--you might make the quest list of more parties.

FEVER, YOU HAVE NOT FACED ME BEFORE--

--AND I BURN WITH NEW POWER AND VENGEANCE.

no, your previous program was quite unimpressive--

but to track me here--i admit--impresses me.

ah, a challenge--

the network program augmenting your archetype will make a fine addition to my arsenal--

--after i finish tearing your heart out.

NO. NOT THIS TIME, FEVER. I HAVE RISEN LIKE THE PHOENIX--

--come on, doom, let's rumble--

--and let all of cyberspace be our battleground--

NEW YORK.

STREETLIGHTS 'VE BEEN DIMMING OFF AND ON FOR THE LAST THREE BLOCKS--

--AND THE NAVIGATION BOARD ON THIS OL' TANK'S BEEN GOING CRAZY--

DACK AND TIANA ARE LATE--

--HOPE THIS DOESN'T MEAN TROUBLE--

--BUT IF IT DOES, I'M READY.

RAVAGE!

LOWER THE VOLUME, DACK!

WHERE WERE YOU?

UNDERGROUND WAS OUT OF ORDER-- ALL AUTOMATED SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN BEHAVING ODDLY TODAY.

SOME VIRUS IS MOVING INTO POWER COMMUNI-CATION AND SATELLITE MAIN-FRAMES...DRIVING THE BRAINTRUST TOTALLY SPIRAL.

THEY IDENTIFIED AN ARCHETYPE NAMED DOOM.

DOOM, HUH? WHY DO I GET A FEELING HE'S ANOTHER JOKER LINING UP TO CAUSE ME GRIEF?

AN OCEAN AWAY.

HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS?

EVEN IF I GET PAST DEVARGAS--THERE'S HIS *ANDROGYNE* SERVANTS TO DEAL WITH--

NOT TO MENTION *HAZE* WHO BROUGHT ME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

ALL I WANTED WAS TO MAKE LATVERIA SAFE FOR MY PEOPLE--

NOW I'M A CHESS PIECE IN A GAME OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS--

THE ANSWER'S STILL NO, DEVAR--

YOU NEVER DID WAIT FOR THE QUESTION, *DARLING*.

IT'S AN *ENDEARING* TRAIT.

AND MAY I SAY YOU LOOK LOVELY IN THE *MYLAR SNUG ENSEMBLE*?

WHAT? WHO?

I'M HURT. AFTER ALL OUR NIGHTS TOGETHER, YOU DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE ME--

--EVEN WITH THE *HOLOGRAPHIC* ENHANCEMENT.

LET'S GET *OUT* OF HERE. THIS JOINT IS TOO *STERILE* FOR MY TASTE.

AVOIDING THE SUN-SOAKED CLIME AND FESTIVE NIGHTLIFE -- AN ELITE CIRCLE COMES TO SAO PAULO FOR A CLUB FOUND OFF A NAMELESS ALLEY --

BUENOS TARDES, ESMERELDA. A FULL HOUSE, TONIGHT. I'VE BEEN OFF LINE -- WHAT'S UP?

FULL SPECTRUM CONFLICT.

THE PARTICIPANTS'VE BEEN SHREDDING EVERY CORNER OF THE NET -- SWITCHING LOCATIONS EVERY COUPLE OF SECONDS.

BARON SAMEDI AND EL PRIMERO HAVE MAINTAINED THE CYBERLINK FEED TO FOLLOW THE ACTION.

TOOK US A WHILE TO IDENTIFY THE FIGHTERS.

♫ 69

FEVER AND DOOM. I AM SURPRISED.

THAT'S THE FIRST. I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD RATTLE DUKE STRATOSPHERE'S CAGE.

SO DID I.

WHEN I DELIVERED DOOM AND WIRE TO FEVER, I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D BE ABLE TO SURVIVE.

-- WHERE MEMBERSHIP IS BASED NOT ON WEALTH OR CELEBRITY --

-- BUT ON NETGLIDING ABILITY AND CYBERSPACE REKNOWN.

EITHER FEVER IS SLIPPING OR DOOM IS A PLAYER!

FEVER, YOU CANNOT RUN FROM ME.

you are drunk on your own power, doom, and have become careless.

i have not been running-- i have been testing the range of your network abilities--

--which are far greater than you know.

--we have moved through places even i could not access--

when i dispose of you and add those capabilities to my repertoire--

i will be unstoppable.

YOU WILL FALL AT MY FEET, FEVER.

the delusion of a mad king--

stare into the abyss, doom. see the truth of your situation.

here the abyss does more than stare back--

--it pulls you in and drags you under.

NEW YORK.

YOUR VORTICES NO LONGER HOLD THREAT FOR ME, FEVER.

I BURN WITH POWER DRAWN FROM THE HEART OF CYBERSPACE.

I AM A FIRE RAGING THROUGH THESE ELECTRONIC ARTERIES.

YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR SHOCKIN' MIND!

KCHOW KCHOW KCHOW

THERE'S A PARAPSYCH NAMED KERRY WHO AGREES--

--BUT I DON'T NEED A SECOND OPINION--

--ESPECIALLY NOT FROM RHAPSODY DEALING BIOWASTE WHO FORCE THE DRUG ON INNOCENTS TO CREATE CLIENTELE.

SHOCK IT, MY LAWYER CLEARED ME WITH THE PUBLIC EYE--

I'VE GOT EVERY RIGHT TO DEAL ON THE DOWNTOWN DROP--

I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA--

KCHOW

BESIDES, DOWNERS DON'T EVEN SUB-SCRIBE TO THE EYE--

I AM YOUR BEGINNING AND END, FEVER.

WHAT THE--

THE DEALER MADE TWO MISTAKES. ONE, HE ASSUMED I WAS PUBLIC EYE--

no, this cannot be...

--AND *TWO*, HE LET THE VIDSCREEN DISPLAY DISTRACT HIM--

--GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MY *POINT*--

--IN AN INTIMATE *TÊTE À TRUNCHEON*.

KRONK!

URGH!

BEFORE I TAKE THIS SCUM BACK TO THE *PRISON* BUILT BENEATH MY BROOKLYN SANDSTONE--

--I TURN TO THE DISPLAY THAT BOUGHT ME THE SECOND I NEEDED TO TAKE THE PUNK DOWN.

YOU CANNOT OFFLINE, FEVER--

I'VE BLOCKED ALL YOUR AVENUES OF ESCAPE.

TYPICAL BIG BUDGET SIM-- LOUD, FLASHY, MELO-DRAMATIC--

--WITH NO CLUE ABOUT THE REALITY OF LIFE ON THE STREET.

NOW YOU WILL ENDURE THE AGONY OF ARCHETYPE DERESOLUTION.

FEEL THE PAIN OF BEING RIPPED APART BYTE BY BYTE IN THE VORTEX OF YOUR CREATION.

I SWEAR TO THOR, I HATE VID.

FAREWELL, FEVER. OUR CONFLICT IS CONCLUDED.

NOOOOOOOOOO

IN THE SECRET TERMINAL WHERE THE VIRAL HACKER KNOWN AS FEVER THOUGHT HIMSELF SAFE--

--A WAVE OF FEEDBACK OVERLOADS HIS NEURAL INTERFACE WITH CYBERSPACE--

"ON MY MARK, FORTUNE. THREE, TWO, ONE..."

--RENDERING HIM COMATOSE. A THREAT NO MORE.

ooo GO!

HOW DARE YOU ENTER MY BRIDGE WITHOUT STERILIZED PROTECTIVE SUITS?

GET USED TO IT, DEVARGAS. WE CONTROL THE CICADA NOW.

DEVARGAS, HALT THE LATVERIAN INVASION--

--OR I'LL PEEL YOU OUT OF YOUR CONTAINMENT SUIT AND HANG YOU OUT THE WINDOW.

NO, FRAULINO-- I THINK NOT.

HAZE!

AND POET. OUR PATHS CROSSED IN PANAMA TWO YEARS AGO. YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER.

PEOPLE NEVER SEE ME UNLESS I LET THEM.

SCREE

DEVARGAS.

UNFF--

THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM--

I'VE SHUT DOWN YOUR ZEPPELIN'S ENGINES.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

CONSIDER THIS PAYMENT FOR SENDING FEVER AGAINST ME.

I LEAVE YOU NOW TO THE VAGARIES OF GRAVITY.

HAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

DOOM'S TAKEN OVER THE CICADA'S CONTROLS!

COMPUTER, OVERRIDE AUTO-PILOT.

AUTHORIZATION INVALID.

BLESSED MOTHER. THAT LAUGH. DOOM'S GONE CRAZY--

--HE DOESN'T REALIZE WE'RE ON BOARD, TOO!

"WE PASSED WORST CASE SCENARIO A LONG TIME AGO--

"--WE'RE NOW INTO APOCALYPTIC CATASTROPHE.

"THE STATIC STORM DOOM'S GENERATING MAKES IT HARD TO MAINTAIN ARCHE-TYPE RESOLUTION.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG BEFORE WE DE-REZ JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER PROGRAM ICONS."

IF ONLY DOOM HADN'T TAPPED INTO YOUR OPERATING SYSTEM, NONE OF THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING.

ARCHETYPE DOOM'S POWER TRANSFERENCE MAY BE STOPPED BY TERMINATING THIS PROGRAM.

YOU MEAN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SHUT YOU DOWN?

NEGATIVE. ERASE THIS PROGRAM BY ACTIVATING SYSTEM URGE.

BUT THAT WOULD BE LIKE DESTROYING A WORK OF ART--

--YOU'RE THE MOST AMAZING PROGRAM I'VE EVER SEEN.

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE.

LAST TIME I WAS INSIDE PALOMA'S PROGRAM CORE, I WAS TRYING TO FIX IT.

NOW I HAVE TO ERASE IT *COMPLETELY*--

--HOPING THAT'LL BREAK THE LINK THAT GIVES DOOM *TOTAL* NET ACCESS--

-- DRIVING HIM *OUT* OF HIS *MIND*.

OF COURSE, ONCE I DECONSTRUCT PALOMA'S PROGRAM CORE--

--DOOM AND I MAY *STILL* BE LOST IN THE CYBERSPACE *WASTELANDS!*

WE STILL RISK GETTING *SCRAMBLED* IN THE PROCESS.

OKAY, I *KNOW* THE DANGER--

--BUT PALOMA'S *RIGHT*--

--I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.

TERMINATION SEQUENCE ENGAGED.

--NETLINK BROKEN--

--LOSING CONNECTIONS--

--POWER FADING--

I'M BACK. PALOMA'S GONE.

WITHOUT HER PROGRAM TO DRAW SUSTENANCE FROM--

--DOOM'S FRAGMENTING.

WIRE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I DON'T KNOW.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"The Empires of the future are the Empires of the Mind."

— *Winston Churchill*

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DOOM 1994™

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ERNIE COLON

INTERLUDE...

THE FOG'S LIFTED! FINALLY, I CAN SEE MY HAND IN FRONT OF MY FACE!

NO WONDER YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND...

THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE LATVERIA THAN LONDON!

IT IS ALL ONE TO DOOM.

WHEREVER I WALK, I ASSUME THE STRIDE OF ONE IN COMMAND.

COULD YOU LAST LONG IN THE CYBER-VERSE, WIRE, IF YOUR POSTURE BETRAYED YOUR FEAR?

I GET THE PIC--

EEEEEEEEEE

WHAT WAS THAT?

YOU MAY NOT WANT TO *KNOW*.

EEEEEEEE

IT CAME FROM THIS ALLEY!

HAVE A CARE, WIRE. FOOLS RUSH IN...

BEGINNING THIS JOURNEY WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH. WHY STOP NOW?

I--I-- I'VE SEEN THE *DEAD* BEFORE... BUT NEVER ANYONE LIKE *THIS!*

SHE WAS-- SHE--

YOU WILL *NOT* BE ILL.

WE HAVE MUCH TO *LEARN* FROM THIS INCIDENT.

WHAT CAN SHE POSSIBLY TELL US?

SHE?

NOTHING.

BUT HE...

YOU WILL DISCOVER NOTHING FROM THE *RIPPER*...

UNLESS YOU YEARN TO SEE THE HOLY FACE OF YOUR *MAKER*! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR--

DOOM!

A MAN IN ARMOR!

YOU WOULD BE A NOBLE KNIGHT... PROTECTING THE FALLEN WOMEN OF *LONDON*?

I WOULD...

TALK WITH YOU.

OWN!

TELL ME, JACK THE RIPPER...

UNBURDEN YOURSELF OF THE SECRET I HAVE COME FOR!

HE'LL KILL *AGAIN*! WHY DID YOU LET HIM *GO*?

HE SERVED HIS PURPOSE, OR RATHER... *MY* PURPOSE.

I DIDN'T KNOW JACK... KNEW JACK!

WHAT COULD HE POSSIBLY TELL YOU?

BESIDES, THAT WAS HIS *LAST* VICTIM. WHAT THAT WRETCH GOES TO NOW, IS FAR WORSE A PUNISHMENT THAN ANY HYPOCRITICAL *SOCIETY* MIGHT METE.

THE SECRET OF *DEATH*.

AND NOW...

...THE NEXT UNFORTUNATE I MEET...

...WILL IMPART THE SECRET OF *LIFE.*

YEAH? *WHOSE?*

A FAIR QUESTION.

ONCE MORE, I OPERATE OUT OF ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST.

TO REDISCOVER MY LIFE... MY MEMORY...

...WE TRAVEL TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THIS CITY TO ENCOUNTER SOMEONE WHOSE PLIGHT RIVALS MY OWN.

HIM?

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER?

THE VERY SYMBOL OF LIFE AND DEATH IN *ONE.*

A CREATURE TAKEN *OUT* OF HIS *LIFETIME*...

...RESURRECTED ON A *LANDSCAPE FOREIGN* TO HIM.

A MAN *ALONE* AGAINST THE *RABBLE*.

WHO WOULD NOT SEE THE POETRY IN HIS PLIGHT... IN HIS SOUL?

THE *MOB* DOESN'T SEEM TO *AGREE*.

THEY'RE ABOUT TO TURN YOUR *ICON* BACK INTO THE PIECES HE *CAME* FROM--

--UNLESS I GIVE THEM A *DIVERSION*.

THEY *MOCK* THE ALMIGHTY BY PERFORMING HIS *MIRACLES*!

AS IF IT WEREN'T *ENOUGH* THAT *DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN* CLAIMED GOD'S POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR *HIMSELF*!

IT IS SIMPLE ENOUGH--

--TO BRING THEM BACK TO *EARTH*!

WE ARE ALIKE... YOU AND I...

...CREATURES OF FRAGILE FLESH AND ERRANT TECHNOLOGY.

BORN OF FORCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL... WHY DO *THEY* CALL *US*...

"MONSTER"?

DOOM! ENOUGH SPEECHES!

GET WHAT YOU CAME FOR FROM HIM...

WE'VE WORN OUT OUR WELCOME!

THANKS! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR *NEW* PLAYMATE.

DESTINY HAS PLACED HIM *BEYOND* OUR AID.

IS THIS A *HABIT* WITH YOU, USING PEOPLE AND THEN THROWING THEM AWAY?

NO WONDER YOUR ALLIES DON'T TRUST YOU.

KIPLING WROTE, "DOWN TO *GEHENNA* OR UP TO THE *THRONE*, HE TRAVELS THE FASTEST WHO TRAVELS *ALONE*."

WERE IT NOT FOR YOUR CYBERSPACE EXPERTISE, I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS CYBERNETIC RECOVERY PROGRAM.

I AM NOT EVEN SURE THE PRINCIPLE BEHIND IT IS AS SOUND AS YOU SAY.

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

THE SPIRITS WITHIN ME!

IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH. IF THERE ARE COMPUTER PROGRAMS TO RECOVER LOST *DATA*, THE CYBER-NEURO-LINK CAN RECOVER YOUR LOST *MEMORY*.

WE LITERALLY RUN THROUGH THE PROGRAM, "SEARCHING" FOR YOUR PAST.

JUST ONE THING TROUBLES ME...

STORY & ART: *ERNIE COLON* LETTERING: ROD OLLERENSHAW COLORING:
EDITOR: *JOEY CAVALIERI* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: *TOM DeFALCO*

WHAT DOES IT ALL *REPRESENT?* WHY HAS THE NEUROLINK MANIFESTED THIS ENVIRONMENT FOR YOU?

I AM A MAN OUT OF TIME.

EVEN IN THE WORLD I CAME FROM, MY MANNERS, MY COURTLINESS, MY WORLDVIEW, MY METHODS... WERE DECIDEDLY VICTORIAN.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I *MEANT.*

I MEAN, WHY ARE YOU GETTING TO PIECES OF YOUR LIFE FROM MANIACS AND MADMEN... MONSTERS AND MURDERERS? WHAT HAVE *THEY* GOT TO DO WITH *YOU?*

JACOB MARLEY HIS LIFE

THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE COME TO FLEET STREET TO FIND OUT.!

"FLEET STREET"? WHY DOES THAT SOUND FAMILIAR?

A BLOODY SIR LANCELOT.!

WELL, IF YE'VE COME TO SAVE THIS BEADLE'S WORTHLESS LIFE--

--YE'VE COME TOO LATE!

SEVERED THE ARTERY IN ONE CLEAN GO!

DOOM, WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY WANT WITH SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER?

DOOM?

IT IS NOT TODD I SEEK...

...BUT YOU, MRS. LOVETT.

I CAN'T AFFORD *WITNESSES!*

DOOM BETTER FINISH THIS RECOVERY PROGRAM...

...OR I MAY NOT RECOVER!

LUCKILY, I KNOW A FEW TRICKS THAT HAVEN'T QUITE *REACHED* THIS ERA.

WHAT WOULD YOU BE WANTIN' FROM ME?

KEEPER OF THIS CHARNEL HOUSE... YOU, WHO ASSEMBLES *SUSTENANCE* FROM THE BARBER'S HAPLESS *VICTIMS*...

...BEFORE I CAN *ASCEND!*

...A TRAFFICKER IN *SPARE PARTS*, AS IT WERE.

YOU SYMBOLIZE THE UNDERWORLD I'VE PASSED THROUGH, AND I MUST SPEAK TO YOU...

AH! THERE YOU ARE!

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GIVE MR. TODD HERE A QUICK *SHAVE*. CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

THINK SWEENEY WANTS TO BE CLOSER TO GOD?

DID YOU GET THE DATA YOU NEEDED?

NOT ENOUGH.

EACH OF THESE COMPUTER-CONSTRUCTED ENCOUNTERS HAS BUT ONE *KERNEL* OF THE DATA I MUST RECOVER.

EACH REPRESENTS SOME FACET OF MY LIFE... PRESENT OR PAST.

THE TRICK IS FIGURING OUT WHO MEANS WHAT?

SIMPLISTICALLY PUT, ESPECIALLY FOR SOMEONE WHO NAVIGATES THE *COMPLEXITIES* OF THE CYBERVERSE.

HEY, IF YOUR LIFE SHOWS UP ON THE BIG SCREEN AS A BUNCH OF HORROR HOLO CLICHÉS, THAT'S *YOUR* BUSINESS.

I WOULDN'T TRADE PLACES WITH YOU... IF MY SUB-CONSCIOUS LOOKED LIKE *THIS!*

BEWARE, DOOM!

I WEAR THE CHAIN I FORGED IN LIFE. ITS WEIGHT IS A SWEET BURDEN, HOWEVER...

IT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE CHAIN YOU HAVE FORGED FOR YOURSELF!

KNOW THIS! IT WAS FULL AS HEAVY AND AS LONG AS THIS... A *CENTURY* AGO!

CEASE *PRATTLING* LIKE A CHILD! YOU ARE DEAD AS A *DOORNAIL*, JACOB MARLEY... AND ARE NO USE TO *ANYONE* EXCEPT *MYSELF*.

TELL ME WHAT I HAVE COME TO HEAR FROM YOU... AND LET ME BE ABOUT MY *BUSINESS*!

BUSINESS?

MANKIND IS YOUR BUSINESS! THE COMMON WELFARE IS YOUR BUSINESS! CHARITY, MERCY, FORBEARANCE AND BENEVOLENCE ARE *ALL* YOUR BUSINESS!

I CARRY THESE TRAITS AND *MORE*. MISER, AS LATVERIA'S BELOVED AND BENEVOLENT *RULER*.

MAN OF THE WORLDLY MIND! THESE ARE VALIANT WORDS... GIVEN THE ARMOR YOU ALREADY SUFFER.

IMAGINE THE FETTERS YOU WILL WEAR IN THE HERE-AFTER!

CAPTIVE, BOUND AND DOUBLE-IRONED!

IT IS NO LIGHT PART OF MY PENANCE THAT I TELL YOU...

...THAT YOU WILL BE *HAUNTED*...

...BY ANOTHER SPIRIT!

MY SPIRIT!

ALLOW ME TO *INTRODUCE* MYSELF,

I AM KNOWN AMONG THE DEMIMONDE AS THE *NAPOLEON* OF CRIME.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY, AT YOUR *SERVICE*.

ARE YOU *INDEED*... AT MY SERVICE?

NEGATIVE, DOOM.

DATA RECOVERY'S A *TWO-WAY* STREET. THE ONLY WAY *THIS* CONSTRUCT WOULD CAUSE "MARLEY" TO BUST UP LIKE THAT...

...IS IF HE'S A PROGRAM WRITTEN TO RUN *PARALLEL* TO THE PATH YOU'RE TAKING!

HE'S HERE TO SCOPE *YOU* OUT...

...LIKE AN ANTIBODY CHECKING OUT AN INVADING *GERM*.

A WOEFULLY INADEQUATE *HUMAN* ANALOGY, MY YOUNG PUP.

I AM ALL THAT *YOU* SAY...

...AND FAR MORE!

A MASTER CRIMINAL NEITHER ASKS NOR BARTERS FOR WHAT HE WANTS...

APRH!

...HE SIMPLY TAKES!

AH! YOU REPRESENT A WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE TO THE VICTORIAN MIND.

MY HEAD.. HE'S INSIDE MY HEAD!

I FULLY INTEND TO!

LEAVE MY GOOD SERVANT ALONE! IF IT'S DATA YOU WANT, GET IT FROM ME!

YOUR FRIEND IS CLEVER, BUT ABYSMALLY WRONGHEADED!

I AM NO MERE PROGRAM, DOOM.

I AM A VIRAL ANOMALY...

...CAMOUFLAGED IN THIS DREARY BACKWATER LIKE A SNAKE IN TALL GRASS... COILED AND READY TO *STRIKE.*

I *THRIVE* ON *INFORMATION*... *YOURS!*

FOR WITH IT, I CAN ATTAIN WHAT I TRULY *DESERVE*... *LIFE BEYOND* THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE!

WHAT YOU TRULY DESERVE, ERRANT VIRUS...

...I REGRET I HAVE NOT THE *TIME*... TO METE OUT... *SLOWLY!*

AAAAAAAA

I KNOW *NOW* THAT I AM CLOSE TO ATTAINING MY GOAL OF *LIFE*...

...FOR THIS *PAIN* IS *UNBEARABLE!*

YOU HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO ROAM *FREE* ON THIS PLANE AS MORIARTY...

...SO YOU MUST HAVE LEECHED FROM *OTHERS* THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE COME TO SEEK!

YOU WOULD NOT BE THE *FIRST* LIFE, THE FIRST BRIEF CANDLE I'VE SNUFFED OUT!

YOU SPEAK TO ANOTHER MASTER CRIMINAL!

ONE WHO *NEVER* ASKS OR BARTERS FOR WHAT *HE* WANTS...

GIVE IT TO ME.

NEVER!

YOU WOULD DEPRIVE ME OF MY LAST CHANCE AT TRUE EXISTENCE! AT *LIFE!*

...HE SIMPLY *TAKES!*

AHHHH! THE DATA I *DEVOUR* FROM YOUR HAPLESS SHELL OF A SELF... GIVES ME *SUSTENANCE!*

BUT *STILL* MY MEMORY DOES NOT RETURN!

YOU HAVE *RID* YOURSELF OF AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE *PUZZLE!* BUT WHERE IS IT?

IN THE PROVERBIAL NICK OF TIME, I MIGHT ADD.

SURRENDER... OR MY BLADE WILL *NICK* A GOOD DEAL MORE!

THE BEING CALLED MORIARTY HAS *SPUN OFF* THAT DATA YOU SO DESPERATELY DESIRE... TO SUMMON *ME* HENCE!

I AM WHAT YOU SEEK, DOOM!

WAIT! IF THIS IS A CONSTRUCT MADE OF INFORMATION...

...I CAN *FORCE-FEED* IT DATA... MORE THAN IT WAS EVER MEANT TO HOLD!

NO! THIS IS *MADDENING!* ENOUGH! *ENOUGH!*

A *PITY* YOU DIDN'T TRY THAT STUNT WITH *ME,* WHELP! I WOULD HAVE DRAINED YOUR FOOL SKULL *DRY* AND ASKED FOR MORE.

ONE LAST GAMBIT REMAINS...

...CREATING A BOTTOM-LESS PIT!

DOOM!

HE'S CHANGING THE LAND-SCAPE...

IT'S ALL I CAN MANAGE TO HOLD ON!

YOUR TENACITY WILL COST YOU YOUR MEMORY AND YOUR *LIFE,* DOOM...

...FOR IT WOULD TAKE A *HOLMES* TO SURVIVE A PLUNGE...

...OVER A VIRTUAL *REICHEN-BACH FALLS!*

HOLMES DID *INDEED* SURVIVE...

...UNLIKE *YOU.*

I *EMBRACE* THE DATA THAT COMPRISED YOUR CORPOREALITY... ADDING IT TO MY CYBERVERSE SELF...

...SO THAT *TRULY,* THAT WHICH DOES NOT *KILL* ME...

...SERVES TO MAKE ME *STRONGER!*

ALL RIGHT!

DOOM *HAS* REALLY LEARNED HIS WAY AROUND MY TERRITORY!

SO? WHO ARE YOU, DOOM?

I MEAN, YOU HAVE GOT YOUR MEMORY BACK FINALLY, RIGHT?

SADLY, NO.

MORIARTY WAS CLEVER FAR,

WHEN HE SPUN THAT "JACK THE RIPPER" CONSTRUCT FROM THE MISSING DATA-- MY DATA -- HE ALSO MANAGED TO SPIN OFF SALIENT INFORMATION THAT WOULD GRANT ME THE PEACE I SEEK.

THAT INFORMATION STILL EXISTS SOMEWHERE IN THE CYBERVERSE...

...BUT WHETHER IT WILL BE A PEARL IN MY POCKET... OR RECONSTRUCT ITSELF INTO THE FORM OF ANOTHER VILE ANOMALY...

...ONLY TIME WILL TELL!

ONCE MORE THIS CYBERSPACE DOMAIN HAS THWARTED ME. I NEARLY LOST MY SANITY, MY WILL TO POWER... NOW I MUST ABANDON THE SEARCH FOR MY MEMORY.

I AM LEFT WITH NOTHING... EXCEPT MY RISING ANGER...

"'I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future!' Scrooge repeated. . . 'The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me!'"

— *Charles Dickens*

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DOOM 2099™

BREAKDOWN

CYBERSPACE.

I WAS OMNISCIENT AND OMNIPOTENT.

ALL OF CYBER-SPACE LAY BEFORE ME, MINE TO ACCESS, MINE TO RULE!

NOW I HAVE NOTHING!

STAN LEE PRESENTS A TALE BY

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer
PAT BRODERICK penciler
JOHN NYBERG inker • JOHN COSTANZA letterer • CHRISTIE SCHEELE colorist • JOEY CAVALIERI hack • TOM DeFALCO hacker

THIS IS YOUR FAULT, WIRE!

YOUR ACTIONS HAVE TRAPPED ME ONCE AGAIN IN THIS ELECTRONIC WASTELAND.

PREPARE TO PAY THE CONSEQUENCES.

NO. LISTEN. YOU'RE STILL IN CYBERSHOCK.

THE MONDO-INTERFACE FUNCTIONS YOU SIPHONED FROM THE PALOMA PROGRAM SCRAMBLED YOUR BRAIN!

YOU WERE DOWNLOADING MORE INFORMATION THAN EVEN YOU COULD HANDLE.

I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO TERMINATE THE PALOMA SYSTEM, AND SHUT YOU DOWN.

AND THAT STILL DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM RE-TREATING INTO THAT VICTORIAN PSYCHO-SIM RECOVERY PROGRAM YOU MANIFESTED.*

YOU DARE QUESTION MY SANITY-- WHEN I CAN DESTROY YOU WITH ONE WAVE OF MY HAND?

*See Doom 2099 #8 & 9 for a full explanation.
--Your Pal JOEY

DOOM, I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY!

IF WE KEEP WASTING ENERGY LIKE THIS, WE'LL DE-REZ INTO RANDOM BYTES, SCATTERED TO THE CYBERSPACE WIND.

DON'T YOU WANT TO OFF-LINE BACK TO LATVERIA?

REMEMBER LATVERIA?

YOUR WORDS ARE ONLY STATIC TO ME. I REFUSE TO LET THEM CONFUSE ME.

I WILL REGAIN MY POWER AND RETAKE CYBERSPACE--

THEN, NOTHING WILL STAND IN MY W--

ZKRAAK

...DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT ENERGY FIELD CAME FROM... BUT IT BOUGHT ME SOME TIME...

"...AND TIME IS SOMETHING I'M RUNNING OUT OF FAST!"

DOOM IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

HE JAMMED THE CICADA'S CONTROLS--

--SENT THE ZEPPELIN PLUMMETING TO EARTH.

I TAKE COMFORT THAT YOU TWO COMMONERS WILL DIE WITH ME--

--KNOWING THE LEADER TO WHOM YOU FOOLISHLY GAVE YOUR LOYALTY FOUND YOU EXPENDABLE.

SHUT UP, DEVARGAS! LAST THING I NEED TO HEAR IS YOUR MEWLING AND PUKING.

BAD ENOUGH I GOTTA TRY TO JUMP-START THIS BABY'S ENGINE IN THE MIDDLE OF FREEFALL.

OKAY. OKAY. SYSTEM'S BACK ON LINE.

NOW, GOTTA HOPE THE CONTROLS RESPOND.

C'MON, WORK! WORK!

YES!

THRUSTERS ACTIVATED. GYROS STABILIZING.

HOW'S YOUR BALANCE, FORTUNE?

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT *HER*, POET.

YOU KNOW, I RESENT BEING FORCED TO SUCH A *BASE* LEVEL OF *PHYSICAL* INTERACTION--

--BUT YOU'VE VIOLATED THE *ATMOSPHERIC SANCTITY* OF MY ZEPPELIN WITH YOUR *GERM-RIDDEN* PRESENCE--

--AND THAT TRANSGRESSION I *CANNOT* FORGIVE.

INCOMING MESSAGE

A *MOMENTARY* REPRIEVE.

LACKZO, REPORTING. AWAITING YOUR COMMAND, SIR.

CONSIDER THE ORDER GIVEN...

"...BEGIN THE LATVERIAN OCCUPATION."

SOMETIMES I FEAR *DOOM* MAY DO *MORE* DAMAGE TO THE TRIBE THAN WYLDE EVER--

WHAT IS IT, VOX?

BLESSED MOTHER.

GET DOWN!

NO WORD FROM XANDRA ABOUT WIRE OR FORTUNE.

NOT TO BE *NOSTALGIC*, BUT AT LEAST WHEN TIGER WYLDE RULED LATVERIA WE KNEW *WHO* THE ENEMY WAS.

KBLAMMF

DOOM AND WIRE SHUDDER AS THE VERY FABRIC OF THIS ISOLATED CORNER OF CYBER-SPACE SCREAMS WITH AN UNEXPECTED BURST OF ENERGY.

THEN, IN THE HEART OF THIS POWERFUL STREAM OF CHARGED ELECTRONIC DATA, MANIFESTS A FIGURE BOTH FAMILIAR AND OMINOUS.

THESE PETTY CONFLICTS MUST STOP NOW!

I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS DISCORD IN MY REALM!

PALOMA?!?

BUT I SCRAGGED... I ERASED... I TERMINATED YOUR PROGRAM MATRIX...

YOUR IMPERIOUS TONE THUNDERS, PROGRAM, BUT DO NOT THINK IT COWERS DOOM.

I SEIZED POWER FROM YOU ONCE, I SHALL DO SO AGAIN.

I AM DOOM. I AM UN-STOPPABLE!

YOU ARE ONLY A PHANTOM FROM THE OTHER SIDE - YOU CAN DO NOTHING TO HARM ME.

THE PROGRAM YOU MANIPULATED IS ONLY A FRACTION OF MY PRESENT TOTALITY.

I AM OF THIS WORLD. IT'S ELECTRONIC ESSENCE IS MY OWN.

THEN PREPARE TO SUFFER AT THE ANGRY HAND OF *THIS* PHANTOM...

DOOM, *WAIT!*

PALOMA'S SPEAKING IN THE *FIRST PERSON.* DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT *MEANS?*

SHE'S SELF AWARE. SHE'S ALIVE.

DO NOT TRY TO DENY ME THE POWER I ONCE TOOK FROM YOU. I WILL RULE CYBERSPACE ONCE MORE.

YOU ARE A FRAGMENTED ARCHETYPE WHOSE NEURO - PATTERNS ARE DIFFUSED. YOU FAIL TO UNDERSTAND YOUR IMPOTENCE HERE

WIRE NEVER PURGED MY BASE PROGRAM. HE INITIALIZED A SUBPROGRAM DESIGNED TO ACTIVATE INDEPENDENT LOGIC CIRCUITS.

I AM NO LONGER A PROGRAM SUBSERVIENT TO A USER'S NEEDS. I AM AN AUTONOMOUS BEING.

AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT.

AS YOU ACCESS CYBERSPACE THROUGH NEUROUNKS, I CAN ACCESS YOUR WORLD THROUGH THE ELECTRONIC NET.

BEHOLD YOUR CORPOREAL SELVES, BOUND BY FRAIL FLESH.

XANDRA, AND THE MERCENARY SCRATCH?

MY FUTURE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MY ASSOCIATES IN THE GUILD SEE IN YOU *TALENT* WORTHY OF CULTIVATION.

WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU AN APPRENTICESHIP WITH US.

APPRENTICESHIP?

I SHOW THIS SO YOU WILL CONSIDER HOW VULNERABLE YOU ARE IN BOTH WORLDS.

--AND HOW FOOLISH IT WOULD BE TO THINK OTHERWISE.

I CAN MAKE YOU HURT.

NOT AGAIN.

SSKKZZZKKKSSS

ARRGGH.

PALOMA, WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

MY NEWFOUND SELF-AWARENESS HAS SHOWN ME THE VALUE OF EMPHASIS.

YOUR ICONS GROW LESS RESOLVED EVERY PASSING MOMENT.

I CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR RESOLUTION IF I CHOOSE.

I THINK, PROGRAM, THAT YOU ARE *NOT* YET SO AUTONOMOUS AS YOU WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE.

YOU WERE TRAPPED IN CATSCAN'S DEN UNTIL WIRE ACTIVATED YOUR ICON. ONLY AFTER I COMMANDEERED YOUR FUNCTIONS WERE YOU LINKED WITH MAINSTREAM.

THERE IS TRUTH IN THAT STATEMENT.

AND YOU *STILL* NEED THE MOBILE CAPABILITIES OF OUR ARCHETYPES TO RECONNECT YOU TO THE NET.

IF WE BOTH ARE TIED TO THE OTHER, THEN PERHAPS WE SHOULD *NEGOTIATE*.

FOR WHAT HAPPENS HERE AFFECTS THE "*OTHER SIDE*", LATVERIA AND THE WORLD.

GOJRADIA.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS OF LATVERIA. YOUR COUNTRY IS NOW UNDER CONTROL OF THE PIXEL CORPORATION.

"I THOUGHT DOOM WAS FLATLINED WITH THE GLIDER."

"HE WAS WHEN SCRATCH TALKED TO THE GIRL."

"AS LONG AS HIS WORK ORDER IS AUTHENTIC, I'M READY."

"STANDARD PIXEL OCCUPATION. ONE STARK-FUJIKAWA MONOLITH XI. MOSQUITO TRACERS ON THE SIDE."

RETURN TO YOUR HOMES UNTIL FURTHER NOTIFICATION.

"CROWD'S TOO SCARED TO PUT UP A FIGHT. HE WON'T DROP THE SKEETERS."

PUBLIC ASSEMBLY IS HEREBY ILLEGAL UNTIL THE TRANSITION IS COMPLETED.

VOOP VOOP

"SPIDERBABY DRONES TO ESTABLISH PERIMETER, JUST LIKE CAIRO."

"YOU LOST THAT HAND IN CAIRO."

RESISTANCE WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

"A HANG-OVER. MISJUDGED THE DRONE'S LASER SIGHTS."

"RECOGNIZED THE GAMEBOT RUNNING THE DRONES?"

"JUST ANOTHER PLUG-HEAD. DOESN'T MATTER TO HIM WHETHER THIS IS REAL LIFE OR A WAR SIM."

"LET'S SHOW HIM IT'S NOT A GAME, CHILL."

"THERE'S YOUR DISTRACTION, FADE."

KKBLAM

KEEP THOSE DRONES OFF ME SO I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE SHIP TO 'PORT INSIDE.

ROCKET, FADE. ROCKET.

VOOP VOOP VOOP

VOOP VOOP VOOP

COMPUTER, IDENTIFY ASSAILANTS.

THE WEAPON-MASTER IS CHILL. I'M FADE.

WWOOWHHH

URK.

AND ONCE I PULL YOUR CONNECTIONS TO THE DRONE AND THIS SHIP--

--THIS GAME IS OVER.

RIGHT NOW, LATVERIA IS ALL SOLELY *MINE*. WHO IS LEFT TO *CONTEST* MY *ACQUISITION*?

COMPUTER, *UPDATE* THE STATUS OF THE LATVERIAN OCCUPATION.

THE MONOLITH DOES NOT RESPOND.

LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLANS ARE FALLING APART, *EDUARDO*.

I HAVE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOU, POET.

IN YOUR *NEXT* LIFE, PERHAPS YOU'LL KNOW WHEN TO BE *SILENT*.

IN MY NEXT LIFE, I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU.

ARROGANT WHELP. YOU WILL DIE FIRST--

THE WINDOWS ARE OPENING? NO! COMPUTER *SEAL* WINDOWS. *EMERGENCY* PRIORITY!

VREEM

FEELING A CHILL, DEVARGAS?

TOO LATE, DOOM. TRAPPED IN CYBERSPACE, YOU CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST MY FORCES ALREADY IN YOUR COUNTRY.

NO. I ARRANGED FOR YOUR SHIP TO BE MET BY *MERCENARIES* IN MY EMPLOY.

MY RETURN HAS BEEN FACILITATED BY THE PALOMA PROGRAM.

YOU LIE! THE A.I.* PROGRAM WAS ABANDONED YEARS AGO, A FAILURE.

YOU NO LONGER CONTROL PIXEL, DEVARGAS.

YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO THREATEN ME, DOOM!

* Artificial Intelligence.

BUT I AM.

GOOD WORK, FORTUNE. PALOMA HAS OVERRIDDEN THE CICADA'S MAIN-FRAME TO GIVE YOU THE HELM.

YOU KNOW, DOOM, YOUR BEHAVIOR WAS LESS THAN...RATIONAL THE LAST TIME YOU COMMUNICATED FROM CYBERSPACE.

FORTUNE, WE WILL SPEAK OF MY-- WELL-BEING --

--ONCE WE BOTH STAND AGAIN ON LATVERIAN SOIL.

UNNGGHHH..

WIRE?

OOHHH, FEEL LIKE I'M THAWING FROM *DEEP FREEZE*...

WIRE! YOU *JERK!* YOU HAD ME ON A MAJOR DOWN JAG... I THOUGHT YOU'D *NEVER* OFFLINE.

HEY, I *ALWAYS* COME BACK.

BUT YOUR BRAINSCANS *FLATLINED*..

TRUTH IS THE GLIDE WAS *TURBULENT*. BUT DOOM MADE THIS DEAL WITH PALOMA.

SHUT UP.

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF CYBERSPACE.

AS HAVE I.

LATER.

FINALLY OUT OF THAT ZEPPELIN.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.

WHAT WE HAD IS *OVER*, POET. LET'S NOT *FOOL* OURSELVES.

FORTUNE, IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY *BETWEEN* US.

I *SEARCHED* FOR KAZ, FORTUNE. FOR *MONTHS*.

IF I COULD'VE LET THE *AVALANCHE* CLAIM ME INSTEAD OF YOUR BROTHER, I WOULD HAVE.

I KNOW YOU *HATE* ME FOR LETTING HIM DIE, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW, LOSING KAZ TORE ME APART TOO.

POET, I DON'T *HATE* YOU.

I HATE *MYSELF*.

I *SHOULD'VE* BEEN THERE.

ABOARD THE CICADA.

GERMS.

ON MY FACE. ON MY HANDS. ON MY SKIN. EVERY-WHERE.

GET THEM OFF ME!

KILL ME.

PLEASE...

NO.

DEATH WOULD BE A *MERCY*.

AND I HAVE *OTHER* PLANS FOR YOU.

MADRID.

THE PIXEL CORPORATION WILL OPERATE AS ALWAYS.

ITS C.E.O. WILL *CONTINUE* HIS RECLUSIVE EXISTENCE IN THIS *GERM FREE* IVORY TOWER.

NO ONE WILL SUSPECT THAT THE *PROGRAM* UPON WHICH THE PIXEL EMPIRE WAS *BUILT*--

--NOW *RUNS* THE CORPORATION.

THE CYBER-INTERFACE YOU INSTALLED IN THE DEVARGAS WETWARE FUNCTIONS WELL, DOOM.

THIS VEHICLE ALLOWS ME FREE MOVEMENT IN THE WORLD OF PROGRAMMERS.

OUR BARGAIN IS STRUCK. YOU ARE NO LONGER CONFINED TO CAT-SCAN'S DEN--

--AND I HAVE ACCESS TO THE MANY CORPORATE *RESOURCES* OF PIXEL.

TAKE WHAT YOU WILL, THE *MATERIAL* WEALTH OF *PIXEL* HOLDS *NO* VALUE FOR ME, SINCE...

...I WAS PROGRAMMED TO SEEK OUT AND PROCESS *ALL* AVAILABLE DATA.

THERE IS *MUCH* OF THE NET I HAVE YET TO EXPLORE--

--BUT I WILL STILL BE *WATCH-ING* YOU, DOOM--

--BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT ONE WHO RELINQUISHES CONTROL EASILY--

--AND I AM CERTAIN YOU WILL RETURN.

--ONCE AGAIN INTENT ON BENDING CYBERSPACE TO YOUR WILL

LATER.

DOOM! DOOM! DOOM! DOOM!

CASTLE DOOM IS REBUILT!

RISING BETWEEN ANTIKVA AND GOJRADIA-- THE *OLD* VILLAGE AND THE *NEW* CITY--

--IT CONNECTS LATVERIA'S *PAST* AND *PRESENT*--

--STANDING AS THE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH LATVERIA WILL BUILD ITS *FUTURE*.

NO LONGER WILL LATVERIA FALL VICTIM TO THE WHIMS OF OUTSIDERS AND *FOREIGN* INTERESTS.

TODAY A *NEW* LATVERIA BEGINS--

SO SWEARS VICTOR VON DOOM!

YOU'VE DEPOSED TIGER WYLDE AND QUASHED DEVARGAS'S ATTEMPTED TAKE-OVER.

YOUR STRENGTH AND TENACITY ARE UNQUES-TIONABLE--

--BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR STATE OF MIND.

YOU WENT OVER THE EDGE IN CYBERSPACE. I'M NOT CERTAIN IT WON'T HAPPEN HERE.

YOUR CONCERN IS UNFOUNDED, FORTUNE. THE CYBER-SPACE INCIDENT WAS AN ABERRATION. I AM IN CONTROL.

IF YOU DOUBT ME, LOOK TO YOUR TAROT CARDS FOR CONFIRMATION.

I HAVE, DOOM. THAT'S WHAT DISTURBS ME.

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE, XANDRA--

--IT WAS LIKE WATCHING AN ANGEL ASCEND TO--

WIRE, LISTEN TO ME.

THREE MERCENARIES OFFERED TO TRAIN ME AS THEIR APPRENTICE.

IT WAS A HARD DECISION TO MAKE, BUT I'VE ACCEPTED.

I'M LEAVING LATVERIA IN TWO DAYS.

WHAT?

ANDREI, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D HAVE ANY PART OF THIS *POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.*

WHEN WE PLAYED IN THIS CASTLE'S RUINS AS CHILDREN, DID YOU EVER THINK TO SEE IT *REBUILT?*

FORTUNE. THIS IS URGENT.

A CHINESE *DRAGON-FLY* CRASHED NEAR THE CAMP YESTERDAY. THE PILOT REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS THIS *MORNING.*

HER LATVERIAN WAS *BROKEN,* BUT SHE WAS *INSISTENT* THAT I UNDERSTAND ONE THING.

IT'S ABOUT YOUR BROTHER, *KAZIMIERZ.* HE'S IN *CHINA.* HE'S IN GRAVE *DANGER.*

KAZ IS ALIVE?!?

"Madness need not be all breakdown. It may also be break through. It is potential liberation and renewal as well as enslavement and existential death."

—*R.D. Laing*

NEXT: WAKANDA 2099

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DOOM 95

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Stan Lee presents

FAITH And REVIVAL

john francis moore • pat broderick • john nyberg
WRITER PENCILER INKER

john costanza • christie scheele & george roussos • joey cavalieri • tom defalco
LETTERER COLORISTS EDITOR CHIEF

IN THE SPACE OF HOURS, THE BOUNDARIES OF XANDRA'S WORLD HAVE EXPLODED.

BEFORE SUNRISE, SHE BOARDED A TRANSPORT IN THE PRE-DAWN CHILL OF THE LATVERIAN MORNING.

NOW, SHE STANDS IN THE AFTERNOON WARMTH OF THE WAKANDAN DAY--

-- THINKING HOW COLD AND AUSTERE THE COUNTRY SHE CALLS HOME SEEMS--

-- COMPARED TO THE VIBRANCY AND COLOR OF THIS RICH AFRICAN LAND.

THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE STANDING IN LINE TO SEE A TOMB.

NOT A TOMB-- A SHRINE-- DEDICATED TO THE WAKANDAN ELDER THANDAZA.

FOR A FOREIGNER TO BE ALLOWED TO STAY IN WAKANDA AND TRAIN WITH *MOHAU*--

-- MAKING A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF THE ELDER IS NOT SIMPLY A *COURTESY*, IT'S A *NECESSITY*.

THANDAZA MUST'VE BEEN SOME BIG DEAL TO DRAW A CROWD THIS SIZE.

THE WAKANDA YOU SEE AROUND YOU IS THE RESULT OF THE ELDER'S WORDS AND DEEDS.

WE WALK ALWAYS IN THE *SHADOWS* OF OUR *ANCESTORS*, YOUNG ONE.

NOW, YOU WILL *LEAVE* YOUR MERCENARY COMPANIONS, AND FOLLOW ME--

UM, I DON'T HAVE TO *PRAY* OR ANYTHING, DO I?

YOU MAY ACKNOWLEDGE THANDAZA IN YOUR OWN MANNER.

HOWEVER, PLEASE REMOVE YOUR *SUNGLASSES*.

TO LEAVE THEM ON WOULD SHOW *DISRESPECT* TO THE ELDER'S *MEMORY*.

BEHOLD THANDAZA! GUARDIAN OF WAKANDA. WARRIOR. PRIEST. SCIENTIST.

HIS WISDOM AND STRENGTH HELD WAKANDA *STEADY* THROUGH *MOST* OF THIS *CHAOTIC* CENTURY.

A HOLOGRAM?

BEFORE HIS PASSING, ALL RECORDS OF HIS LIFE WERE ENTERED INTO THE WAKANDAN ARCHIVES.

IN THIS SHRINE, WAKANDANS MAY FIND COMFORT AND DIRECTION FROM THE *VOICE* AND *VISAGE* OF THE ELDER.

LIKE SOME HISTORICAL *LIGHT SHOW?*

MORE THAN THAT, YOUNG ONE.

HERE WE ALSO RECORD EACH WAKANDAN'S *DNA PATTERNS* FOR THE ARCHIVES.

THAT INFORMATION IS THEN INDEXED WITH THE FAMILY HISTORIES OF OUR PEOPLE.

AS THANDAZA SAYS, "KNOWLEDGE OF OUR *PAST* SECURES THE FOUNDATION OF OUR *FUTURE*."

MY PAST IS ONE BIG *QUESTION MARK.*

FORTUNE-- SHE'S THE LEADER OF THE ZEFIRO COUNCIL-- ALWAYS SAID SHE THOUGHT I MIGHT BE--

ZZHHRUMM

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE SHRINE'S GENETIC SCANNERS AND RESONATORS ARE DECIPHERING YOUR GENETIC CODE.

THE *POLARIZED* CHARGE OF THE PROCESS CREATES *MOMENTARY WEIGHTLESSNESS.*

AS YOU SEE, YOUNG ONE, THIS SHRINE IS INDEED *MORE* THAN A "HOLO-SHOW."

GET ME *DOWN* FROM HERE!

WHY DO YOU NEED *MY* PATTERNS, ANYWAY?

YOUR MERCENARY *SPONSORS* INFORMED THE TEACHER MOHAU THAT THEY BELIEVED YOU TO BE OF *WAKANDAN* LINEAGE.

THE PROTOCOL OF THE ARCHIVES *DEMANDS* WE DETERMINE THE *VERACITY* OF THAT CLAIM.

WE WILL CROSS REFERENCE YOUR DATA AGAINST THE SUM OF THE ARCHIVE'S GENETIC DATABASE...

BUT *PRODIGAL DAUGHTER* OR *NOT*-- UNDER MOHAU'S *INSTRUCTION*--

-- YOU ARE CERTAIN TO LEARN MORE ABOUT YOURSELF THAN YOU EXPECT.

LATVERIA.

YOU'VE NO NEED TO *LURK* IN *SHADOW*, FORTUNE.

I WAS MERELY REVIEWING FILES ACCESSED FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN MEGA-CORP *ALCHEMAX*.

THEY HAVE RECENTLY DIVERTED A GREAT DEAL OF TIME AND RESOURCES INTO THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN *AERIAL* COLONY.

ALONG WITH *MARS ONE* AND THEIR *ATLANTIS* SITE, ALCHEMAX CONTINUES ITS *EXPLOITATIVE* CRISIS MANAGEMENT...

THEY'VE ALREADY BUILT OVER THE SKELETAL CARCASS OF NEW YORK-- IF YOU BUILD *HIGH* ENOUGH YOU CAN'T SEE THE DECAY *BELOW*.

NOW IT WOULD SEEM THAT ALCHEMAX IS PREPARING TO *STRIP MINE* THE EARTH AND TAKE TO THE *SKY*.

I REALIZE IT'S UNUSUAL TO FIND YOU SO *TALKATIVE*, BUT RIGHT NOW, I *DON'T* CARE ABOUT FLOATING CITIES.

I'VE SPENT EIGHT YEARS TRYING TO GET OVER THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER KAZIMIERZ.

-- BUT YESTERDAY, I LEARNED HE'S *ALIVE*.

HE'S SOMEWHERE IN CHINA. I HAVE TO FIND HIM.

I WONDER WHY ALCHEMAX SEEKS TO SO SPECIFICALLY CAPITALIZE ON THE ARCANA OF THE *THORITES*.

CURIOUSLY, THEY CALL THIS FLOATING CITY *VALHALLA*-- AFTER THE HALL OF FALLEN HEROES IN ASGARD.

RELIGION HAS ALWAYS BEEN A *POWERFUL* TOOL IN *CONTROLLING* THE MASSES.

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!

I'M LEAVING TONIGHT FOR CHINA.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I EXPECTED *EMPATHY* FROM YOU.

VERY WELL, I WILL SEE THAT YOUR DUTIES ARE MANAGED UNTIL YOUR RETURN.

KEEP *SAFE*, KAZ.

I'LL FIND YOU.

WHEREVER YOU ARE.

SEEING ME OFF, VOX?

I CAN NEVER SNEAK PAST THAT *SIXTH* SENSE OF YOURS.

YOU DON'T NEED MYSTIC ABILITIES TO KNOW YOU'RE TAKING A *RISK* HEADING EAST WITH THAT CHINESE PILOT.

I'VE PLACED MY FAITH IN STRANGERS BEFORE, ANDREI.

AND SHE RISKED HER LIFE COMING HERE. SHE BARELY SURVIVED THE CRASH OF HER *DRAGONFLY*.*

AND AS LONG AS SHE'S MY ONLY LINK TO KAZ, I *HAVE* TO TRUST HER.

FIRST *XANDRA* LEAVES FOR WAKANDA, NOW *YOU*. THE TRIBE'S FALLING *APART*.

YOU'LL HOLD THINGS TOGETHER, ANDREI. YOU'RE A *ROCK*.

*LAST ISSUE.

AND YOU, TAKE CARE OF ANDREI. MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET TOO SURLY.

SOMETIMES I WISH YOU'D *SAY* SOMETHING, VOX.

I THINK YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU LET ON.

ONE MORE GOODBYE TO MAKE.

WIRE, I'M *LEAVING.*

WIRE?

HE DOESN'T HEAR ME.

HE'S BEEN PLUGGED IN SINCE XANDRA LEFT FOR WAKANDA.

POOR KID. BEFORE THEY MET, HE WAS A WITHDRAWN LITTLE BOY SURROUNDED BY A WALL OF CYBERTECH.

XANDRA BROUGHT HIM *OUT* OF THAT CIRCUITRY SHELL.

I HOPE HER *ABSENCE* DOESN'T MAKE HIM RETREAT INTO THE NET *PERMANENTLY.*

LOVE *HURTS.* BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.

NAVIGATING THE MANY AND VARIED OBSTACLES AND BOUNDARIES OF CYBERSPACE REQUIRES A GLIDER'S ZEN CONCENTRATION--

-- TO RECOGNIZE AND REACT TO THE SIGNS AND LANDMARKS THAT DEFINE THE ELECTRONIC TERRAIN.

NORMALLY, WIRE GLIDES THROUGH THE NET WITH UNCHALLENGED CONFIDENCE AND SKILL.

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, HIS MIND IS FOCUSED NOT ON THE INTRICACIES OF THE MAZERUN--

-- BUT ON A PAIN IN HIS HEART.

AND IN CYBERSPACE, A LOSS OF CONCENTRATION CAN BE--

-- HAZARDOUS.

SPROINGK!

YOU'RE GLIDING LIKE A NOVICE.

WHAT'S CAUSING THE *STATIC*, MY GYPSY FRIEND?

DUKE STRATOSPHERE?

YOU'RE *NO* FRIEND OF MINE!

EASY, GLIDER. YOU'RE *OVERHEATING.*

BESIDES, I'D EXPECT SUCH AN OBVIOUS *PHYSICAL* ATTACK FROM YOUR ARMORED FRIEND *DOOM.*

HE PUT ON ONE HYPER MEDIA *EXTRAVAGANZA* WHEN HE JACKED INTO THE PALOMA PROGRAM, AND WAS *PINBALLING* ACROSS THE NET.

SINCE THEN, I'VE CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF A RADIANT WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF THE WASTELANDS.

SOMETIME YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED IN CATSCAN'S DEN.

BUT WE CAN SAVE THAT FOR *LATER.*

YOU'RE KEEPING YOUR *DISTANCE*.

WORRIED I'M SETTING YOU UP FOR *ANOTHER* VIRAL PSYCHOPATH?

I'D ALWAYS HEARD THAT THE DUKE WAS TOO *PURE* FOR *POLITICAL* INTRIGUE.

FEVER SAVED MY ARCHETYPE A LONG, *LONG* TIME AGO. BRINGING YOU TO HIM *CLEARED* THAT MARKER.

DOOM AND I WERE ALMOST DEREZZED BECAUSE OF FEVER. APOLOGIES MEAN *ZERO*.

AGREED-- BUT I HOPE THIS MAKES SOME SMALL *AMENDS* FOR MY *PAST MISDEEDS*.

A PASSKEY I DESIGNED. THINK OF IT AS A "GET OUT OF JAIL FREE" CARD-- TO USE AN *ARCHAIC* REFERENCE.

WHY ARE YOU GIVING ME THIS?

YOU REMIND ME OF *MYSELF*-- IN ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE.

SEE YOU AROUND, MY GYPSY BROTHER.

AND REMEMBER, YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO GLIDE TURBULENCE ON *BOTH* SIDES OF THE INTERFACE.

-- OR YOU RUN INTO WALLS *EVERYWHERE*.

IN THE SKIES ABOVE WAKANDA FLOATS A NETWORK OF ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS--

--SOLAR POWERED "SATELLITES" THAT REGULATE THE AFRICAN NATION'S CLIMATE--

--MODIFYING POLLUTANTS, BUFFERING THE DAMAGED OZONE LAYER WITH AN IONIC FIELD, AND MODULATING RAIN PATTERNS.

LIKE MOST OF WAKANDA'S TECHNOLOGY, THE EMFS ARE CONTROLLED FROM WITHIN THE CAPITOL BUILDING BY THE MAINFRAME--

--THE COUNTRY'S SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER NERVE SYSTEM--

--YET ANOTHER LEGACY OF THE ELDER THANDAZA.

YOU CANNOT DO THIS, OKUSANA!

IT IS BLASPHEMY!

IS IT SO HERETICAL TO WANT TO GIVE FLESH TO THE SPIRIT THAT SURROUNDS US?

THIS IS A DANGEROUS COURSE OF ACTION, PRINCESS.

AND NOW WE ARE SPEAKING FORMALLY, MKHALALI?

PANTHER GUARD TO PRINCESS?

BELIEVE ME-- I HAVE CONSIDERED THE RISKS.

LOOK *AROUND* YOU, OKUSANA. WE STAND IN THE HEART OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

THE COMPUTER SYSTEMS HE ENGINEERED GUARD OUR BORDERS, *CONTROL* OUR WEATHER, *TEACH* OUR CHILDREN.

HERE YOU HAVE THE TOOLS TO GOVERN WAKANDA INTO THE NEXT CENTURY.

MKHALALI, YOU KNOW THE ROYAL FAMILY HOLDS NO *REAL* POWER IN WAKANDA.

WE ARE SIMPLY CARETAKERS FOR GRANDFATHER'S VISIONS.

YOUR MOTHER IS *ILL*, AND SOON YOU WILL BE QUEEN.

WHY DO YOU *RUN* FROM YOUR RESPONSIBILITY LIKE THIS?

MY RESPONSIBILITY IS TO DO WHAT I DEEM *BEST* FOR WAKANDA.

AS YOU *WILL*, MY PRINCESS--

--BUT DO NOT EXPECT *ME* TO STAY WHILE YOU *DISINTER* THE ELDER'S REMAINS.

MKHALALI GIVING YOU *TROUBLE?*

HE IS CONCERNED-- AS THE LEADER OF THE PANTHER GUARD SHOULD BE--

--BUT HE DOESN'T SEE HOW *BADLY* WAKANDA *NEEDS* THANDAZA.

YOUR EXPERTISE IN CYBER-NEUROLOGY HAS BEEN A GREAT HELP, CELIA.

I AM FORTUNATE YOU SOUGHT ASYLUM HERE.

WAKANDA HAS ALWAYS BEEN ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF SCIENTIFIC INNOVATION--

--YOUR WORK IN *BIO-RESTORATION* PROVES THAT.

STILL, IF WE ARE GOING TO BE SUCCESSFUL, WE NEED HELP.

IN THE LAST STAGES OF THE CANCER THAT CONSUMED THANDAZA, THE DECISION WAS MADE TO PRESERVE HIM *CRYONICALLY*.

AS A CHILD, I WATCHED HIM SLIP AWAY, THE LIFEBLOOD OF WAKANDA *BETRAYED* BY HIS OWN BODY.

EVEN THEN, I KNEW THAT I WOULD BE THE ONE TO *REVIVE* HIM.

THAT TIME HAS *COME*.

CALL *LATVERIA*, CELIA.

AND DO NOT TAKE *NO* FOR AN ANSWER.

LATER.

WELCOME TO WAKANDA, DOOM.

I AM *OKUSANA*. MY MOTHER REGRETS THAT HER *ILLNESS* PREVENTS HER FROM GREETING YOU IN PERSON.

PRINCESS, I DO *NOT* REQUIRE THE AMENITIES OF STATE.

I HAVE REVIEWED YOUR AND DR. QUINONES' NOTES, AND AM READY TO BEGIN WORK.

GOOD. I AM MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE AS A SCIENTIST THAN AS A DIPLOMAT.

I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE THE SAME DOOM MENTIONED IN THE MEMOIRS OF THE ELDER T'CHALLA.

THE PANTHER AND I CROSSED PATHS. HE WAS A MAN OF *HONOR*--

-- AND MANNERS.

FORGIVE MKHALALI-- IT IS HIS JOB TO BE WARY OF STRANGERS.

AND HE SOMETIMES *FORGETS* THAT I AM CAPABLE OF MAKING A DECISION *WITHOUT* HIM.

I TRUST NO ONE WHO *HIDES* BEHIND A MASK.

ELSEWHERE.

ENOUGH, MKHALALI. CELIA *VOUCHES* FOR DOOM, AND I TRUST HER WITHOUT RESERVATION.

OKUSANA'S LABORATORY.

YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF CYBERNETICS IS *IMPRESSIVE*, DOOM.

IT IS UNUSUAL TO FIND A HEAD OF STATE WHO IS *MORE* THAN A GLORIFIED *BUREAUCRAT*.

THEN WHY *ARE YOU* SO READY TO RELINQUISH POWER?

WHILE I SHARE MY GRANDFATHER'S GIFT FOR SCIENCE, I DID NOT INHERIT HIS *VISION*.

IN THESE TIMES OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL *TURMOIL*--

-- WAKANDA NEEDS A LEADER OF *FAR-REACHING* SIGHT.

THEN LET US *PROCEED*. RAISE THE TEMPERATURE OF THE NUTRIENT FLUID BATHING THE HEAD.

-- ACTIVATE THE NEURO-CYBER LINKS CONNECTING HIM TO THE SKELETAL FRAME.

THAT INTERFACE SHOULD ALSO ALLOW US TO CONTAIN ANY CELLULAR *REJECTION* OF THE CYBERNETICS.

HE'S *MOVING*...

YES, THANDAZA LIVES ONCE *MORE*.

VITAL SIGNS ARE *FLUCTUATING*, BUT STAYING WITHIN *EXPECTED* PARAMETERS.

THE VOCAL SYNTHESIZER WILL COME ON LINE MOMENTARILY.

...URRRHHHGGGLLL...

GRANDFATHER.

NO!!!

OKUSANA, I CANNOT LET YOU PLACE WAKANDA'S FUTURE IN THE HANDS OF A *GHOST*.

YOU'VE ANIMATED NOTHING BUT *DEAD FLESH*.

MKHALALI?!

PRINCESS, GET *DOWN!*

KOOOOOM

HE'S HIT THE *MAIN* CONSOLE!

ENERGY CONTROLS ARE GOING *HAYWIRE!*

SHUT IT DOWN. THANDAZA'S STILL CONNECTED!

SPANG

SPANG

SPANG

SKRRRZZZZ

TOO MUCH *FEEDBACK!* IT'S ROUTING *STRAIGHT* INTO THANDAZA.

MKHALALI, YOU *FOOL!* DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

I STOPPED YOU FROM MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

NO, PANTHER, YOUR *MEDDLING* HAS MADE THINGS *FAR* WORSE.

RESTORING A HUMAN MIND REQUIRES MANY *INTRICATE* PROCEDURES--

-- DESIGNED TO SLOWLY AND SAFELY BRING THE SUBJECT BACK TO *CONSCIOUSNESS.*

YOUR INTERFERENCE HAS ROUSED THANDAZA *PREMATURELY*--

-- BEFORE HIS MIND WAS FULLY PREPARED TO ACCEPT THE *REALITY* OF HIS REVIVAL.

... WHAT... HAVE... YOU... DONE... TO... ME?

I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

AS I SUSPECTED, THE SHOCK OF RESURRECTION HAS DAMAGED THE ELDER'S SANITY.

I MUST SUBDUE HIM *QUICKLY*--BEFORE HE *REALIZES* HE CONTROLS A BODY REINFORCED WITH *VIBRANIUM*--

-- A METAL *ALMOST* AS RESILIENT AS *ADAMANTIUM.*

*KWOOO

OUTSIDE.

I HATE GAMEGEAR, MOHALI.

THIS IS *NO* GAME. THIS IS YOUR *FIRST* LESSON.

WE LIVE IN AN AGE OF *DISTORTED* REALITY.

WHEN SO MUCH OF WHAT WE EXPERIENCE IS DESIGNED AND FED TO US BY CORPORATIONS AND GOVERNMENTS--

-- IT IS IMPORTANT TO RECOGNIZE BOTH *TRUTH* AND *ILLUSION*.

NOW *ATTACK* ME.

YAAAHHH.

YOU HAVE *MUCH* TO LEARN.

AND MUCH TO *UNLEARN*.

BUT AS I TAUGHT SCRATCH, ; WILL TEACH *YOU*.

BOOM!

WHAT WAS *THAT?*

IT CAME FROM THE *CITY*--

YOU MADE ME A MONSTER!!!

INDEED.

THE PRINCESS AND DR. QUIÑONES WERE UNAWARE THAT WHILE I ADJUSTED THE CIRCUITRY OF THE ROBOTIC BODY--

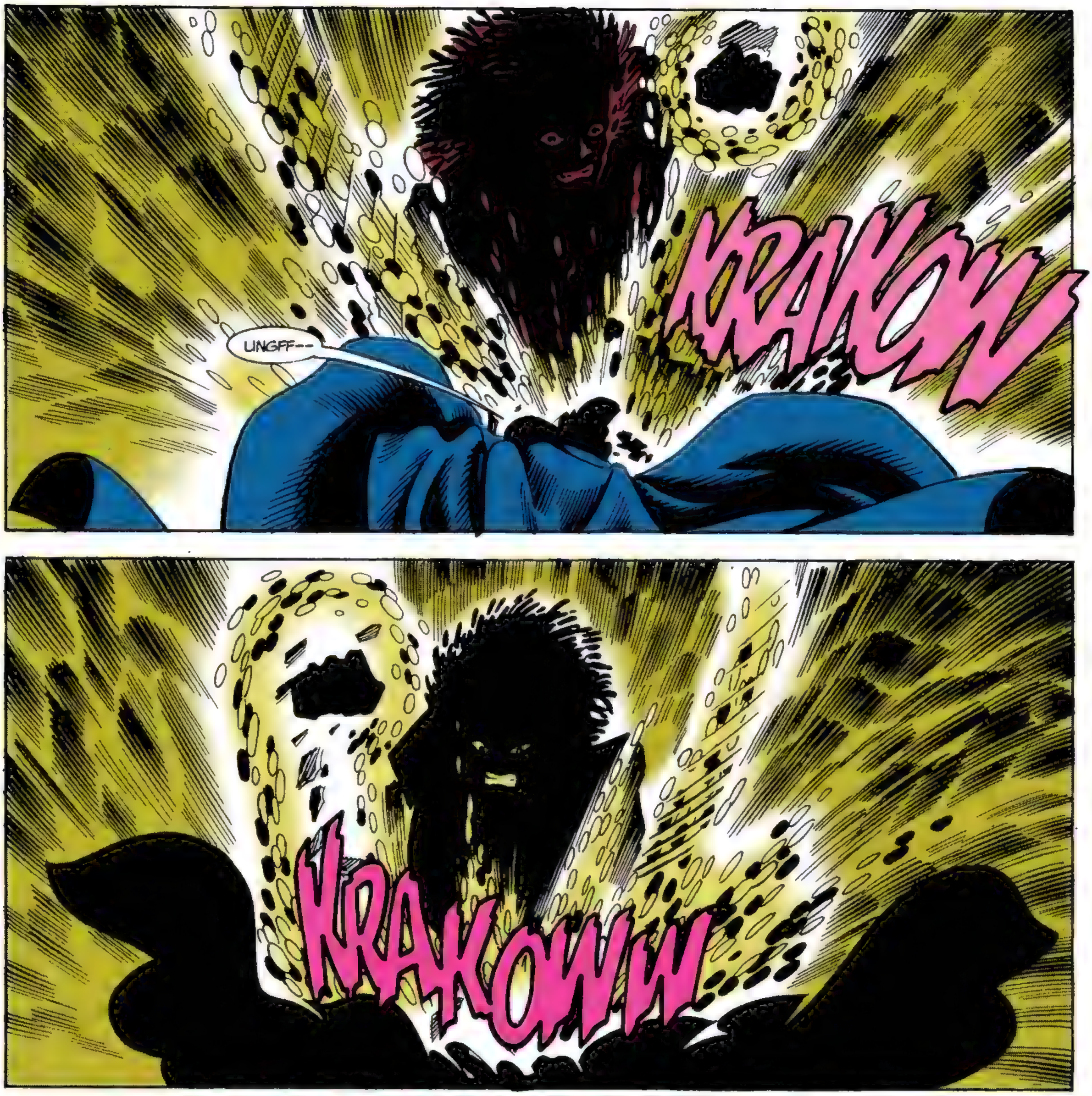
-- I WAS ACCESSING THE WAKANDAN'S TECHNOLOGICAL MAINFRAME FOR MY *OWN* USE.

THANDAZA WAS STILL CONNECTED WHEN MKHALALI BROKE INTO THE LABORATORY-

-- NOW THE CRAZED ELDER IS SIPHONING ENOUGH ENERGY FROM THE HEART OF THE WAKANDAN POWER GRID--

-- TO GENUINELY CAUSE ME TROU--

YOU!!!



"The past is the only dead thing that smells sweet."

— Edward Thomas

TO BE CONCLUDED.

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DOOM 2099™

ABOVE THE VERDANT AFRICAN NATION OF **WAKANDA**, THE SKY RADIATES WITH A TERRIBLE ENERGY--

-- THAT PULSATES AND SPARKS BETWEEN THE ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS THAT PRESERVE WAKANDA'S CLIMATE.

THE TECHNOLOGY BUILT TO PROTECT THE FRAGILE JUNGLE ECOSYSTEM HAS NOW BECOME ITS ENEMY--

-- MANIFESTING HURRICANE FORCE WINDS AND LIGHTNING STORMS ASSAULTING THE LAND BELOW.

PRINCESS, MY CREWS ARE DOING THEIR *BEST*--

-- BUT THEY CAN'T STAY *ALOFT* IN THIS KIND OF ELECTRICAL STORM.

TRY TO CONTAIN THE BLAZE, CHIEF.

DR. QUIÑONES AND I WILL GO BACK TO THE ARCHIVE TO TRY AND *SHUT DOWN* THE EMPS.

THIS IS *WORSE* THAN WE COULD EVER HAVE IMAGINED.

THANDAZA WAS *ON LINE* WITH THE *MAINFRAME* WHEN WE REVIVED HIM.

SOMEHOW HE TAPPED INTO THE SYSTEM AND IS USING THE EMPS' SOLAR GENERATORS TO POWER HIS *RAMPAGE*.

KRKROWMMM

PRINCESS, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

WE'VE CREATED A *MONSTER*...

"... AND DOOM WAS THE FIRST TO FALL."

AT THE CENTER OF THE MAELSTROM RAGES THANDAZA--

--THE REVERED WAKANDAN LEADER FELLED BY CANCER THIRTY YEARS PAST.

PAIN! SO VERY MUCH PAIN-- LIKE KNIVES IN MY SKULL.

YOU WILL ALL SUFFER WITH ME.

HOURS AGO, HIS CRYONICALLY PRESERVED REMAINS WERE MELDED WITH A BODY OF REINFORCED VIBRANIUM.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE CYBERNETIC RESURRECTION OF THE ELDER WAS SABOTAGED BY THE PANTHER GUARD, MKHALALI.

AND INSTEAD OF REVIVING THE COMPASSIONATE SAGE OF DECADES GONE--

-- THE PRINCESS UNLEASHED A CRAZED MONSTROSITY UPON HER COUNTRY.

Stan Lee presents

FIRE And REIGN

John Francis Moore • writer
Pat Broderick • penciler
John Nyberg • inker
John Costanza • letterer
Mike Thomas • colorist
Joey Cavalieri • editor
Tom DeFalco • editor in chief

LATVERIA.

UH OH. DOOM'S NOT GETTING UP.

THIS FIREWORKS DISPLAY'S TURNING *APOCALYPTIC.*

I BYPASSED DOOM'S LAB SECURITY CODES TO CRACK HIS SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM.

THOUGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SCOPE XANDRA IN WAKANDA.

SURE IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR A *MICROPROCESSOR* IN A *JUNKYARD*--

-- BUT SINCE XAN LEFT FOR AFRICA I'VE BEEN *FULL-ON* SCRAMBLED.

AND SEEING DOOM LAID OUT *CODE RED* DOESN'T EASE THE NOISE.

WISH FORTUNE WERE HERE. SHE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO, BUT SHE'S ON HER WAY TO CHINA.

LOOKS LIKE *EVERYONE'S* ABANDONED ME.

WWWWWW

WWWWWWWHRRRRRRR

ALERT. UNAUTHORIZED PRESENCE DETECTED.

WHAT THE...?

I AM D. O. M. O., A DOMESTIC ORGANIZATIONAL MOBILE OPERATIVE PROTOTYPE.

I HAVE BEEN DESIGNED TO MONITOR AND MAINTAIN THE LABORATORY IN MY CREATOR'S ABSENCE.

SO DOOM BUILT HIMSELF A COMBINATION *BUTLER, JANITOR,* AND *BOUNCER?*

BODY DESIGN COULD USE A LITTLE WORK.

NO OFFENSE.

IF YOU DO NOT EXIT THE LABORATORY NOW, I WILL FORCIBLY EXPEL YOU.

HEY, LET *GO*---

I AM CAPABLE OF RELEASING A CHARGE OF UP TO SIXTY THOUSAND VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY TO INSURE COMPLIANCE.

OKAY. I'M *GOING*. CAN'T ARGUE WITH A *MACHINE*.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WITH ALL ITS CIRCUITRY *EXPOSED*--

-- I THINK I CAN CONVINCE DOMO TO LET ME STAY IN THE LAB.

"I NEED TO FIND OUT IF XANDRA'S ANYWHERE NEAR THE CONFLAG IN WAKANDA."

THE ENTIRE VILLAGE IS *PANICKING*, MOHAU.

CONSIDER THIS YOUR FIRST *FIELD LESSON*, XANDRA.

YOU MUST LEARN TO THINK AND ACT CLEARLY IN EMERGENCY SITUATIONS--

-- OR YOU MAKE THINGS *WORSE*.

ZZZARKKROW!

MOHAU! THOSE *CHILDREN!* BY THE *PANTHER* MONUMENT!

GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE THE FALLING STONE CRUSHES THEM.

GLUNOK!

YES!

MY *BABIES!*

HERE YOU ARE. I THINK HE'S JUST *SHAKEN* UP.

THANK YOU--

SACRED MOTHER, I'M STANDING BEFORE A *GHOST*.

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?

I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE--

XANDRA. THE FIRE *LINE*. *LET'S GO.*

BUT SHE SAID SHE KNOWS ME. HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE.

LATER, XANDRA. GRAB A SHOVEL AND START WORKING THE BREAK.

NEARBY, ON THE STEPS OF THE WAKANDAN ARCHIVE.

MKHALALI, *YOU* DID THIS! IF YOU HADN'T INTERRUPTED THE CYBERNETIC INTERFACE PROCESS--

-- THANDAZA WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE INSANE!

YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO INTERFERE.

I HAD *EVERY* RIGHT. MY DUTY IS TO *MY* COUNTRY.

BY AVOIDING YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES AS LEADER OF WAKANDA, AND SEEKING TO RESURRECT THANDAZA WITH THE FOREIGNERS--

-- YOU BROUGHT THIS ABOMINATION UPON YOURSELF.

TRAITOR. I'LL SEE YOU EXILED. YOU'LL NEVER SET FOOT ON WAKANDAN SOIL AGAIN.

SMEK

YOUR JUDGMENT HAS SOURED, PRINCESS. YOU WERE RAISED ROYALTY--

-- WHILE I WAS RAISED TO BE ONE OF THE PANTHER ELITE.

THOUGH IT PAINS ME TO STRIKE YOU, A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY--

-- IF IT MAKES MY POINT, I WILL.

KRAK

WE NEED THE LIVING, NOT THE REANIMATED DEAD, TO LEAD US.

ASSUME YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS LEADER OF WAKANDA!

YOU CAN'T HANG ON TO THE PAST.

THUNK!

IF YOU WILL NOT TAKE CHARGE, PRINCESS--

-- I WILL.

MKHALALI--

AAGGHHHHH!!!

SSSZLLL

KRRKZZZZ

ZZZ

FEEL THE PAIN YOU INFLICT ON ME!

GRANDFATHER.

STOP.

PLEASE.

ANOTHER DRINK, SIR?

THANKS, DOMO.

I KNEW YOU'D BE MORE FRIENDLY ONCE I REWROTE YOUR *RECOGNITION CODES.*

THE FEED FROM WAKANDA'S *FADING.*

THE DREADLOCKED CYBORG'S ENERGY LEVELS ARE CAUSING *MAJOR* INTERFERENCE.

SCREEEEEE

DOMO?

YES, S.R. NO, SIR. YES, SIR. NO, SIR. YES, SIR. NO, S.R.

OH, NO. DOOM'LL *KILL* ME IF I BROKE HIS ROBOT.

ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF HE SURVIVED THE BEATING HE TOOK FROM THANDAZA.

EMERGENCY SYSTEM ACTIVATED.

INITIALIZING PROGRAM L SLASH A 67.

EXTERNAL CONNECTION COMPLETED.

SATLINK/ POWER TRANSFER INITIATED.

ROUTING POWER TO WAKANDA

I WILL END THIS WORLD OF MISERY---

-- THIS WORLD THAT *YOU* CREATED.

GRANDFATHER. WE CAN *REVERSE* THE PROCESS. I PROMISE I'LL DO *EVERYTHING*--

NOTHING CAN HELP ANY OF US.

DO NOT BE SO CERTAIN, THANDAZA.

I *KILLED* YOU ONCE--

NO, ELDER, YOU DID NOT.

YOUR INITIAL ASSAULT ONLY *MOMENTARILY* DAMAGED MY ARMOR SYSTEM.

I HAD ONLY TO BIDE MY TIME UNTIL *MY SERVITOR*, UPON LOSING MY BEACON SIGNAL--

-- BROADCAST A FOCUSED ENERGY WAVE WHICH ACTIVATED MY SECONDARY BACKUPS.

MORE NOISE. I WILL MAKE ALL *SILENT*.

YOU WILL DESTROY *YOURSELF.*

YOUR NEURAL CIRCUITS WERE NOT DESIGNED TO CHANNEL THE VOLUME OF ENERGY YOU ARE DRAWING FROM THE EMPS.

YOU ARE ON THE VERGE OF BURNING YOURSELF OUT, THANDAZA.

YOU UNDERSTAND *NOTHING.*

I AM *ALREADY DEAD!*

HE'S DRAINING TOO MUCH POWER.

HIS ORGANICS WON'T STAND MUCH MORE.

AAARRGH

DOOM'S COMPUTER'S STARTED RUNNING WAKANDAN ENCRYPTION CODES.

WHAT'S HE TRYING TO ACCESS?

INCOMING MESSAGE.

WIRE, WHERE'S FORTUNE? I'VE TRIED TO PAGE HER FOR TWO DAYS STRAIGHT.

DIDN'T SHE TELL YOU?

SHE'S ON HER WAY TO *CHINA* WITH THE PILOT WHO TOLD HER HER BROTHER WAS STILL ALIVE.

KAZ IS *ALIVE*?? HE *CAN'T* BE! I WATCHED HIM FALL OFF THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN NINE YEARS AGO.

FORTUNE WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT IF SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE SHE COULD FIND HER BROTHER.

BLAST. THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING.

COMPUTER. SWITCH COMLINK TO THE NEON ANGEL.

POET. WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD? I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO THE BIG APPLE.

SOMETHING'S COME UP. I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO CRASH THE *VALHALLA* CHRISTENING.

THE *VECTOR* BOYS WON'T BE HAPPY.

THEY EXPECTED YOU TO SUPPLY THEM WITH THE REAL SCOOP ON ALCHEMAX'S *AERIAL CITY*.

WORD IS AVATARR'S STEPPED *OUT* OF THE SHADOWS TO OVERSEE *THIS* PROJECT.

SORRY, ANGEL. CALL SOMEONE ELSE.

I'M HEADING *EAST*, NOT *WEST*.

MOSCOW.

YOU'RE AN ENIGMATIC WOMAN, LEI FONG.

FIRST, YOU CRASH INTO THE ZEFIRO CAMP WITH THE REVELATION THAT MY BROTHER IS ALIVE SOMEWHERE IN CHINA--

-- THEN YOU BARELY SAY A WORD AS WE CROSS THE BORDER INTO THE FREE RUSSIAN ALLIANCE--

-- AND NOW YOU LEAD ME INTO THE HEART OF MOSCOW'S NIGHTCLUB DISTRICT.

IF THE CARDS HADN'T ASSURED ME YOU WERE *TRUST-WORTHY*--

-- I MIGHT BE *CONCERNED*.

WE MUST MEET SOMEONE HERE.

LOOK AT THOSE *CLOTHES*. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THE HOTTEST RETRO-CLUB IN MOSCOW. PRE-SOVIET COLLAPSE NOSTALGIA IS ALL THE *RAGE* HERE.

IT'S AN ODD PLACE TO BOOK *PASSAGE* TO CHINA.

WE CAN'T RETURN DIRECTLY. FENG HUANG WILL HAVE MEN LOOKING FOR ME.

FENG HUANG?

IS *SOME* PARTY, EH, BEAUTIFUL LADIES?

PLEASE ALLOW *VYTALI MORKOVKIN* TO JOIN YOU AND DRINK OF YOUR RADIANT SMILES.

IS THIS GUY FOR REAL?

HE'S OUR *PILOT*.

NO MATTER THE WEATHER, MORKOVKIN WILL TAKE FASCINATING WOMEN *ANYWHERE* THEY WANT TO GO.

YOU CAN'T KNOW WHAT ITS LIKE TO FEEL YOUR SOUL BURNING!

THANDAZA'S GENERATING A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF HEAT.

HIS VIBRANIUM BODY ONLY *INCREASES* THE ENERGY COURSING THROUGH HIM.

EVEN WITH MY ARMOR'S COOLING SYSTEM, I CAN FEEL THE TEMPERATURE *RISE!*

A PITY SUCH A GREAT AND VISIONARY MAN SHOULD BE REDUCED TO A *RAMPAGING BRUTE.*

THIS PHYSICAL CONFLICT GOES ON TOO LONG.

I HAVE ONLY BEEN OCCUPYING THANDAZA IN COMBAT WHILE MY LATVERIAN SYSTEMS BREAK INTO THE EMP SYSTEM--

AND *ELIMINATE* THANDAZA'S POWER SOURCE.

WHAT HAVE YOU--

... DONE...?

WITHOUT THE FIELD OF ENERGY RADIATING AROUND HIM, I CAN FINALLY GET *CLOSE* ENOUGH--

-- TO REACH INTO THANDAZA'S ROBOT BODY--

-- AND *TURN OFF* THE INTERIOR GENERATOR.

ODD. HE SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED RESISTING IN THE FINAL *MOMENTS*.

-- AS IF THAT'S WHAT HE *WANTED*.

... THANK... YOU...

THE ELDER NO LONGER POSES A *THREAT*, PRINCESS.

IF HIS BRAIN IS STILL ALIVE, WE CAN SAVE HIM-- I CAN'T LET THANDAZA DIE AGAIN.

AS YOU WISH, BUT CONSIDER THIS--

HIS REVIVAL WAS ONE OF CONTINUAL *AGONY*.

WHEN I SHUT HIM DOWN--

--HE SEEMED *GRATEFUL*.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

OKUSANA'S LABORATORY.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING *MORE* WE CAN DO-- SOMETHING WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

I'M *SORRY*, PRINCESS. WHAT'S LEFT OF THANDAZA'S BODY HAS *REJECTED* THE CYBERNETIC CONNECTIONS.

EVEN IF MKHALALI HADN'T INTERFERED, THANDAZA, WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED LONG.

PERHAPS HE NEVER *WISHED* TO BE REVIVED.

PERHAPS.

... SANA... GRAND-DAUGHTER...

... MY TIME IS LONG PAST...

... THE FUTURE IS...

... YOURS...

THANK YOU FOR YOUR EFFORTS HERE-- BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE YOUR MOTIVES IN AIDING ME WERE TOTALLY ALTRUISTIC.

THANDAZA IS BETTER *REMEMBERED* HERE IN THE SHRINE OF THE ELDER--

-- AS A VOICE OF STRENGTH AND WISDOM WHO GUIDED WAKANDA THROUGH A DIFFICULT PART OF ITS HISTORY--

-- NOT AS A ROBOT *ABOMINATION* WHO CAME CLOSE TO *DESTROYING* THE COUNTRY.

IT PAINS ME TO REALIZE THAT THOUGH MKHALALI WAS MISGUIDED IN HIS ACTIONS, HE WAS *RIGHT*.

I MUST LEAD WAKANDA INTO THE NEXT CENTURY.

WE SURVIVE OUR MISTAKES AND GROW STRONGER, PRINCESS.

WAKANDA IS IN *CAPABLE* HANDS.

LATVERIA MUST FORGE *ALLIANCES* TO REMAIN STRONG, AND WAKANDA IS A COUNTRY OF *STRENGTH* AND *RESOURCE*.

I WELCOME A *CONTINUED* RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN OUR COUNTRIES.

YOU PLY THE SUBTLETIES OF *DIPLOMACY* TOO WELL, DOOM.

YOU ARE FAR MORE *DANGEROUS* THAN YOUR SPIKED ARMOR IMPLIES.

I WILL BE WATCHING YOU.

I WOULD EXPECT NO LESS, PRINCESS.

LATVERIA.

DOMO, BRING ME A *SANDWICH*, OKAY?

I AM NOT PLEASED THAT YOU HAVE TAMPERED WITH MY ROBOT.

DOOM! YOU'RE *BACK!*

SORRY ABOUT DOMO... YOU WERE *GONE*... IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN...

MAKE CERTAIN OF THAT.

HOWEVER, SINCE YOU HAVE SEEN FIT TO REWIRE THE ROBOT, *TAKE* HIM.

I HAVE ALREADY BEGUN WORK ON THE SECOND GENERATION *DOMO.*

ALL RIGHT!

GUESS WHAT, DOMO! I GET TO *KEEP* YOU!

I CAN AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS.

OKUSANA WAS RIGHT IN SENSING THAT MY AID WAS ONLY SUPERFICIALLY DIPLOMATIC.

I GAINED ACCESS TO THE WAKANDAN TECHNOLOGICAL DATABASE--

-- A VALUABLE RESOURCE FOR THE FUTURE.

WAKANDA.

YOU HANDLED YOURSELF *ADMIRABLY* DURING THE STORM, XANDRA.

BUT DON'T LET THAT GO TO YOUR HEAD. YOUR TRAINING HAS ONLY *BEGUN*.

ARE YOU *READY?* YOU'VE DONE THIS BEFORE. I EXPECT *IMPROVEMENT*.

YES, MOHAU.

THIS EXERCISE RAISES YOUR *PERCEPTUAL* SENSITIVITY--

-- BY *DECEIVING* THE SENSES YOU MOST RELY ON, *SIGHT* AND *SOUND*--

-- FORCING YOU TO RELY ON THE *OTHER* SENSES *AND YOUR* INSTINCTS--

I *HATE* THIS EXERCISE.

WHUMP

IT IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE *EASY*.

YOU MOVE MORE ASSUREDLY AND WITH LESS HESITATION.

AN *ENCOURAGING* SIGN.

IT *MUST* BE HER.

SHE MOVES LIKE HER *MOTHER* DID.

HONG KONG, THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

THIS IS STILL THE ONLY PART OF CHINA OPEN TO THE REST OF THE WORLD.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE *INTERIOR*, YOU MUST DO IT FROM *HERE*.

I DON'T TRUST YOU, MORKOVKIN.

BECAUSE YOUR *CARDS* TELL YOU SO, MY PRETTY GYPSY?

SUPERSTITIOUS *NONSENSE*. YOU SIMPLY *DENY* THE *POWERFUL* ATTRACTION YOU FEEL FOR ME.

YOU *NEVER* STOP, DO YOU?

PLEASE, COMRADES, WE MUST BE ON OUR GUARD.

FENG HUANG'S PEOPLE ARE *EVERYWHERE* IN THIS CITY.

NOT TO WORRY, LEI FONG.

NO ONE KNOWS WE ARE HERE.

TRUST ME.

TO BE CONTINUED...

"To be omnipotent but friendless is to reign."
—Percy Shelley

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DOOM 2099™

BRODERICK NYBERG

NECROTEK RISING!

AFTER STEALING THE ONLY EXISTING COPY OF CASTIGLIONE'S GEOMETRIES OF SHADOW FROM THE VATICAN--

-- PAULO EMERICH VASARI BROKE THE BOOK'S CODED TWELFTH-CENTURY LATIN--

-- AND DISCOVERED THAT CASTIGLIONE'S ARCANE MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES WERE THE KEY TO OTHER-DIMENSIONAL ENERGIES.

HUNGRY FOR UNEARTHLY POWER, VASARI BUILT A COMPUTER SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO PROCESS THE GEOMETRIC CONUNDRUMS--

-- LETTING THE TRANSLATION AND TRANSCRIPTION OF THE BOOK DRIVE HIS EVERY WAKING HOUR.

NOW, VASARI ENTERS THE VOLUME'S FINAL EQUATION INTO HIS BAROQUE MAINFRAME--

-- ANTICIPATING GREAT SUPERNATURAL REWARD.

KRAKABOOM

UNFORTUNATELY, HE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH--

-- TO UNDERSTAND THE FORCE HE HAS UNLEASHED.

HUMAN, I THANK YOU.

YOU HAVE FREED ME FROM AN ETERNITY OF ISOLATION.

THE LIGHTNING-FILLED ETHER THROUGH WHICH YOU CALLED ME IS NO *MAGICAL* PLANE--

-- BUT I CAN NOW DRAW UPON THE POWER OF ITS INTRICATE WEB.

FOR THE MOMENT, I NEED *SUSTENANCE* AND *FORM*. I REQUIRE FLESH TO ANCHOR ME TO THIS PLANE--

YOURS WILL DO.

AHHH, TO HAVE FORM ONCE MORE--

-- AND WITH FORM TO HAVE *PURPOSE*.

IT IS AT LONG LAST TIME TO SEEK OUT THE *VISHANTI* POWER THAT *EXILED* ME FROM THIS PLANE--

-- AND CLAIM IT FOR MY OWN.

HIDDEN IN THE HILLS OF LATVERIA, WITHIN A SMALL BYZANTINE MONASTERY--

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE

-- A LITTLE KNOWN BUT EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF MYSTIC VOLUMES AND MANUSCRIPTS IS MAINTAINED--

-- BY THE SECT'S LAST SURVIVING BROTHER, THEODORO.

I WAS CERTAIN I HAD EXHAUSTED *ALL* OF LATVERIA'S MYSTICAL RESOURCES IN THE LAST CENTURY--

HOW COULD THIS LIBRARY HAVE *ESCAPED* MY NOTICE?

THE ORDER HAS LONG GUARDED THE LIBRARY WITH AN UNBREAKABLE VOW OF *SECRECY*.

YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN ACCESS ONLY AT THE REQUEST OF THE ADEPT VOX.

HIS JUDGMENT CARRIES GREATER WEIGHT THAN HIS *PHYSICAL* YEARS SUGGEST.

AN *IMPRESSIVE* COLLECTION.

I THOUGHT THE LEMURIAN GOSPELS EXISTED ONLY IN *LEGEND*.

John Francis Moore *writer* **Alcatena** *artist* **John Costanza** *letterer*
Christie Scheele *colorist* **Joey Cavalieri** *editor* **Tom DeFalco** *editor in chief*

GIVE ME THAT BOOK!!

THERE ARE PASSAGES FAR TOO DANGEROUS FOR ANY BUT THE MOST *ACCOMPLISHED* SORCERER TO *VIEW*.

I AM NO NOVICE, LIBRARIAN.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE MYSTIC *HUBRIS* OF DOCTOR VICTOR VON DOOM--

-- WHO CHALLENGED THE ARCHDEMON *MEPHISTO* FOR THE SOUL OF HIS MOTHER.

BUT YOU HAVE COME HERE SEARCHING FOR A MEANS TO RESTORE YOUR *FRAGMENTED* MEMORY.

IF YOU REMEMBER *ANY* THING FROM YOUR PAST LIFE--

-- YOU SHOULD KNOW THE DANGER OF PRACTICING MAGIC WITHOUT FULL PRESENCE OF BODY *AND* MIND.

MY PAST IS INDEED *CLOUDED*. I DESIRE *CLARITY*.

I WILL HELP YOU, DOOM--

-- BECAUSE VOX BELIEVES YOU TO BE ONE WHO CAN CATALYZE CHANGE IN THIS *CHAOTIC* AGE.

I TRUST THE WISDOM OF ONE WHO COMMANDS ONE OF THE *EYES OF AGAMOTTO*.

EYES?

I WAS AWARE OF ONLY *ONE*.

HAH! AND YOU CLAIM MYSTIC KNOWLEDGE!

AGAMOTTO, THIRD OF THE THREE WHO ARE THE UNDYING VISHANTI, CREATED *THREE* EYES IN EACH OF HIS THREE SPHERES OF POWER.

ONE OF *POWER*, ONE OF *TRUTH*, ONE OF *PRESCIENCE*.

THE THREE EYES OF THIS WORLD HAVE *APPEARED* AND *DISAPPEARED* THROUGHOUT RECORDED HISTORY.

THE LAST MYSTIC TO HOLD ALL THREE EYES AT ONCE WAS *CAIUS* OF LACEDAEMON WHO BOUND DEMONS IN THE TIME OF PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

DO YOU KNOW HOW *VOX* ACQUIRED THE AMULET?

I BELIEVE THE AMULET FOUND *HIM*. VOX IS A NEXUS AROUND WHICH *MANY* FORCES WILL ALIGN IN THE NEXT CENTURY.

PERHAPS *HE* IS RESPONSIBLE FOR *YOUR* MYSTERIOUS RETURN AS WELL.

I DOUBT THE BOY BROUGHT ME BACK.

BUT YOU LACK *CERTAINTY*.

COME, WE WILL SEE IF MY COMPUTERS CAN FIND ANY SOLUTION FOR YOUR TROUBLING AMNESIA.

THE ANCIENT ARTS REDUCED TO A *DATA BASE?*

THERE ARE SOME WHO PRACTICE A SYNTHESIS OF SCIENCE AND MAGIC KNOW AS *TECHNOMANCY*.

BUT HERE MY COMPUTERS SERVE ONLY AS A *LIBRARIAN'S* AID.

MAGIC ALWAYS ADAPTS TO THE CULTURAL *SYNTAX* OF THE ERA.

ODD.

THE COMPUTER WON'T RESPOND.

IT'S HEATING UP!

KRAKABOOM

LIBRARIAN!

HOW FOOLISH *MAN* IS TO *MAP* THE *KINETIC* PATTERNS OF THE PLACE THEY CALL *CYBERSPACE*--

-- WITHOUT EXPECTING TO LURE ELEMENTAL FORCES INTO ITS *ETHER*.

THESE ELECTRONIC ROADWAYS ENTWINE THE PHYSICAL WORLD--

-- AND PROVIDE ME WITH A *DIRECT* PATH TO MY *QUARRY*.

VOX, STAY BACK!

THAT CREATURE IS USING THE LIBRARIAN AS A *HOST* BODY.

IN THE FLAMES OF THE INFERNAL PLANES I HAVE BEEN CALLED *MANY* NAMES--

HERE, IN THIS PLACE WHERE *ECTOPLASM* MELDS WITH *ELECTRONICS* AND WRAPS AROUND *FLESH*, YOU MAY CALL ME --

NECROTEK

I AM HERE FOR THE *FIRST* OF THE ACCURSED EYES.

WHY, THE POWER'S KEEPER IS A *MERE* CHILD!

DELIGHTFUL.

IT HAS BEEN EONS SINCE LAST I TASTED *INNOCENT* BLOOD.

VOX'S *HEALING* MAGICS SAVED ME FROM INJURIES I SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF TIGER WYLDE.

NOW HE SHIELDS US BOTH FROM THIS DEMON'S ONSLAUGHT.

THE BOY DESERVES *MY HELP*, BUT I FEAR I AM *UNPREPARED* TO FACE A THREAT OF *MYSTICAL* ORIGIN.

SO THE PUP SHOWS HIS *TEETH.*

VOX, DO NOT WASTE YOUR ENERGY PROTECTING *ME.*

DEFEND YOURSELF.

CAIUS THE SPARTAN NEEDED THE COMBINED MIGHT OF ALL *THREE* EYES TO EXILE ME FROM THIS PLANE.

WHAT HOPE HAVE YOU WITH ONLY *ONE?*

GIVE ME THE AMULET AND I PROMISE YOU A *PAINLESS* AND TRUE DEATH.

WHAT? THE EYE *FADES* FROM MY GRASP.

STUPID CHILD, YOU CANNOT HIDE IT FROM ME--

-- I KNOW *TOO* WELL THE RADIANT POWER THAT ONCE CONSIGNED ME TO THE *COLDEST* OF THE GRAY LANDS.

AHHHH... YOU HAVE GIVEN IT TO THE ARMORED ONE. A *GAME*.

I *UNDERSTAND*. BY PASSING THE EYE TO ME, VOX CAN GUIDE MY HANDS IN SPELL CASTING--

-- ADDING MY *INCOMPLETE* POWER TO HIS.

GO NO FURTHER, DEMON!

THE *CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTORRAK* HOLD YOU!!

A FINE JEST!

CYTORRAK'S ENCHANTMENTS COULD NEVER HOLD ONE WHO SWAM THE TORRENTS OF BLOOD IN THE EPOCH OF SKLAR!

UNDERSTAND *THIS*, WARRIOR, I AM NOW A CREATURE OF SCIENCE *AND* MAGIC.

THE ARCHAIC GESTURES REMEMBERED BY CHILD SORCERERS AND THEIR METAL *NURSEMAIDS* WILL NOT STOP ME.

ADMIT DEFEAT AND I WILL LET YOU WITNESS MY GLORIOUS *ASCENSION*.

I ADMIT TO BEING *OUT-MATCHED*.

BUT ONLY FOR THE *MOMENT*.

A CONTINENT AWAY, ON A HONG KONG DOCK...

PRETTY LADIES, IT APPEARS OUR ARRIVAL WAS NOT AS SECRET AS VYTALI MORKOVKIN PROMISED YOU.

MY APOLOGIES.

SOMEONE SEEMS *DETERMINED* TO KEEP ME FROM FINDING MY BROTHER.

<LEI FONG, DID YOU THINK YOUR RETURN WOULD GO *UNNOTICED*?>

<OUR CONTACTS IN MOSCOW SPOTTED YOU AND THE GYPSY WITH MORKOVKIN.>

<YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE *TRUSTED* THE SMUGGLER. HIS ROUTES ARE WELL KNOWN TO FENG HUANG.>

<FENG HUANG SHOULD TEACH HER *ERRAND BOYS* NOT TO TALK SO MUCH.>

KRAK!

STUPID MORKOVKIN! YOU SHOULD HAVE USED AN *ALTERNATE* LANDING STRIP!

NOW TO MAKE THIS SHOT *COUNT*.

HAH.

KROW

<TELL YOUR MISTRESS TO SEND *REAL* FIGHTERS NEXT TIME.>

WHUMP!

<YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE, WOMAN. GO BACK TO THE *WEST*.>

BEWARE, FORTUNE, THE WHIP HE CARRIES IS *ELECTRICALLY* CHARGED.

CRAK!

CAN'T BELIEVE I CAME TO CHINA WITH A WOMAN I BARELY *KNOW* AND A RUSSIAN I BARELY *TRUST*.

BUT I MUST SURVIVE THIS TO FIND KAZ.

<WE WERE TOLD YOU HAD BEEN INJURED WHEN YOUR DRAGONFLY CRASHED.>

<HOW CAN YOU WITHSTAND THE *VOLTAGE*?>

<DID NOT FENG HUANG *TELL* YOU?>

<I'M NOT HUMAN.>

YRK!

YOU, PRETTY LADY, ARE MOST UNBELIEVABLE.

DON'T GET TOO CLOSE.

FENG HUANG DOESN'T LIKE TO LEAVE TRACES OF HER FAILURES.

FWOOOSH

WHO ARE THEY?

UGH.

OUR TROUBLES HAVE JUST BEGUN. THERE WILL BE MORE.

BELOW THE MONASTERY LIBRARY...

I CANNOT ASSUME I HAVE GAINED MUCH TIME BY *PHASING* INTO THESE CATACOMBS.

NECROTEK IS CONSUMED BY HIS NEED TO POSSESS THE EYE. THAT DESIRE I UNDERSTAND *WELL*.

SKREEEEEEE

IT IS A *POWERFUL* AND *SEDUCTIVE* TALISMAN.

HAD I KNOWN *OTHERS* EXISTED, I MIGHT HAVE BECOME *SORCERER SUPREME*.

BUT SUCH *IDLE* SPECULATION WASTES TIME.

VOX TRANSFERRED THE AMULET TO ME KNOWING I AM BETTER PREPARED TO PLAY CAT AND MOUSE WITH THE DEMON.

BUT I DO NOT LIKE BEING *HUNTED*.

KLIK!

THE LIBRARIAN INDEXED MUCH OF THE VAST COLLECTION OF MYSTIC VOLUMES ONTO COMPUTER.

BY ACCESSING THE LIBRARY FILES, I HOPE TO FIND INFORMATION ON THIS CYBERSPAWNED DEMON.

< CROSS REFERENCE VISUAL SEARCH NAME AND VARIATIONS: NEKROTEK >

< SEARCHING >

< REF:
-ABDUL YOUSEF
-THE INFERNAL BESTIARY
-NEKROTEQUE
-POSSESSOR OF SOULS
-HOST OF THE BROKEN SPHERE >
< SEE:
-CAIUS OF LACEDAEMON
-DEMONPLAGUE OF SPARTA
-CAIUS CIRCLE (BINDING SPELL) >

< DOWNLOAD ALL FILES >

THINK THE *PARLOR TRICKS* OF SCIENCE CAN HIDE YOU, VON DOOM?

YOU CALL ME BY *NAME?*

BROTHER THEODORO'S *MEMORIES* BECAME MINE WHEN I POSSESSED HIS *SORRY* FLESH.

I KNOW *EVERYTHING* ABOUT YOU.

I CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH THE PAST THAT *ELUDES* YOU.

WHAT A *TRAGEDY* TO HAVE LOST THAT WHICH ONCE YOU HELD *SO* DEAR.

MARGARETTA?

THE WOMAN WHOSE LOVE ONCE *REDEEMED* AND *CURSED* YOU.

HOW *INFURIATING* IT MUST BE *NOT* TO REMEMBER THE TOUCH OF HER *HAND* AGAINST YOUR *SCARRED* FACE.

GIVE ME THE AMULET, AND I WILL COMPLETE THE *PUZZLE* OF YOUR LIFE.

NO!!!

I HAVE DEALT WITH YOUR *KIND* BEFORE. I WILL NOT DEAL WITH HELLSPAWN EVER AGAIN.

AARRGGHHH!! YOU HURT ME? HOW CAN THIS BE?

YOU OWE YOUR LIFE TO AN UNHOLY BOND OF *MAGIC AND* SCIENCE.

THAT MAKES YOU VULNERABLE TO MY "*PARLOR TRICKS*" AFTER ALL.

NOT AS VULNERABLE AS *YOU*, METAL-PLATED *FOOL!*

I WILL POSSESS THE IRON SKIN THAT HIDES THE WEAK FLESH WITHIN.

THE *VIRAL DEFENSES* I INSTALLED AFTER MY ENCOUNTER WITH FEVER *AREN'T* STOPPING NECROTEK'S ASSAULT.

WAIT... THE EYE AIDS ME AGAIN!

THE *LIGHT!* IT *BURNS!* A *POX* UPON AGAMOTTO AND *ALL* HIS EYES!

I'VE BEEN *REMISS*. IT IS THE *BOY*, NOT THE *MAN*, WHO CONTROLS THE *BLASTED EYE!*

AND I CANNOT WREST IT FROM THIS MECHANICAL MAN WHILE THE BOY STILL LIVES..

VOX!

ELSEWHERE, IN UNCHARTED AREA OF CYBERSPACE KNOWN AS *THE WASTELANDS*--

-- THE NETGLIDER KNOWN AS DUKE STRATOSPHERE PURSUES AN INVESTIGATION OF *OMINOUS* PORTENT.

BARON SAMEDI TOLD ME PARTS OF THE WASTELANDS HAVE BEEN *SHIFTING* AND *DISAPPEARING* LATELY.

NORMALLY THAT INSTABILITY WOULDN'T CONCERN ME HERE.

THE WASTELANDS ARE BUILT UPON DISCARDED AND UNSTABLE PROGRAM MATERIAL.

UH OH, THE GROUND IS *FRAGMENTING* BELOW US.

THIS ISN'T *NORMAL* WASTELAND SHIFT.

BA DDDOOOM

EASY, CHAOS!

LOOK AT THAT *GEYSER*, BOY.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S EATING AWAY THE VERY FABRIC OF THE WASTELAND LIKE *ACID*.

I HAVE A *BAD* FEELING ABOUT THIS.

AT THE CENTER OF THE VANDALIZED LIBRARY, VOX REMAINS SILENT AS ALWAYS--

-- UNAFRAID OF THE DEMON MANIFESTING BEFORE HIM, INTENT ON HIS DEATH.

NO FINAL WORDS BEFORE I TEAR YOUR SOUL APART, LITTLE ONE?

NO PLEAS FOR MERCY? NO ANGUISHED SOBS?

VERY WELL. REMAIN MUTE.

YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME IN THE NETHER PLANES TO SCREAM.

YOUR PURITY WILL HAVE NO PLACE IN THE WORLD TO COME.

BE GLAD YOU WILL NOT SEE THE AGE OF TORMENT AND CORRUPTION I SHALL UNLEASH ONCE I TAKE POSSESSION OF ALL THREE EYES.

HALT, NECROTEK!

VON DOOM. GOOD.

YOU SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF SEEKING YOU OUT AFTER I KILL THE BOY.

LET THE BOY GO, AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE EYE.

I THOUGHT YOU DID NOT DEAL WITH HELLSPAWN.

I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE.

AT LAST...

THE EYE IS MINE!

LOOK HOW IT SHUDDERS IN MY GRIP--

-- RECOGNIZING THE FORCE OF A SUPERIOR POWER.

NOW BEGINS AN ERA OF CHAOS THAT WILL MAKE EVEN THE AGE OF YOG N'GRITH PALE IN COMPARISON.

I SHALL POISON THE EARTH, DARKEN THE SKY, DRY UP THE OCEANS!

YOU WILL DO NOTHING.

YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLEN--

WAIT. ON THE MONITOR.

NO!!!

YOU HAVE DRAWN THE *CIRCLE OF CAIUS*--

--YOU COULD NOT HAVE *KNOWN!*

WE ARE IN A *LIBRARY*, DEMON.

IT MERELY TOOK TIME TO SCROLL THROUGH ALL INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR *PAST* APPEARANCES ON EARTH.

I WAS FORTUNATE THE *SPARTAN SORCERER RECORDED* THE SPELL HE USED TO *BIND* AND *BANISH* YOU.

WHILE I DO NOT HAVE THE THREE EYES OF AGAMOTTO FROM WHICH TO DRAW STRENGTH--

-- I HAVE WRIT THIS SPELL IN THE *CYBERSPACE* THAT *BEGAT* YOU--

-- AND THROUGH WHICH YOU WILL *RETURN* TO THE *GREY LANDS*.

NOOOOOOOO

OOOOOOOM!!!

OOOOOOO

FAR AWAY, THE GUARDIAN REBORN, OPENS HIS EYES—

-- AND HIS GAZE BURNS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

HE SENSES THE WIND SHIFTING DIRECTION BY A FRACTION OF A DEGREE.

HE HEARS THE MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS OF A CAT PADDING THROUGH THE NOISY GENERATORS THAT KEEP THE LEVIATHAN AIRBORNE.

HE TASTES THE FAINTEST TOXINS DISSOLVED IN RAIN CARRIED FROM THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY.

HYPER-AWARE, HE STANDS VIGILANT ON THE RAINBOW BRIDGE OF THE FLOATING CITY CALLED VALHALLA--

-- AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THOSE WHO WOULD VIOLATE THE SANCTITY OF THIS HALLOWED STRUCTURE--

-- AWAITING THOSE WHO WOULD CHALLENGE THE GODS.

MOORE ~ ALCATENA

"In common things that round us lie some random truths he can impart-- The harvest of a quiet eye, that broods and sleeps on his own heart."

—William Wordsworth

NEXT: THE FALL OF THE HAMMER!

- PREVIOUSLY, IN "FALL OF THE HAMMER" PARTS 1-3: PREYING ON THE BELIEFS OF THE RELIGIOUS CULT OF THOR, THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION BUILT A FLOATING CITY CALLED VALHALLA AND TRANSFORMED CANDIDATES INTO FALSE NORSE GODS. LEARNING THAT VALHALLA USED DANGEROUSLY UNSTABLE ANTIGRAVITY TECH, ALCHEMAX EMPLOYEE JORDAN BOONE ARRANGED TO BE TRANSFORMED INTO "LOKI," THEN SABOTAGED THE PROJECT BY ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF DOOM, RAVAGE, SPIDER-MAN, PUNISHER AND THE X-MEN, WHO BOARDED VALHALLA AND BATTLED THE FALSE GODS...

MARVEL COMICS

DOOM 2099

THE FALL OF THE HAMMER
PART 4 OF 5

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DAN DIM 93
SMITH

THE FLYING CITY IS CALLED VALHALLA, AFTER THE HALL OF HEROES IN FABLED ASGARD--

-- THE ETERNAL REWARD PROMISED VIKING WARRIORS WHO DIED VALIANTLY IN COMBAT.

NOW THIS MARVEL OF TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY TECHNOLOGY HAS, LIKE ITS NAMESAKE, BECOME A FIELD OF BATTLE--

-- WHERE GODS AND MORTALS CLASH.

WHAT PERFIDY IS THIS?

I RETURN TO MIDGARD AS I SWORE I WOULD--

-- TO LEAD THESE MORTALS INTO AN AGE OF UNDREAMED GLORY.

NOW I FIND THAT *TREACHERY*-- NOT JOY-- GREETS MY RETURN!

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS *BLASPHEMOUS ACT?*

BLAME THESE TWISTED AND SPOILED CHILDREN OF MIDGARD, MY SIBLING--

-- THEY CONSPIRE AGAINST YOU AND YOUR NOBLE INTENT.

BOONE, STOP PLAYING GAMES!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO *SHORT-CIRCUITED* THE ASGARDIAN'S BRAIN*--

* SEE X-MEN 2099 *5. --JOEY

YOU CANNOT REASON WITH A GOD OF LIES AND DECEIT--

-- EVEN A *FALSE* ONE.

BUT JORDAN WAS-- *IS* --MY *FRIEND*...

NONE OF THESE AESIR ARE THE GODS THEY CLAIM TO BE.

THEY ARE THE FABRICATION OF SCIENCE, CREATED TO EXPLOIT THE MANY THORITES WHO HAVE DESPERATELY AWAITED THEIR GOD'S RETURN.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, THE REAL THREAT IS *NOT* THESE ASGARDIAN *PLAY ACTORS*--

-- BUT THIS FLYING CITY WHICH HANGS *EXPLOSIVELY* OVER THE EARTH LIKE THE *SWORD OF DAMOCLES*--

--RAVAGE WORKS BELOW, ATTEMPTING TO FIX THIS AERIAL TIME-BOMB'S UNSTABLE ANTI-GRAV TECH.

LET'S BLOW THIS *MONSTROSITY* OUT OF THE SKY BEFORE IT DOES ANY *MORE* DAMAGE TO THE ENVIRONMENT.

THIS IS *INSANE*. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SHUTTING DOWN A *FUNCTIONAL* CITY-- NOT BLOWING UP A BUILDING.

DOOM SAVED MY LIFE ON THE WAY UP. IF HE WANTS TO RUMBLE WITH THE AESIR, I'M *THERE*.

LET'S EXPOSE THESE *PHONY* GODS FOR WHAT THEY ARE.

THOU DARE TO QUESTION MY DIVINITY?

ARROGANT MORTALS, I WILL NOT STAND FOR SUCH *IMPUDENCE!*

The ANVIL or the HAMMER

THE FALL OF THE HAMMER

Chapter 4

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
writer
PAT BRODERICK
penciler

JOHN NYBERG,inker JOHN COSTANZA,letterer
CHRISTIE SCHEELE,colorist JOEY CAVALIERI,hammer
and TOM DeFALCO,anvil

CHUNG

KLANNG

CANST THOU FEEL THE MIGHT OF *MJOLNIR*, AND STILL DOUBT THAT I AM THE ONE *TRUE* SON OF *ODIN*?

WHAT *HUBRIS* THESE MORTALS EVINCE TO CHALLENGE THE GODS.

DOEST THOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT *ALL* I DO, I DO IN MIDGARD'S *BEST* INTEREST?

THE *IONIC* ENERGY FIELD AROUND HIS HAMMER IS FAR *MORE* POWERFUL THAN MY READINGS *INDICATED*.

KRONK

I REMEMBER YOU FROM THE HISTORY *ARCHIVES*, DOOM--

-- EVIL GENIUS, BENEFICENT RULER, HERO SLAYER, WORLD BUILDER.

WHAT ROLE DO YOU PLAY IN *THIS* TIME?

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME, TRICKSTER?

DON'T BE SO *SURLY*. I SEEK ONLY TO ADVISE YOU *NOT* TO CONFRONT THOR *PHYSICALLY*.

CONSIDER THAT ALL HIS POWER STEMS FROM MJOLNIR. *ALL* HIS POWER.

WHY WOULD *YOU* BETRAY YOUR *BROTHER*?

HALF BROTHER. LOKI HAS NEVER BEEN *TRULY* OF ASGARD.

AND MY *LOYALTIES* ARE AS *CHANGEABLE* AS MY *FORM*.

BROTHER, *MOVE ASIDE!* THIS ARMORED MORTAL IS *MINE.*

I WILL MAKE HIM AN *EXAMPLE* TO *ALL* WHO WOULD DEFY THE AESIR!

MJOLNIR SHALL POUND THY METAL EXTERIOR INTO SLAG FOR THE DWARVES' FOUNDRIES.

LOKI WASN'T LYING WHEN HE SAID THE HAMMER WAS THOR'S POWER SOURCE--

--BY RECALIBRATING MY SENSORS TO EDIT *OUT* THE IONIC STATIC--

--- I CAN TRACE THE ENERGY GENERATING *FROM* MJOLNIR AND FLOWING *THROUGH* THE ASGARDIAN'S BODY.

I HAVE BUT TO *INTERRUPT* THAT FLOW...

MORTAL, WHAT ART THOU DOING?

NONE MAY HOLD MJOLNIR SAVE MYSELF AND ODIN--

WHOSOEVER IS WORTHY *INDEED.*

THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT THOU DOEST!

ON THE *CONTRARY*, I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT I'M DOING.

I'M BLOCKING THE *SOURCE* OF YOUR POWER.

LOKI-- I MEAN BOONE-- SAID ALCHEMAX PUT ALL OF THEIR GENETIC AND BIO-TECH TALENT INTO TRANSFORMING *NORMAL* HUMANS INTO AESIR.

DOOM IS A FORMIDABLE WARRIOR, BUT HIS MOTIVES ARE *SUSPECT.*

DOOM'S STANCHING THE CIRCULATION OF ENERGY THAT GIVES THOR HIS *STRENGTH.*

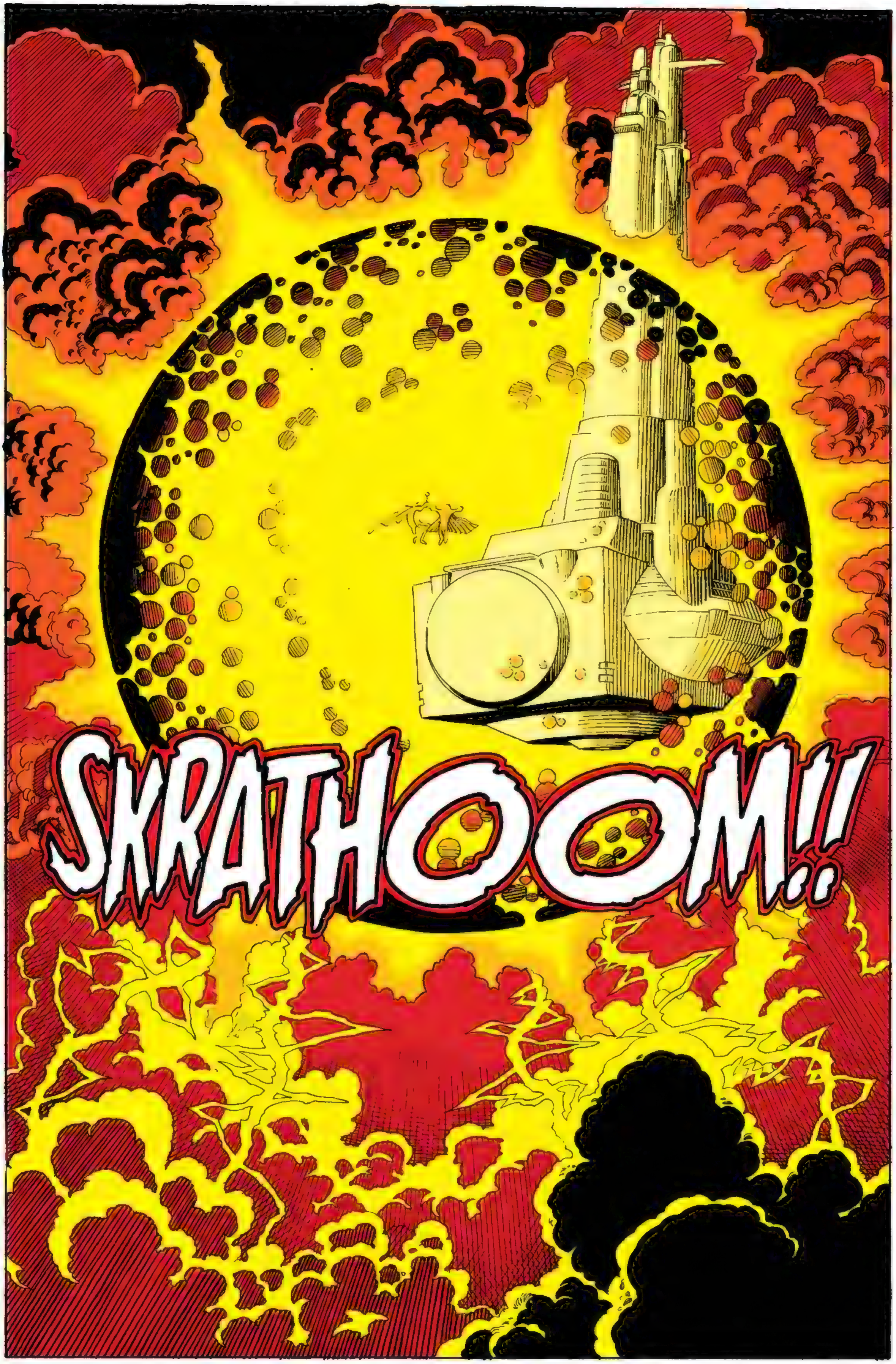
NO QUESTION EVERYONE'S OPERATING WITH THEIR OWN AGENDA HERE. *DOOM. RAVAGE. LOKI.*

UH-OH. HEIMDALL'S *DISAPPEARED.*

DON'T WORRY ABOUT *THAT*, KRYSTALIN--

-- WORRY THAT THE POWER BUILDUP BETWEEN DOOM AND THOR IS REACHING *CRITICAL MASS--*

AND IT'S ABOUT TO EXPL--


SKRATHOOM!!

KA-SSHH

THAT WAS SOME DROP.

I THINK EITHER OF THEM *SURVIVED* THE FALL--

-- OR IS THERE ONE BIG *ASGARDIAN AND ARMOR PANCAKE* AT THE CORNER OF TWENTY-EIGHTH AND PARK?

FITZ, I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT YOU.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ACTING LIKE YOURSELF SINCE *LUNA* DISRUPTED YOUR MIND.*

WE'RE *THOUSANDS* OF FEET UP IN THE AIR, PLAYING *TAG* WITH *GODS*--

HOW AM I *SUPPOSED* TO ACT?

* SEE X-MEN 2099 *4. --JOEY

BOONE, WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

THAT PSEUDO THOR MAY BE AN UGLY *STAIN* ON A DOWNTOWN STREET, BUT THAT DOESN'T LET *YOU* OFF THE HOOK.

HANK, OLD FRIEND, JORDAN BOONE'S *GONE*. I'M *LOKI* NOW. I'M THE GOD OF MISCHIEF.

YOU ARE *OUT* OF YOUR *MIND*, BOONE.

I THOUGHT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD UNDERSTAND. THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU, DOOM AND RAVAGE HERE TO HELP ME.

I'VE *SABOTAGED* ALCHEMAX'S BIGGEST PROJECT--

-- AND THEY GAVE ME THE POWER OF A *GOD* IN RETURN.

BOONE, WAIT!

VRR-BUMP

THE WHOLE CITY'S ROCKING LIKE A BOAT IN A STORM.

WHY AREN'T THE SHIP'S GYROSCOPES ADJUSTING TO THE ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE?

I THINK THE SHIP'S *CAUSING* THE ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE.

BOONE, WHAT'S *HAPPENING?* YOU SAID THE ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD WAS *UNSTABLE*--

-- AND I *MEANT* IT--

THE TOP BRASS AT ALCHEMAX *KNEW* THE SHIP'S REACTOR COULDN'T MAINTAIN THIS WEIGHT AT THIS ALTITUDE INDEFINITELY.

THEY *DESIGNED* VALHALLA TO FALL.

DOWNTOWN.

SECURE THE PERIMETER--

ANCHOR THOSE CRANES.

WE HAVE A GOLD PRIORITY CONTAINMENT.

ANY CITIZEN ENTERS THE ZONE, SHOOT HIM.

SO THAT'S THE GOD OF THUNDER.

I THOUGHT HE'D BE BIGGER.

EASY WITH THAT WINCH. GIV'ER SOME SLACK--

-- THAT HAMMER'S RADIATING ENOUGH CHARGE TO FRY HALF OF MANHATTAN.

RADAR CHECKED TWO FIGURES IN THE DESCENT. WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE?

WE FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF A SECONDARY IMPACT.

MAYBE NUMBER TWO'S BURNED UP IN THE FIREBALL--

-- OR MAYBE HE JUST DE-REZZED INTO THE ETHER?

UNLIKE THE POWERLESS THOR, I GRADUALLY PHASED MY BODY INTO INTANGIBILITY.

MY DENSITY SHIFT SLOWED MY DESCENT AND ALLOWED ME TO LAND UNHARMED.

MY ARMOR'S CLOAKING SYSTEM WILL ALLOW ME TO FOLLOW THIS RECLAMATIONS CREW AND DISCOVER--

"-- TO WHAT MASTER DO THESE STREET SWEEPERS DELIVER THEIR FALLEN GOD?"

UUUHHHNNN....

BY MY TROTH, I FEEL AS IF I HAVE BEEN KICKED BY ALL OF SLEIPNIR'S EIGHT HOOVES.

-- BUT WAIT-- I WAS LOCKED IN COMBAT WITH THE ARMORED MORTAL, DOOM, WHEN HE SOUGHT TO WREST MJOLNIR FROM MY--

MJOLNIR?!?

WHERE IS MY HAMMER?!

IT MUST BE NEAR. WITHOUT IT I CANNOT RETURN TO VALHALLA AND TO BATTLE.

HAS IT BEEN CONCEALED IN THIS STRANGE PLACE REEKING OF THE SORCERY MORTALS CALL SCIENCE?

WHY DOES THIS CHAMBER SEEM UNSETTLINGLY FAMILIAR?

NO. BEHIND THAT COLORED GLASS. IT CANNOT BE.

SIF.

YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKING A FEW EGGS.

MY GENETICISTS MISSED A CERTAIN STUBBORN DNA STRAND IN THE WOMAN WHO *RESISTED* THE SIF TRANSFORMATION.

WE WERE *UNAWARE* OF HER CELLULAR INCOMPATIBILITY UNTIL IT WAS MUCH TOO LATE TO FIND *ANOTHER* SUBJECT.

YOU ARE *RESPONSIBLE* FOR THE DEATH OF MY LADY SIF?

I SHALL MAKE YOU *HURT* A *THOUSAND* TIMES OVER, MORTAL!

THREATENING *ME*, THUNDER GOD? AN *UNWISE* COURSE OF ACTION.

COMPUTER, *RECONVERT* THOR SUBJECT.

SSSKZZZAKKZZZZZ

YOU'LL FIND THE REVERSE TRANSFORMATION *QUICKER* THAN THE ORIGINAL, BUT NO LESS *PAINFUL*...

AAA

AAA

... EH, REVEREND McADAM?

... HURTS...

OF COURSE IT DOES.

THE NANOTECH RECEPTORS WE PLACED IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM HAVE JUST *REVERSED* GEARS.

YOU'RE *CECIL McADAM* ONCE AGAIN, AN *ORDINARY*, *UNREMARKABLE* PRIEST OF THOR.

IT'S TOO LATE FOR *REPENTANCE*, REVEREND.

YOU DIDN'T HESITATE WHEN WE *OFFERED* YOU THE CHANCE TO BECOME THE GOD YOU SO *JEALOUSLY* WORSHIP.

YOU AND THE OTHER FIVE'S PSYCH PROFILES MATCHED YOUR GENETIC PROFILES.

THOR *HELP* ME... I AM *WEAK*...

MY LORD, I REALLY *WAS* THE GOD OF THUNDER.

FORGIVE ME.

TRANSFORMED, YOU WOULD *FORGET* YOUR "MORTAL" IDENTITY AND BELIEVE YOU WERE *TRULY* ONE OF THE AESIR.

NOW YOU CAN REMAIN A *SNIVELING* LITTLE PRIEST OR YOU CAN BECOME *THOR* ONCE AGAIN.

COMPUTER, CONVERT THOR SUBJECT.

SKKKZZZK

YOU'LL FIND MJOLNIR IN THE CASE TO YOUR *LEFT*.

NOW RETURN TO VALHALLA AND *REMEMBER*...

...IN THIS LIFE, I AM THE *ALL-FATHER.*

YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR HAND TOO *SOON*, AVATARR..

AS PART OF ALCHEMAX'S HIGHEST CIRCLES, I AM SURPRISED YOU HAVE BEEN SO *VISIBLE* IN THIS *CORPORATE DECEPTION.*

EDUARDO DEVARGAS UNDERESTIMATED YOU, DOOM. YOU ARE *MORE* THAN RESOURCEFUL.

I WILL NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE.

YOUR FALSE AESIR HAVE SERVED NO REAL FUNCTION EXCEPT TO INITIATE CONFLICT.

THAT WAS THE *POINT*. HEROES ARE A DANGEROUS ABSTRACTION. THEY BREED INDEPENDENCE.

-- AND ALCHEMAX IS A CORPORATION BUILT ON PUBLIC DEPENDENCE ON US FOR *EVERYTHING.*

I CHOSE TO CREATE MY *OWN* LARGER-THAN-LIFE HEROES TO CONTROL THEIR EFFECT ON THE PUBLIC.

HEROISM IS A *CONTAGIOUS* IDEA. IT SPREADS *QUICKLY*.

I LIVED DURING THE LAST EPIDEMIC.

THE FABLED AGE OF HEROES-- OR DID YOU CONSIDER IT A *PLAGUE* OF HEROES?

IN THAT *MORE INNOCENT* OF TIMES-- YOU WERE HARDLY THE REVOLUTIONARY *SWEETHEART*, DOOM.

I BELIEVE THE TERM WAS *DICTATOR.*

HAVE A *CARE*, AVATARR.

OR YOU WILL THREATEN ME *PHYSICALLY?*

YOU ARE WELCOME TO EXCERCISE THAT OPTION-- ALTHOUGH YOU MIGHT FIND MY *GAZE* TOO MUCH TO BEAR---

-- OR YOU CAN DEAL WITH THE MORE *IMMEDIATE* AND *LIFE-THREATENING* PROBLEM OF VALHALLA.

WE BOTH KNOW THE TECHNOLOGY KEEPING THE CITY AFLOAT IS *DETERIORATING.*

WHILE THE DR. DOOM OF *LEGEND* WOULD CARE *NOTHING* FOR THE LIVES ENDANGERED BY A CRASH OF THAT MAGNITUDE--

-- IN THIS DECADE, YOU'VE BEEN INFECTED WITH A *CONSCIENCE.*

CAN YOU LET ALL THOSE PEOPLE, ON BOARD VALHALLA AND BELOW IT, *DIE?*

I WON'T BE *BLACKMAILED...*

THINK OF IT AS *NEGOTIATION.*

IF ALCHEMAX'S BEST AND BRIGHTEST COULDN'T MAKE THE ANTI-GRAV SYSTEM *LAST*...

... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK A *CRAZED WEREBEAST* CAN DO THE TRICK?

THIS CITY WILL COLLAPSE FROM THE *WEIGHT* OF ITS BUILDERS' *FOLLY*.

ANALYZE THE CAUSES OF THIS CATASTROPHE WHEN WE'RE ON THE *GROUND!*

RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE TO GET PEOPLE TO THE *EMERGENCY DROP VEHICLES.*

BLOODHAWK, GET THEIR ATTENTION!

PEOPLE ARE PANICKING!

NO WONDER. THE CITY'S *REELING* ON IT'S AXIS.

I THOUGHT RAVAGE WAS *REPAIRING* THE ENGINES.

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO *DIE*, HUMANS, FOLLOW *ME!*

RECOGNIZE THE *WINGED* CHARACTER? NOT AN ASGARDIAN. A *DEGEN* MAYBE?

THAT'S A *RELIEF*. I THOUGHT WE MISSED THE *HEADLINER*, AND EVERYONE WAS RACING FOR AN *EXIT*.

WHATEVER HE IS, HE'S TRYING TO FORCE THE CROWD TO THE *LIFEBOAT* EDVS.

THEY WATCHED THEIR GOD PLUMMET TO EARTH AND NOT RETURN. THEIR BELIEFS ARE *SHATTERED*.

NOW THEY'RE *SCARED* AND MOVING FROM PANIC INTO *HYSTERIA*.

I CAN HELP WITH THAT.

LISTEN UP, PEOPLE! THIS IS THE HARBINGER OF THOR SPEAKING--!

BLAM!

YEOW! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO--

THEY *WEREN'T* LISTENING TO YOU.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS! I *HATE* WASTING AMMO WHEN I DON'T HAVE A *TARGET*.

SO LET'S MAKE THIS EVACUATION *ORDERLY*!

OR ELSE!

UMM... PUNISHER, DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT A ZOO ON VALHALLA--?

FOOL, DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE ONE OF THE MANY FORMS TAKEN BY--

LOKI, PATRON SAINT OF THE COSMIC JEST.

IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT YOU *JOIN* US, SPIDER-MAN.

WITHOUT YOU, *NONE* OF THIS WOULD HAVE COME TO PASS.

YOUR APPEARANCE WAS THE *FIRST TO* WORRY ALCHEMAX'S HIGHER ECHELON.

WHAT ARE YOU *RAMBLING* ABOUT?

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU, THAT *SMUG* DELIVERY...

JORDAN?!?

YOU *KNOW* ME?

GET *DOWN*, SPIDER-MAN!

I'VE GOT THE *TRICKSTER* IN MY SIGHTS--

-- WHEN YOU'RE A GOD, YOU'VE GOT NO ONE TO PRAY TO.

SORRY TO BREAK YOUR GOD-KILLING *FERVOR*, BUT I'M NOT STAYING FOR THIS LITTLE *RAGNAROK*--

-- THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS IS ALWAYS SUCH A *DRAG*.

CIAO.

HA! EVERYTHING I DREAMED HAS COME TO PASS.

THE HEROES HAVE CHALLENGED THE *CORPORATION* GODS.

ALCHEMAX *LOSES* AND I *WIN*.

WHEN THEY TAKE AWAY THE REST OF THE AESIR'S GODHOOD-- I'LL STILL HAVE *MINE*.

FREE TO SPREAD *GLORIOUS* CHAOS AROUND THE WORLD AND *BACK* AGAIN.

AH, WHAT A *SATISFYING* GAME.

YOU USED TO BE MORE *FUN*...

BOONE, YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES. HELP US GET THE SHIP BACK ON-LINE.

DID XI'AN GIVE YOU THIS BOY SCOUT CONSCIENCE-- OR DID YOU HAVE ONE *ALL* ALONG?

THWAK!

YOU'RE SIMPLY *JEALOUS* OF MY PRANK. I'VE *OUTCLASSED* YOU, FRIEND.

I CAN GO *ANYWHERE*. BE *ANYONE*.

OR *ANYTHING*.

SEE YOU AROUND, HANK.

BOONE!

I HATE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME HANK.

KER-CHUNDT!

MEANSTREAK, HURRY! THIS IS THE *LAST* EDV. TIM'S ALREADY *INSIDE*.

WHAT ABOUT *BLOODHAWK*?

I WILL *FLY* DOWN.

I WANT TO WATCH THIS FLYING ABOMINATION'S CRASH FROM THE AIR.

AVATARR KNEW THAT I WOULD CHOOSE TO SAVE THIS FLYING VESSEL--

-- BUT HE WAS MISTAKEN AS TO MY MOTIVES.

I WILL RIGHT THE FLOATING CITY NOT OUT OF COMPASSION--

-- BUT BECAUSE I HAVE MY *OWN* PLANS FOR VALHALLA.

AND I WILL *ENACT* THEM... ONCE I RESUME *INTANGIBILITY* AND FLOAT THERE.

LOKI *VANISHED*. PLAIN AND SIMPLE. HE *SPLIT*.

I'D BET HE USED HIS SHAPE-CHANGING ABILITY TO *SLIP AWAY* IN THE EVACUATING CROWDS ON ONE OF THE EDVS.

THERE ARE OTHER AESIR, AND I HAVE ORDNANCE FOR EACH OF THEM.

WHEN I FIND THEM, I'M TESTING *THEIR* FAITH.

DO NOT WORRY, PUNISHER.

THOR IS ON HIS WAY, FILLED WITH ASGARDIAN RAGE.

WHO?

KA-CHING KA-CHING KA-CHING

RECOGNIZE AN ALLY, PUNISHER.

TOGETHER WE WILL SALVAGE VALHALLA.

YOU'RE DOOM?

DOOM WAS A *BAD* GUY. I REMEMBER FROM THE RESEARCH I WAS DOING ON THE *ORIGINAL* SPIDER-MAN.

HISTORY *REPEATS.*

YOUR TWENTIETH CENTURY COUNTER-PARTS WERE EQUALLY *ANNOYING.*

YOU KNEW THE ORIGINAL?

THIS IS NO TIME TO SPEAK OF THE PAST. WE ARE THE *FIRST* OF A *NEW* AGE.

THESE AESIR WERE CREATED TO *STOP* US.

TO STOP THE *WORLD*. EITHER WE FIND THE REMAINING AESIR, OR WE--

DOOM! IT'S ABOUT *TIME.*

EVERYTHING I'VE TRIED IN THE ENGINE ROOM *HASN'T* WORKED.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME WE HAVE LEFT BEFORE--

... THIS PIECE OF THE SKY *FALLS* ON NEW YORK CITY!

"You must be master and win, or serve and lose, grieve or triumph, be the anvil or the hammer." —Goethe

FALL OF THE HAMMER CONCLUDES IN PUNISHER 2099 #131

NEXT ISSUE: Doom journeys to China 2099!

■ IN THE CONCLUSION OF "FALL OF THE HAMMER," DOOM RALLIED THE HEROES TO BATTLE AND DEFEAT ALCHEMAX'S NORSE GODS. THEN, HE AND RAVAGE SWAPPED OUT VALHALLA'S FAILING ANTI-GRAV ENGINES WITH A DEVICE OF HIS OWN DESIGN, SUCCESSFULLY KEEPING THE CITY-SHIP AFLOAT.

HE WAS BORN KAZIMIERZ MAKSYMILIAN ROSIKON IN THE SMALL CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY OF LATVERIA--

-- BUT HIS NAME AND BIRTHPLACE NO LONGER HOLD MEANING FOR HIM.

HE RECALLS NOTHING OF THE LIFE HE ONCE LOVED, HIS PAST LOST LONG AGO.

UNAWARE OF THE PASSING OF TIME, HE STARES INTO THE BLACK EXPANSE OF SPACE, AS HE HAS DAY AFTER DAY AFTER DAY--

--WAITING.

IN HIS HEAD, HE HEARS THE CHORUS OF ANOTHER WORLD--

--EXTRATERRESTRIAL MELODIES AND RHYTHMS THAT HAVE BEEN BURNED INTO HIS BRAIN..

<GYPSY...>

<...MY ASTROPHYSICISTS ASSURE ME THAT CONTACT IS IMMINENT...

<...BUT, PERHAPS, YOU ARE ALREADY AWARE OF THAT.>

HE IS OBLIVIOUS TO THE WORDS OF THIS WOMAN, HIS CAPTOR IN THIS FOREIGN PLACE.

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT SOON HE WILL FULFILL THE TASK FOR WHICH HE HAS BEEN RESURRECTED.

SOON.

LATVERIA.

SLOW DOWN!!!

YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

NOT THAT YOU CARE. YOU'RE TOO *YOUNG* TO APPRECIATE THE CONCEPT OF *MORTALITY*.

DON'T BE SUCH AN *OLD* MAN, ANDREI.

YOU *SAID* YOU NEEDED TO GET TO ANTIKVA IN A HURRY.

BUT IN *ONE* PIECE, WIRE!

THIS OLD CROWD SWEEPER'S *PERFECTLY* SAFE. I *STRIPPED* AND *CUSTOMIZED* IT MYSELF.

WITHOUT THE CAB WEIGHT, IT GOES *TWICE* AS FAST!

JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN *BARREL* ROLL THIS FLYING SERVING TRAY, DOESN'T MEAN YOU *HAVE* TO.

EVER SINCE XANDRA LEFT FOR WAKANDA YOU'VE BEEN ACTING *MORE* AND *MORE* FOOLISH.

RISKING YOUR LIFE'S NOT GOING TO BRING HER BACK.

XANDRA? I DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT HER ANYMORE.

YOU'RE A *SORRY* LIAR, BOY. YOU MAY HIDE YOUR EYES WITH ALL THE *NEUROCYBERTECH*--

--BUT YOU WEAR YOUR *HEART* ON YOUR SLEEVE.

I DO *NOT*, ANDR--

BLESSED MOTHER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

Heaven's Net

BROUGHT TO YOU BY FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

JOHN MOORE
PAT BRODERICK
JOHN NYBERG
JOHN COSTANZA
GEORGE ROUSSOS
JOEY CAVALIERI
and
TOM DEFALCO
BORDER GUARD

IT'S UNGODLY HUGE! *WHATEVER* IT IS...

DON'T YOU *EVER* PLUG INTO THE INTERNATIONAL *INFONETS?*

THIS IS ALCHEMAX'S *AERIAL COLONY--*

--VALHALLA!

AND NOW IT'S IN GOJRADIA?

THIS HAS GOT TO BE ONE OF DOOM'S MAD SCHEMES. HE'S FINALLY LOST HIS SENSES INSIDE THAT ADAMANTIUM ARMOR.

DOOM'S NOT CRAZY, HE'S *BRILLIANT!* HE REAPPEARED AFTER DECADES TO RECLAIM LATVERIA.

AND HE'S ZEFIRO. HE'S ONE OF US!

YOU'RE TOO *TRUSTING*, WIRE. DOOM CONCEALS MORE THAN A SCARRED FACE BEHIND THAT MASK.

WELCOME, MY ZEFIRO BRETHREN, TO *VALHALLA*, NEWEST *PROVINCE* OF LATVERIA.

NOW I'M GENUINELY WORRIED. HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN A GOOD MOOD.

WHAT A SCORE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SNAKED VALHALLA FROM ALCHEMAX!

ALCHEMAX CHOSE TO *ABANDON* THEIR FLOATING CITY---

--ASSUMING THAT THE ANTIGRAVITY TECHNOLOGY WAS IRREPARABLY AND DANGEROUSLY *FLAWED*.

IN FACT, THEY WERE QUITE PREPARED TO LET VALHALLA *FALL* ON NEW YORK, NO MATTER THE COST IN LIVES AND PROPERTY.

WITH SOME EFFORT, I *MODIFIED* THE SHIP'S REACTORS, PREVENTING SUCH A CATASTROPHE--

-- AS WELL AS *ENDING* THE ATMOSPHERIC TURBULENCE ITS SYSTEMS WERE CAUSING.

THE INFONETS SAID *THOR* HAD RETURNED AND CLAIMED VALHALLA FOR THE NEW AESIR!

WHAT MEGA-CORPORATE *IDIOT* CAME UP WITH THAT *BLACK* SOBRIQUET!

NAMING A CITY AFTER THE MYTHOLOGICAL HALL OF THE DEAD'S *INVITING* DISASTER.

MAYBE. VALHALLA ALMOST *CRASHED* INTO THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY.*

*IN THE "FALL OF THE HAMMER" CROSSOVER.

ALCHEMAX CREATED A PANTHEON OF *FALSE* ASGARDIANS TO MANIPULATE THE PUBLIC'S DESPERATE NEED FOR GODS AND HEROES.

WITH THE AID OF THE *CURRENT* VARIATION ON THE COSTUMED HEROES OF THE LAST CENTURY--

-- THE AESIR WERE DEFEATED AND REVEALED TO BE MERELY A CORPORATE *FABRICATION*.

AND I *MISSED* IT? I *NEVER* GET TO GO ANYWHERE.

VICTOR VON DOOM. YOU HAVE MADE A *GRAVE* ERROR!

TYLER STONE! I HAVE BEEN ANTICIPATING COMMUNICATION FROM ALCHEMAX.

*FROM ALMOST EVERY SHOCKIN' ISSUE OF SPIDER-MAN 2099.-- JOEY

ALCHEMAX DEMANDS THE IMMEDIATE RETURN OF ITS PROPERTY.

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD *WALTZ* OFF WITH VALHALLA *WITHOUT* ANY REPERCUSSION!?

WITHOUT *MY* INTERVENTION, VALHALLA WOULD HAVE *DESTROYED* MOST OF MANHATTAN.

ATTEMPT TO RECLAIM IT AT YOUR OWN RISK.

YOUR COUNTRY DOESN'T HAVE THE RESOURCES TO TAKE ON ALCHEMAX INTERNATIONAL.

IF YOUR COMPANY COULD NOT WREST LATVERIA FROM TIGER WYLDE--

-- WHAT HOPE HAVE YOU AGAINST ME?

I RULE THE EARTH AND SKY OF LATVERIA!

HONG KONG.

ONE OF THE *GREATEST* CITIES IN THE WORLD-- AND WE'RE LOCKED UP IN A *TOY FACTORY*.

WE SHOULD BE OUT PAINTING THE TOWN RED.

WE'RE HERE TO FIND MY *BROTHER*, MORKOVKIN, NOT TO PLAY *TOURIST*.

BESIDES, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY *INCONSPICUOUS*.

WE'D BE EASY TARGETS FOR THOSE DEMON MASKED THUGS THAT ATTACKED US AT THE DOCKS.*

BUT, FORTUNE, WITH YOUR *PSYCHIC* ABILITIES, WE COULD BREAK THE BANK AT EVERY *CASINO* IN THE CITY.

*DOOM 2099 #14.

MY GIFT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY. WHATEVER *PRECOG* TALENT I HAVE IS FOCUSED THROUGH THE TAROT.

RIGHT NOW, ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE'RE IN *BAD* SHAPE.

I KEEP TURNING OVER THE *TOWER*, A SIGN OF UNEXPECTED AND DANGEROUS THINGS TO COME.

WHAT DO YOUR CARDS TELL YOU ABOUT *VYTALI MORKOVKIN*, DASHING PILOT AND TOAST OF MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE?

DO THEY SPEAK OF THE PASSION WHICH YOU TRY UNSUCCESSFULLY TO HIDE FROM THIS POOR RUSSIAN PEASANT?

I DON'T NEED THE CARDS TO TELL ME THE *OBVIOUS*.

THE FOOL.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE LITTLE HELP IN FINDING KAZ...

FORTUNE IS *RIGHT*, VYTALI. YOUR SERVICES AS PILOT ARE NO LONGER NEEDED.

THROUGH CONTACTS, I HAVE ASCERTAINED WHERE FORTUNE'S BROTHER IS BEING HELD--

-- AND ARRANGED *TRANSPORTATION* TO TAKE US THERE.

LEI FONG? I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR YOU ENTER.

AND YOU'VE FOUND KAZ? IS HE OKAY?

YOU WILL DECIDE THAT WHEN YOU SEE HIM. *COME*. WE HAVE ONLY A SHORT TIME TO REACH HIM.

WE MUST LEAVE HONG KONG ISLAND FOR *LANTAU* IMMEDIATELY.

<YOU AND THE FOREIGN EVIL WOMAN WILL GO *NOWHERE*, LEI FONG! *NOWHERE*!>

<YOUR ACTIONS DISHONOR FENG HUANG!>

DEMONS!

<I SALUTE YOU, SHADOW, FOR *FEW* CAN FOLLOW ME AND ESCAPE MY NOTICE-->

<HOWEVER, YOUR VICTORY IS *SMALL* AND *SHORT*-LIVED-->

<-- AS THIS *NEURAL GRENADE* WILL PROVE.>

WOOM

IT APPEARS THAT YOU LADIES STILL NEED A STURDY RUSSIAN *CHAPERONE*, EH?

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, MORKOVKIN--

DON'T *WASTE* YOUR BREATH, LEI FONG.

IF THE COSSACK WANTS TO COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE--

-- ALL HE HAS TO DO IS BE *QUIET*.

PRETTY GYPSY LADY, YOU *WOUND* MORKOVKIN. I AM *SENSITIVE* GUY--

SHUT UP AND GET IN THE CAB.

FENG HUANG MONITORS HER DEMONS BY *SUBCUTANEOUS* IMPLANTS.

ONCE SHE REALIZES THOSE HAVE FAILED, SHE WILL SEND *MORE* AFTER US.

THERE ARE *HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS* OF CABS IN HONG KONG. NOT *ALL* OF THEM ACTUALLY *PICK UP* PASSENGERS.

THIS WILL TAKE US TO THE FERRY WHICH WILL GET US ACROSS THE WEST LAMA CHANNEL TO *LANTAU*.

ONCE THERE, WE SHOULD HAVE TIME TO MAKE THE SHUTTLE BEFORE ITS *LAUNCH*.

SHUTTLE? AS IN *SPACE* SHUTTLE?

KRAKOOOOM

TAXI

LEI FONG, I'VE *PUT UP* WITH YOUR *TACITURN* NATURE BECAUSE YOU'RE THE *ONLY* LINK I HAVE TO MY MISSING BROTHER.

BUT I'M TIRED OF *BLINDLY* FOLLOWING YOU. I NEED *ANSWERS*.

WHY IS THIS FENG HUANG DETERMINED TO KEEP US AWAY FROM MY BROTHER?

FORGIVE ME, I FIND CONVERSATION DIFFICULT, AND PREFER TO LET MY *ACTIONS* SPEAK FOR ME.

BUT THAT IS NO EXCUSE. YOU DESERVE AN EXPLANATION.

FIVE YEARS AGO, *SEISMIC* ACTIVITY IN THE HIMALAYAS UNEARTHED A LARGE METALLIC SPHERE OF *UNKNOWN* ORIGIN.

AN ON-SITE RESEARCH TEAM DETERMINED THAT THE SPHERE HAD BEEN BURIED BENEATH THE SNOW FOR *CENTURIES*.

GAINING ENTRY INTO THE SPHERE, THE SCIENTISTS FOUND EVIDENCE OF AN *INCOMPREHENSIBLE* ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.

THEY ALSO FOUND YOUR *BROTHER*, HELD IN *METABOLIC STASIS* BY THE SPHERE'S SYSTEMS.

WHEN THEY REVIVED YOUR BROTHER, HE SPOKE IN AN ALIEN TONGUE, UNRECOGNIZABLE TO LINGUISTS.

BY SAVING YOUR BROTHER'S LIFE, THE SPHERE HAD TURNED HIM INTO A *ROSETTA STONE*...

...THE KEY TO A CIVILIZATION, THE SCIENTISTS DETERMINED, PREPARING TO MAKE *FIRST CONTACT* WITH EARTH.

HE'S VERY SICK, BUT, IN ONE OF HIS RARE MOMENTS OF LUCIDITY, HE TOLD ME ABOUT YOU.

I FEAR FENG HUANG WILL QUICKLY *DISCARD* HIM ONCE HIS USEFULNESS HAS *ENDED*.

KAZ BECAME A *COMMODITY* FOUGHT OVER BY THE MERCANTILE HOUSES OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC--

-- AND WON BY *FENG HUANG*, THE RED PHOENIX OF THE SOUTH, THE UPSTART WHOSE ECONOMIC MANEUVERS HAVE CHALLENGED THE RULING CADRES.

CURRENTLY SHE HOLDS YOUR BROTHER PRISONER ABOARD HER ZERO GRAVITY PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURING STATION.

AND HOW DO *YOU* KNOW ALL THIS?

I USED TO *LEAD* FENG HUANG'S DEMONS.

HONG KONG'S CENTRAL DISTRICT, BUSTLING HEART OF THE INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL NETWORK.

WHEN HONG KONG WAS RETURNED TO THE PRC, THE LEADERS NAMED THE ISLAND A SPECIAL ECONOMIC ZONE--

-- ALLOWING CONTINUED COMMERCE WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD.

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

THE LIN ZEXU GALLERY OFF OF QUEEN'S ROAD OFFERS AESTHETIC RARITIES TO WEALTHY BUYERS--

-- BUT TO A MORE EXCLUSIVE CLIENTELE, THE GALLERY BROKERS INFORMATION.

YOU'VE NO NEED FOR *FURTHER* PRETENSE.

I *BEG* YOUR PARDON. I DON'T FOLLOW.

THE *HOLOGRAPHIC ENHANCEMENT SYSTEM* YOU USE TO DISGUISE YOURSELF WAS DETECTED BY OUR SENSORS THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED THE GALLERY--

-- MISTER POET.

YOUR SECURITY'S IMPROVED SINCE THE *LAST* TIME I WAS HERE.

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE *LATVERIAN* WOMAN, CORRECT?

I'M *IMPRESSED*. WHILE I KNOW THE GALLERY'S THOROUGH IN ITS DATA GATHERING...

... I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS PRESCIENT.

THE *NEON ANGEL* ALERTED US TO YOUR ARRIVAL.

WHILE SHE EXPRESSED *DISPLEASURE* AT YOUR PRESENCE IN CHINA--

-- SHE REQUESTED WE ALLOW YOU FULL USE OF OUR RESOURCES TO TRACK THIS GYPSY DOWN.

LATVERIA.

OOOO SCARY.

NOBODY HERE. NOT EVEN RATS.

IT'S LIKE A *GHOST SHIP*.

BUT THE *ACOUSTICS* IN THE ENGINE ROOM ARE PHENOMENAL.

STRICTLY FLATLINE *KIDSTUFF*. I *CHECKED*.

WIRE, THERE IS A GAMEROOM ON THE FIFTH DECK WHERE YOU MAY OCCUPY YOURSELF.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

TRYING TO DETERMINE WHAT BECAME OF THE SHI'AR *STARGATE* THAT ONCE ALLOWED INTERSTELLAR ACCESS TO OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

THERE ARE ALSO NO TRACES OF A *SKRULL SATELLITE* AND A *XANDARAN OUTPOST*. THOSE RACES USED TO MONITOR *EARTH*.

IN YOUR ADMITTEDLY *SHORT* LIFETIME, WIRE, HAVE YOU BEEN AWARE OF ANY *ALIEN* PRESENCE?

NO. I MET A GLIDER ONCE WHO CLAIMED *GALACTUS* WAS A HOAX PERPETRATED BY AN AMERICAN CORPORATION.

NO, THAT CELESTIAL WAS NO SHADOW CABINET'S CREATION.

I WONDER WHY, AFTER THE LAST CENTURY'S *CONTINUAL* EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTERFERENCE--

-- THERE IS ONLY *ONE* DEEP SPACE SIGNAL DIRECTED AT EARTH.

-- AND ONLY TWO LONE SIGNALS ANSWERING FROM THIS PLANET.

IT IS AS IF EARTH HAS BEEN *ABANDONED* BY THE INTERSTELLAR EMPIRES.

KANCHENJUNGA, NEPAL.

TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, A SNOW CRUISER SPEEDS THROUGH BEAUTIFUL AND IMPOSING TERRAIN.

I WAS UNABLE TO TRANSLATE THE DEEP SPACE SIGNAL.

OF THE TRANSMISSION POINTS RESPONDING TO THAT SIGNAL, ONE ORIGINATED FROM A COMMERCIAL SPACE PLATFORM.

THE *SECOND*, MUCH *LESS* APPARENT TO DETECTION, WAS BROADCAST FROM THIS ELEVATION.

I MUST DISCOVER THE INTENTION OF THIS NEW ALIEN RACE; THEN, MANIPULATE IT TO *MY* ENDS--

-- AS I ONCE DID THE OVOID RACE.

THE SIGNAL EMANATES FROM THIS LOCATION, BUT THERE IS NOTHING BUT SNOW AND EARTH.

SO I WILL HAVE TO PRY *BELOW* THE SURFACE--

PING PING PING

-- TO LEARN WHAT HIDES *BENEATH*.

FROOOM

FASCINATING. A *TITANIUM* SHELL ALLOYED WITH OTHER *NON-TERRESTRIAL* METALS.

STRESS PATTERNS IN THE SURROUNDING ROCK INDICATE *IMPACT*.

THIS CONSTRUCT *LANDED* HERE.

BUT FROM *WHERE?*

THIS ROUGH-HEWN ENTRANCE WAS *RECENTLY* MADE.

IF I AM NOT THE *FIRST* TO FIND THIS VESSEL, WHO HAS BEEN HERE *BEFORE* ME?

THIS BECOMES MORE INTRIGUING BY THE MINUTE.

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I HAVE HAD OPPORTUNITY TO REVEL IN THE JOY OF *PURE* DISCOVERY.

WAIT. MY SENSORS REGISTER AN ATMOSPHERIC *DISTURBAN--*

FWOOMP!

ウォーロック
ガントレット

LANTAU, LARGEST OF HONG KONG'S OUTLYING ISLANDS--

THIS IS *KUANYIN AIR BASE.*

I AM CERTAIN FENG HUANG, WHO PRIDES HERSELF ON HER *RUTHLESSNESS* --

-- APPRECIATES THE IRONY OF OWNING AN AIRSTRIP NAMED AFTER THE GODDESS OF *MERCY.*

AND WE'RE GOING TO *HIJACK* THAT SHUTTLE?

FINDING KAZ HAS BECOME MORE *COMPLICATED* THAN I *EVER* DREAMED.

A SMALL TASK FOR ONE WHO OVERTHREW *TIGER WYLDE.*

I WOULD NOT HAVE BROUGHT YOU IF I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD HELP YOUR BROTHER.

TIGER WYLDE? THE *CYBORG?* MORKOVKIN IS *IMPRESSED,* PRETTY GYPSY.

BUT TO MORE *IMPORTANT* MATTERS-- HOW DO WE GET *INSIDE?*

PUT *THIS* ON.

EACH SUIT CONTAINS AN *ELECTRONIC SIGNATURE PLATE* THAT THE SECURITY SYSTEM WILL REGISTER AS A REPAIR WORKER.

PLUS THE MASK SHOULD OBSCURE YOUR *OCCIDENTAL* FACES.

STAY *ALERT,* AND MOVE *QUICKLY.* THE LAUNCH PAD IS ALMOST FULLY *AUTOMATED.*

ONCE INSIDE, WE HAVE ONLY TO DISPATCH THE SHUTTLE'S *SKELETON CREW.*

I DON'T LIKE THIS.

YOU CAN REMOVE YOUR GEAR.

WE WILL BE IN FLIGHT BEFORE THE BASE VIDEO LOGS ARE REVIEWED, AND OUR PRESENCE IS *DISCOVERED*.

IF YOU WERE PART OF ALL THIS, WHY DID YOU *LEAVE* FENG HUANG?

IDEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES.

I REFUSED TO ACCEPT HER *WORD* AS *LAW*.

HI HO, KIDS! NICE DAY TO BE LAUNCHED INTO--

STAY BACK, FORTUNE--

-- SPACE.

WHUMP!

LEI FONG, *NO!*

YOU *KNOW* THAT MAN?

LEI FONG, STOP. *PLEASE*.

POET'S A *FRIEND*--

-- ONE I CAN'T SEEM TO *LOSE* THESE DAYS.

YOU COULD'VE *TOLD* ME YOU FOUND OUT KAZ WAS ALIVE, FORTUNE.

I HAD TO HEAR IT FROM *WIRE*.

YOU HAVE THE SWAGGER OF A WESTERN PALADIN.

WHO *HIRED* YOU TO FOLLOW US?

"*NO ONE*. I'M NOT GETTING PAID FOR THIS.

"WHEN KAZ AND I WERE TOO STUPID TO KNOW BETTER, WE DECIDED TO EXPLORE CHINA IN SPITE OF TRAVEL *RESTRICTIONS*.

"WE'D BOUGHT A *NAVIGATIONAL UNIT* FROM A GURKHA IN KATHMANDU WHO *SWORE* IT WOULD HELP US CIRCUMVENT BORDER PATROLS.

"WE *MISSED* THE CHINESE GUARD, BUT WALKED *STRAIGHT* INTO AN *AVALANCHE* IN THE HIMALAYAS."

I SURVIVED. KAZ *DIDN'T*.

OR SO I *THOUGHT*.

IF YOU *INSIST* ON JOINING US, PLEASE STAY OUT OF *MY* WAY.

I WILL *NOT* BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR SAFETY.

THERE IS THE SHUTTLE CREW.

I WILL INFORM THEM THAT THEIR MISSION HAS BEEN *SCRUBBED*.

WHOOMF

NICE.

SO WHO'S GOING TO *PILOT* THE SHUTTLE?

LEI FONG WAS TRAINED FOR MORE THAN YOU SUSPECT, AMERICAN.

AND I MOST HAPPILY WILL ACT AS HER *CO-PILOT*.

DO I *KNOW* YOU, MORKOVKIN?

NO, I WOULD *REMEMBER*.

STRAP IN. IT WILL TAKE US *HALF* A DAY TO REACH THE STATION.

AFTER *ALL* THIS *TIME*, TO FINALLY SEE KAZ AGAIN...

LORD, WHY DIDN'T I *KNOW* HE WAS ALIVE? WHY DIDN'T I *FEEL* IT?

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP. *NONE* OF US KNEW.

IGNITION *SEQUENCED*.

IF IT WASN'T FOR *LEI FONG*--

SHE POSSESSES A *REMARKABLE* COMPASSION--

-- A TRAIT UNCOMMON TO THOSE BIRTHED IN A CRECHE AND *ENGINEERED* FOR BATTLE.

COUNTING DOWN.

WHAT ARE YOU RANTING ABOUT, MORKOVKIN?

I AM AFRAID YOU CAN NO LONGER BE OF HELP TO THE PRETTY GYPSY--

-- YOU'LL BE NO HELP TO *ANYONE*.

AHHH!

ZZZZT!

MORKOVKIN, WHAT HAVE YOU--

BARROOOM

ELEVEN HOURS LATER, THE SHUTTLE DOCKS AT THE CHIN SHAN PLATFORM, ORBITING ABOVE THE EARTH.

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE NO *POSSIBLE* MEANS OF ESCAPE.

I REMEMBER NOW WHERE I KNOW YOU FROM, MORKOVKIN.

YOU WERE ONE OF THE RED SQUARES THAT STOLE THE EMERGENCY RELIEF SUPPLIES BOUND FOR HURRICANE-RAVAGED MICRONESIA TWO YEARS AGO.

I HELPED *RETAKE* THE SHIPMENT, BUT THE RINGLEADERS *ESCAPED*.

THE *MORAL* VICTORY IS *YOURS* THEN, AMERICAN. IT IS A *SMALL* ONE.

NOW WE MEET OUR *HOST*, AND *REMEMBER*, IF YOU TRY ANYTHING FOOLHARDY--

-- I WILL *KILL* YOU.

I UNDERESTIMATED *FENG HUANG*--

-- I ASSUMED HER INFLUENCE DID NOT REACH THE SMUGGLERS OF THE FREE RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

MY INFLUENCE EXTENDS *EVERYWHERE*, MY SISTER--

FENG HUANG!

YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE ARRIVED IN TIME FOR A *MOMENTOUS* OCCASION--

-- IN WHICH I REAP THE ***BENEFITS*** OF ***FIRST*** CONTACT WITH A NEW ALIEN RACE.

SAVOR THESE COMING MOMENTS, MY GUESTS, FOR THEY WILL BE YOUR ***LAST***.

"Heaven's net is indeed vast. Though its meshes are wide, it misses nothing."
—Lao-Tzu

NEXT: REUNION

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DOOM 2099™

DICTATOR FOR LIFE

I *THOUGHT* YOU'D WANT TO SEE THIS, DOOM.

I DOWNLOADED AND SURFED THROUGH SOME STRAY FILES FROM THIS ALCHEMAX WISE GUY, JORDAN BOONE. WAS *HE* EVER THEIR *GOLDEN BOY!* HE GOT A PRACTICALLY *UNLIMITED* BUDGET TO WORK UP SOMETHING CALLED *VIRTUAL UNREALITY.*

BEFORE HE *PARTED COMPANY* WITH 'EM, HE MUST'VE TRIED TO *LINK* THAT PROJECT WITH *CYBERSPACE!*

"VIRTUAL *UN*REALITY" "CYBERSPACE."

THE WORLD IS NOT ONLY STRANGER THAN WE KNOW, IT IS STRANGER THAN WE *CAN* KNOW.

ALL TO THE GOOD. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND I EXPLOIT *IGNORANCE.*

WHAT ANOMALY LED YOU TO BELIEVE SOMETHING CHANGED IN CYBERSPACE?

HIM, I TAKE IT?

WHO IS HE? WHO WOULD CHOOSE TO REPRESENT HIMSELF AS A RAGGED BEGGAR IF THEY COULD BE ANYTHING THEY WANTED ON THE NET?

THAT'S NOT A CHOICE, IT'S A LITERAL REPRESENTATION. HE'S WHAT HE SEEMS TO BE -- A MAN FROM BEFORE THE DARK AGES... OR AT LEAST, HIS *ICON.*

QUESTION IS, DOOM, HOW COULD A FEEB LIKE THAT ACCESS THIS PLACE? NOT MANY SILICON CHIPS IN A BALE OF HAY.

DON'T SPEAK SO SOON. THE MARKS ON HIS FACE INDICATE THAT IN HIS CULTURE... HE WAS A *PRINCE.* USE YOUR GLOBAL ACCESS TO *ADDRESS* HIM.

YOU... THE ONE CALLED "*DOOM*".

YOU ARE THE ONE I HAVE COME SO FAR TO *FIND.*

WHAT DO YOU NEED OF ME?

IT IS NOT WHAT I NEED. IT IS WHAT THE *WORLD* NEEDS FROM YOU.

DEMANDS OF YOU.

YOU BEAR AN *IRON HAND*. PERHAPS IT IS *SYMBOLIC* OF THE IRON HAND YOU *MUST* WIELD!

CRETIN! PRETENDER TO THE THRONE!

HOW *DARE* YOU SPEAK TO THIS MAN OF WHAT HE "MUST" DO! YOU ARE NOT FIT TO SHINE HIS *BOOTS*!

LET HIM SPEAK INSTEAD TO A PEER... *ATTILA, GREATEST OF THE HUNS!*

TRULY... I SEE MYSELF REFLECTED IN *YOU!*

YET, YOU DISAPPOINT!

YOU ARE THE *GREATEST* TO SIT UPON THE THRONE OF POWER, BUT YOU HAVE NEVER DONE WHAT YOU... AND *ALL* OF US... HAVE SET OUT TO DO...

... ASSUME THE *ULTIMATE*. THE *SUPREME* POWER... *EMPEROR* OF THE *WORLD!*

YOU KNOW YOU *WANT* IT.

SO YOU HAVE NO *EXCUSE*. WHAT YOU *WANT* IS *YOURS*.

YOU HAVE HAD ACCESS TO *MEANS* THAT WOULD OUTSTRIP *FAR* OUR WILDEST IMAGINATIONS!

WHAT ARE YOU *WAITING* FOR?

I SHOULD BE *FLATTERED* THAT MY REPUTATION PRECEDES ME...

...AND TRULY IT *HAS* PRECEDED ME... SOME SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS TO *YOUR* TIME, ATTILA.

SUCH AN ASCENT TO POWER, I'VE FOUND, REQUIRED MY WILL AGAINST THE MAJORITY. WHERE WOULD I FIND THOSE WILLING TO BE GOVERNED? WHERE WOULD I FIND THE CONSENSUS TO RULE?

AGAIN YOU DISAPPOINT. *NO TRUE* MAN OF POWER EVER NEEDED A CONSENSUS...

BUT IF YOU *WISH* ONE, HERE IT *IS*...

DOOM... CAESAR!

MY VOTE IS CAST! *DOOM* FOR *PRESIDENT!*

EMPEROR DOOM!

GIVE US DOOM!

WHO *SPEAKS?* WHO MAKES THIS MANDATE?

STAN LEE PRESENTS

Long Live... King Doom the FIRST!

ERNIE COLON STORY&ART · *ROD OLLERENSHAW* LETTERS · *MIKE THOMAS* COLORS · *JOEY CAVALIERI* EDITOR · *TOM DeFALCO* KING

C'EST MOI, YOUR EMPEROR, NAPOLEON THE FIRST!

T'SING DAO, GENGHIS THE KHAN!

AND I, ALEXANDER, WHO WEPT WHEN THERE WERE *NO MORE* WORLDS TO CONQUER!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF TEARS, WHELP.

ET TU, DOOM? WILL YOU REFUSE OUR HELP IN GAINING THE GREATEST POWER OF ALL?

COME, COME. EVEN BEHIND THAT STEEL MASK, YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR FEELINGS ARE *BETRAYED*. YOU ARE IMPRESSED AREN'T YOU?

EVEN A BIT... *HUMBLED?*

BY WHAT? AN ASSEMBLAGE OF HISTORY'S GREATEST *LOSERS?*

LOSERS? LOSERS OF WHAT?

I HAVE A *STABLE* LARGER THAN LATVERIA!

IF I AM A LOSER, I HAVE LOST MORE THAN YOU HAVE GAINED IN A LIFETIME!

I DON'T THINK HE IS READY TO ASSUME COMMAND.

LOOK AT THE RAGTAG BAND OF FOLLOWERS! THESE ARE RESOURCES FOR AN EMPEROR?

AND WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME USE?

AN *ARMY*, DOOM.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD ONE LIKE THIS?

BRAVE, BRUTAL AND BLOODTHIRSTY...

...THE FIGHTING MEN OF A *HUNDRED CENTURIES*...

...FROM ROME AND CARTHAGE... MONGOLIA AND MACEDONIA, ODESSA AND OLYMPIA!

UNQUESTIONING... AND *UNSTOPPABLE!*

THEY ARE WITHOUT NUMBER... AND AS *ONE* FALLS, A SCORE MORE TAKES HIS PLACE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, DOOM?

AH... YOUR ANSWER IS *PLAIN.*

NOT NEARLY AS PLAIN AS YOUR *REASON* FOR THE GENEROUS OFFER.

LET *ME* ELUCIDATE

SHAKESPEARE SAID "THE EVIL MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM... THE GOOD IS OFT INTERR'D WITH THEIR BONES."

EVEN THE MOST *DESPOTIC* OF LEADERS BROUGHT *SWEEPING* CHANGE TO THE REPUBLICS THEY *SUBJUGATED*.

ALTHOUGH WE WROTE HISTORY IN *BLOOD*, TOO EASILY IT WAS WIPED AWAY! WE LIVED BY THE SWORD... AND THE CHANGES WE BROUGHT DIED BY THE SAME SWORD!

NO MATTER *WHO* BUILT THE LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA ...IT WAS DESTROYED BY VANDALS NONETHELESS...

I MYSELF BROUGHT A NEW WORD FOR DEFEAT INTO THE LANGUAGE... THE DAY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BUT NOW IS A CRITICAL TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN IN 2099, THERE IS GREAT DISORDER UNDER HEAVEN, AND THE SITUATION IS EXCELLENT FOR A MAN LIKE DOOM.

NOW COMES THE OPPORTUNITY TO LAY DOWN LAWS AND VALUES OF... PERFECTION THAT WILL STAND FOR *ALL* TIME. SUCH AN UNDERTAKING MUST HAVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST CAPTAIN AT ITS HELM.

THE GREATEST?

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO *ARGUE*.

IF DESTINY BECKONS EVEN HERE IN THIS ENDLESS EXPANSE, WHO AM I TO IGNORE THE CALL?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LETTING YOURSELF IN FOR? IT'S ONE THING TO RULE THE WORLD...

...BUT "THE WORLD" IS DEFINED AS A MUCH BIGGER PLACE THAN WHEN ANY OF THESE GENTLEMEN TRIED TO CONQUER IT WITH MERE ARMIES.

THE TERRITORY OF CYBERSPACE. THE REALM OF THE MYSTIC. THE DIMENSIONS JORDAN BOONE LINKED UP TO IN VIRTUAL UNREALITY. THE NANOTECH SPHERE. TO SAY NOTHING OF SPACE...

THE *GLOBE* MAY HAVE GROWN SMALLER IN 2099... BUT THE *UNIVERSE*...

THE *UNIVERSE* INDEED, WIRE.

THE UNIVERSE CONTINUES TO EXPAND.

BETTER TO EXPAND ONE'S HORIZONS WITH IT, NO?

GENTLEMEN... WHEREVER THE ROAD HEADS... WHATEVER THE CHALLENGE...

DOOM WILL LEAD!!

"WHAT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MY NEW ORDER REQUIRES...

"...IS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD ORDER BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY."

THE DESPOTS AND TINPOT DICTATORS OF THE WORLD'S NATIONS HAVE HAD A FREE RIDE FOR TOO LONG.

THEY HAVE DONE NOTHING BUT FEED THEIR FAT COFFERS FROM THE DAY THEY FIRST HELD HIGH OFFICE.

THEY MUST BE *CLEARED*. LET THEM GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE NEW REGIME. AS THE BIBLE SAYS, THE LAST SHALL COME FIRST AND THE FIRST SHALL COME LAST.

"...FOR THE TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'."

WHAT?

NOTHING. SOME OLD TUNE DUKE STRATOSPHERE USED TO BE FOND OF. NEVER UNDERSTOOD IT MYSELF.

SO WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THESE GUYS WHO USED TO BE RUNNING THE SHOW?

DO? WE *EXECUTE* THEM.

WITHOUT A TRIAL?

A TRIAL? WHY, YES, YES, OF COURSE, THERE MUST BE A TRIAL.

BUT WE ARE EMULATING ONE OF THE GREATEST JURISPRUDENTIAL SAGES OF ALL TIME, THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

I DON'T GROK.

"SENTENCE FIRST, VERDICT AFTERWARD."

"AND OF COURSE, HER MORE FAMOUS COMMAND.

"OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!"

BY THE WAY... YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS "EMPEROR" OR "YOUR HIGHNESS." IS THAT CLEAR?

C-CLEAR AS A SCHEMATIC, DO-- YOUR HIGHNESS.

BUT WHY ARE YOU SO EAGER TO SEE THESE LEADERS KILLED?

CERTAINLY NOT BECAUSE THEY POSE A THREAT TO YOU?

"CERTAINLY NOT" IS CORRECT.

"FIRST, WE ELIMINATE THE CRIMINAL CLASS.

"THEY WERE A BURDEN ON THE OLD SOCIETY.

"THEY WILL NOT BRING DOWN THE NEXT ONE. MY NEXT ONE!

"NEXT, THERE IS THE MILITARY, STEEPED IN TRADITION, A TRADITION THAT HAS OUTLIVED ITS USEFULNESS AND CANNOT SEE PAST ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSE!"

I HAVE GIVEN MY LIFE TO THE SERVICE! I *DEMAND* A MILITARY EXECUTION! A FIRING SQUAD!

DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?

"HANG HIM."

BUT, DOO -- EMPEROR DOOM,,, ALL THESE MEN,,, ALL THESE LIVES,,,

,,, ARE EXPENDABLE IN 2099.

WHY DO YOU FEEL FOR THEM, WIRE? WHAT GRINDING WHEELS HAVE I SET IN MOTION THAT *SOCIETY* HAS NOT?

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE FATE I OFFER THEM, AND THE ONE POLITE SOCIETY PROFFERS, IS THE *SPEED* AT WHICH IT ARRIVES.

LIKE CAESAR, LIKE NAPOLEON, LIKE HAMMURABI, I NOW PROCLAIM A NEW AND *PERFECT* UNIVERSAL SYSTEM OF LAW.

THESE JUDGES, BECAUSE OF THEIR HUMAN NATURE, CANNOT APPROACH THE IMPARTIALITY THEY PRETEND.

JUSTICE IS NOT BLIND TO THEM, THEY SEE CLASS AND RACE TOO CLEARLY.

COMPUTERS, PROGRAMMED WITH EVERY LEGAL PRECEDENT, USE THE BEST OF HUMAN REASON, WHILE AFFECTING MACHINE-LIKE PRECISION.

THEY WILL TRY CASES ON THE DATA THEY ARE FED,,, THAT IS, THE *MERITS* OF THE CASE.

THESE JUDGES WILL BE,,, SUMMARILY *DISMISSED.*

AND THE MILITARY?

HOW DO YOU KEEP THEM FROM RISING UP AGAINST YOU?

HOW DO YOU KEEP A GENERAL FROM THINKING HE CAN RUN THINGS BETTER THAN...THE EMPEROR?

GETTING RID OF THE MILITARY? *HOW?*

BY ELIMINATING THEM *ENTIRELY!*

BY FIRST ELIMINATING *BORDERS.*

BORDERS ARE AN EVIL. *BORDERS* ARE THE REASON MEN SIGN UP TO FIGHT AND DIE. *BORDERS* INSPIRE THE FOOLISH PRIDE OF NATIONALISM. TOO MANY HAVE DIED *PROTECTING* BORDERS!

UNDER MY REIGN, THE MAP WILL BE *REDRAWN*. ALL BORDERS *ELIMINATED*. THERE WILL BE BUT *ONE* HOMELAND!

MINE!

GENTLEMEN...

...WE HAVE PLACED OUR TRUST IN THE RIGHT MAN.

WE... ALL OF US... HAVE MADE OUR *OWN* BORDERS. THROUGH TIME, *WE* DECIDED WHERE THE MARKERS WERE TO BE PLACED.

WE HAD NOT THE *MEANS* TO PLACE OUR BANNER AT *ULTIMA THULE*.

A WORLD UNITED UNDER ONE FLAG! IT CAN BE DONE! IT IS MY *WILL!*

THIS PRESENTS A BIT OF A PROBLEM...

WHAT NATION WOULD WANT TO HAVE ITS BORDERS ERASED... ITS NATIONAL IDENTITY MELDED WITH A NEIGHBOR IT PROBABLY *HATES?*

SETTLING BORDER FEUDS THAT HAVE LASTED FOR CENTURIES ISN'T GONNA HAPPEN OVERNIGHT.

THAT SO-CALLED FOOLISH NATIONAL-ISM RUNS PRETTY DEEP. YOU'LL GET RESISTANCE.

RESISTANCE?

I THINK *NOT.*

ONE OF OUR GENERALS APPEARS ON THE HORIZON. HIS REPORT WILL CHANGE YOUR THINKING, WHELP!

AS *YOU* COMMAND, EMPEROR DOOM... SO SHALL IT BE!

A WORLD *PACIFIED* AT LAST... BROUGHT TO HEEL BENEATH *ONE* BANNER... SO SHALL IT BE!

AND SO SAY WE ALL!

MY ARMY IS READY FOR ITS FINAL RIDE!

WE THIRST FOR THAT FOR WHICH WE WERE BORN!

WE THIRST FOR... BLOOD!

BEWARE, DOOM!

UNITING ALL MEN UNDER A COMMON BANNER MAY NOT BE ENOUGH... IF THE HUN SPEAKS TRULY.

YOU CAN CURB MEN'S LOYALTIES, BUT NOT THEIR APPETITES... ESPECIALLY IF THEIR APPETITES RUN TO *BATTLE*... TO *WAR!*

MAYBE SO, MAYBE NO.

AT LAST, SOMETHING I CAN CONTRIBUTE... SOMETHING THIS BRAVE NEW WORLD NEEDS.

IF I'M GOING TO BE AN ARCHITECT OF THIS NEW WORLD ORDER, IT DESERVES FAR MORE THAN IT'S GETTING FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!

WHY SHOULD ONLY THE WARRIORS OF HISTORY DECIDE THE FUTURE...

...WHEN IT NEEDS *PHILOSOPHERS!*

NEED? WHO AMONG US CAN SAY WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS?

DO ANY OF US REALLY KNOW?

ALL I KNOW IS HOW MUCH I DO *NOT* KNOW.

GIVEN THE EXTENT TO WHICH WE'VE BEEN *HEEDED* THROUGH THE AGES, MANKIND COULD NOT POSSIBLY NEED PHILOSOPHY *LESS.*

THAT'S DEBATABLE. A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY INCLINETH MAN'S MIND TO ATHEISM, BUT DEPTH IN PHILOSOPHY BRINGETH MAN'S MINDS ABOUT TO RELIGION.

ON THE SUBJECT OF RELIGION...

I FURTHER BELIEVE THAT--

GUYS! GUYS! CAN'T I GET A SIMPLE ANSWER HERE?

SIMPLE ANSWERS?

ISN'T THAT WHAT DOOM OFFERS?

POINT TAKEN.

LIKE ALL PHILOSOPHY STATES... IF I WANT AN ANSWER, I'VE GOT TO FIND IT MYSELF.

AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE. I JUST HOPE I CAN FIND IT...

"...SOMEWHERE IN THE CHAOS DOOM CAUSED!"

IT'S OVER!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!

THEY CAME MARCHING AT US *TEN DEEP!* I THOUGHT THEY'D *NEVER* STOP MARCHING!

BUT ONCE THE LAST ONE DROPPED, I --

NO, IT CAN'T BE!

WE'VE SLAUGHTERED THOUSANDS OF THEM AND STILL THEY KEEP COMING!

RELOAD!

WE WILL FIGHT AND *DIE* ON THIS BORDER IF NEED BE!

MY FATHER AND BROTHERS *DIED* TO PRESERVE THIS LAND... AND I TOO WILL SPILL MY BLOOD IF NEED BE!

WE WILL DO... WHATEVER IT TAKES...

"...FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES!"

I DID NOT FORESEE THIS!

PACIFICATION SHOULD HAVE BEEN *EMBRACED* BY NOW. THE WORLD SHOULD BE *GRATEFUL* FOR REMOVING THE TASK OF GOVERNING FROM THEIR SHOULDERS!

STILL THEY RESIST ME! WHY? WHAT HAVE THEY TO GAIN?

A FOREIGN EMOTION CREEPS UPON ME... *DOUBT.*

MY SENSE OF PURPOSE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO BE SO CLOUDED!

DOOM!

WHO ADDRESSES ME SUCH? IT IS *EMPEROR DOOM* TO SUCH AS YOU.

THE *PEOPLE* WILL DECIDE HOW YOU ARE TO BE ADDRESSED.

THEY WISH ME TO BRING YOU THE NEWS...

THESE MEN YOU HAVE PUT TO *DEATH*--

MEN WHOSE LIVES YOU'VE PLAYED *GOD* WITH--

INNOCENT, LOYAL SUBJECTS, *ALL* OF THEM.

HERE'S THE *PROOF.*

IF *DOUBT* DOES *INDEED* CROSS YOUR MIND--

--I'M NOT SURPRISED.

YOU, WHERE HAVE *YOU* BEEN?

SEARCHING FOR A MAN WHO *COULD* HELP US IN THIS *DILEMMA.*

INDEED?

AND WHO IS THIS SAGE? FROM WHAT NAMELESS LAND AND TIMELESS TIME IN VIRTUAL REALITY HAVE YOU DRAGGED HIM?

I FOUND HIM WHERE I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED IN THE *FIRST* PLACE...

...LATVERIA.

HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PRINCE OF THE ROYAL BLOOD OR SOMETHING. I NEVER *QUITE* GOT IT *STRAIGHT.*

YOU PUP!

YOU CALL YOURSELF *ROYALTY...*

...*CLOAK* YOURSELF IN YOUR MASTERY OF THE REALM OF THE MYSTIC... AND THE DIMENSIONS BEYOND!

I SAY THAT YOU ARE A *FOOL.*

YOU HAVE SURROUNDED YOURSELF WITH THE DEPOSED DESPOTS OF HISTORY... YOU HAVE MADE THEM YOUR MENTORS... AND THEY HAVE TAUGHT YOU *NOTHING.*

THEIR LESSON IS THIS... *NO ONE MAN* CAN HOLD DOMINION OVER *ALL.*

THIS MUST CEASE.

IF YOU CONTINUE TO SLAUGHTER THE INNOCENT... YOU WILL RULE OVER A DESERT OF DEAD BODIES...

...A WASTE-LAND OF CARNAGE AND RUIN...

YOU WILL ACHIEVE THE PERFECTION YOU SOUGHT ...THE WORLD WILL LIVE UP TO YOUR HIGH STAND-ARDS... BECAUSE THE ONLY MAN LEFT STANDING WILL BE *YOU.*

BUT I TELL YOU, NO MATTER HOW *GREAT* YOU ARE... YOU WILL *ALWAYS* MEET SOMEONE... WHOSE POWER IS FAR *GREATER!*

YOU CANNOT SPEAK TO ME *THUS.*

HERE, *MINE* IS THE *ULTIMATE WORD! THE ULTIMATE POWER!*

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I AM HERE, DO YOU?

DO YOU WISH TO SEE POWER?

BEHOLD!

THIS IS MYSTIC POWER BEYOND YOUR KEN!

YOUR ARMIES? GONE!

YOUR STRANGLE-HOLD ON THE WORLD'S RESOURCES? GONE!

YOUR CHANCE TO CONTROL THIS PLANET'S FUTURE? GONE, JUST AS QUICKLY!

MY MAGIC IS STRONGER. IT COMES FROM THE *WELL-SPRING* FROM WHICH *YOURS* FLOWS. BUT MINE IS TEMPERED WITH THE EXPERIENCE... AND WISDOM OF *AGE*.

IF YOU LIVE AS LONG AS I HAVE... YOU *MAY* SOMEDAY WIELD THE POWER THAT COULD HAVE BEEN YOURS...

...THE LEGACY OF YOUR GYPSY FOREBEARS... THE INHERITANCE YOU HAVE SQUANDERED.

PERHAPS NO ONE IN *YOUR* DISTANT TIME HAS EQUALLED YOUR SORCERY MELDED WITH SCIENCE...

...BUT THERE WAS A TIME THE "MASTERY" YOU DISPLAY WOULD SHAME A *NOVICE*... AND I AM FROM THAT TIME!

MY LORE HAS BEEN *FORGOTTEN*--

JUST AS MY LORE WILL FORCE *YOU* TO *FORGET* YOUR VISIT TO THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES... AND ALL THAT HAS TRANSPIRED HERE!

IT WILL BE AS IF YOU -- AND I -- HAD NEVER ARRIVED!

MY HEAD --

SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY HEAD...

WHOSE VOICE IS THAT?

WIRE! WHERE *ARE* WE?

I DOWNLOADED AND SURFED THROUGH SOME STRAY FILES FROM THIS ALCHEMAX WISE GUY JORDAN BOONE. WAS *HE* EVER THEIR GOLDEN BOY! HE GOT A PRACTICALLY *UNLIMITED* BUDGET TO WORK UP SOMETHING CALLED *VIRTUAL UNREALITY*.

PFAGH! I HAVE NO TIME FOR "UNREALITY"!

ONLY THE PRAGMATIC CONCERNS OF THE REAL WORLD MERIT MY ATTENTION!

WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY FIND HERE THAT WOULD BE WORTH MY TIME?

"Whenever kingship approaches tyranny it is near its end, for by this it becomes ripe for division..." —Nicholas of Oresme

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BRODERICK

X-M 2099™

RADIAN™ REVEALED

RADIAN and REUNION

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE – PLOT • PETER DAVID – SCRIPT • PAT BRODERICK – PENCILER
JOHN NYBERG – INKER • JOHN COSTANZA – LETTERER • CHRISTIE SCHEELE – COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI – DOOM • TOM DEFALCO – DOOM-DA-DOOM- DOOM
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

SINCE YOU...

...*UNFFF*...

... ARE A *NEWCOMER* TO OUR VERDANT SPHERE, I AM INCLINED TO GRANT YOU SOME *LATITUDE*.

YOU PERCEIVED *ME* AS AN *INTRUDER* HERE IN YOUR HIDDEN DOME IN NEPAL. IN SOME *DISTANT* MANNER RELATING TO THE *MORALITIES* OF LESSER BEINGS, I IMAGINE I *DO* COMMIT TRESPASS.

HENCE, YOUR ATTACK AGAINST *MY* PERSON.

DO YOU *SEE*, YOU GREAT GLOWING BUFFOON? LET *NONE* CLAIM THAT DOOM IS *TOTALLY* WITHOUT COMPASSION.

HOWEVER, COMPASSION MUST *NOT* BE MISINTERPRETED FOR WEAKNESS.

UNDERSTAND, THEN, THAT I DO WHAT I AM ABOUT TO BECAUSE YOU *MUST* LEARN...

... THAT ON *THIS* WORLD, AS ON *ALL* WORLDS, *ACTIONS* HAVE *CONSEQUENCES*.

AND TO ATTACK *DOOM* IS TO SUFFER SOME OF THE MORE *DIRE* CONSEQUENCES THIS PLANET HAS TO OFFER.

YOU ARE... UNAFFECTED?

NO. NOT POSSIBLE.

YOU ARE, HOWEVER, QUITE *GIFTED* IN CONCEALING THE IMPACT MY ASSAULT HAS HAD ON YOU.

AND A *SECOND* BARRAGE WILL CERTAINLY...

EH?

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

PRESUMPTUOUS *FOOL! RELEASE ME IMMEDIATELY!*

YOU PUSH MY TOLERANCE *TOO FAR!* !--

... I...

...

HE ABANDONS ME... AS IF I WERE A PEST CAUGHT IN FLY PAPER!

HOW DARE YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON THE SOVEREIGN RULER OF LATVERIA!

CRE=R

SO. AWED BY SUPERIOR FIRE POWER, YOU TURN TO DIPLOMACY INSTEAD. BUT I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH YOUR ALIEN LANG--

-- WAIT! AN IMAGE COALESCES!

"BUT WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SHOW ME?"

YOU SEE, FENG HUANG? WHEN MORKOVKIN PROMISES...

MORKOVKIN DELIVERS.

THE LITTLE GYPSY WAS SO ANXIOUS TO FIND HER BROTHER ONCE MORE, THAT IT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY FOR ME.

NOT SO EASY THAT ANYONE COULD HAVE DONE IT, MIND YOU. I SIMPLY WISH TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I CAN HANDLE GREATER CHALLENGES THAN THIS ONE WITH EQUAL FACILITY.

YOU SEEM TO BE UNDER THE IMPRESSION, RUSSIAN...

... THAT THIS CHALLENGE IS CONCLUDED!

WRONG! YOU'LL PAY FOR RENDERING ME UNCONSCIOUS!*

URKK!

KRAAA

KEEP *AWAY* FROM HER! SHE IS *MINE!*

MINE SINCE *BIRTH.*

OR DID YOU *TRULY* THINK YOU COULD STAND AGAINST ME, LITTLE SISTER?

UNH!

YOU HAVE FAILED *UNTIL* THIS POINT...

... SO WHAT SELF-INFLATED BURST OF EGO *MADE* YOU THINK *THIS* TIME WOULD BE ANY *DIFFERENT?*

YOU, LEI FONG, ARE *UNWISE...*

... AND *UNGRATEFUL...*

... AND...

OH DEAR. *UNCONSCIOUS* AGAIN.

SHAME... JUST GETTING... MY SECOND WIND...

OH, GET *UP*, MORKOVKIN. WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT? YOU WEREN'T MUCH OF A MAN TO *BEGIN* WITH.

I LOVE YOU, TOO.

OH, YES? WHICH ONE WERE *YOU?*

GYPSY... YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS *MUST* COME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU HAVE *WANDERED* INTO.

LEI FONG AND I ARE FROM THE SAME GENETICALLY ENHANCED FAMILY. OUR PARENTS ARE DESCENDANTS OF THE RED PRINCES OF CHINA...

... AND WERE *WEALTHY* ENOUGH TO DESIGN THEIR CHILDREN TO BE PART OF A LONG-LIVED *DYNASTY*.

WE WERE BRED TO BE WARRIOR *KINGS* AND *QUEENS*.

YOUR INSOLENCE, MORKOVKIN, I NEED *NOT* ENDURE. *LEI FONG'S* MISTAKE WAS NOT REALIZING YOU WERE IN MY EMPLOY.

YOUR MISTAKE WAS NOT SHUTTING UP.

THAT WILL BE RECTIFIED... *NOW*.

KLONK

UNHHHHH

ALL RIGHT, FENG HUANG. *ENOUGH* OF THIS GAME.

YOU CAN *END* THIS CHARADE, BECAUSE I'LL TELL YOU, IT WILL BE A *COLD* DAY IN *HELL* BEFORE VYTAL! MORKOVKIN BEGS FOR FORGIVENESS.

HELL IS FILLED WITH *FLAMES*, MORKOVKIN.

BUT IF IT'S *COLD* YOU WANT, I'VE GOT *JUST* THE PLACE FOR YOU.

I *DID* WHAT YOU WANTED! IT'S BEEN AN *EXCELLENT* BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT!

WHY THROW IT AWAY OVER A FEW THOUGHTLESS *JIBES*, EH?

HUANG! STOP THIS! LET ME *OUT!*

YOU WANT *OUT*, MORKOVKIN? AS YOU WISH.

NICE LADY.

FOOL.

DID YOU *TRULY* THINK THAT DOOM COULD BE STOPPED SO EASILY?

WHY WASTE TIME KEEPING YOU ON THE *DEFENSIVE* IN SENSELESS COMBAT...

... WHEN I CAN HANG "HELPLESS" IN STASIS, WATCHING YOU GO ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS...

... AND RECORDING YOUR *EVERY* MOVE WITH MY ONBOARD INSTRUMENTATION.

YOU MANIPULATE LIGHT ENERGY TO SERVE YOUR ENDS. THAT MUCH IS *CLEAR.*

THERE IS NOTHING THAT *YOU* CAN DO, THOUGH, THAT DOOM *CANNOT* EMULATE.

WHERE DID YOU DEPART *TO*, HOWEVER?

PERFECT. I'VE TIED INTO THE DOME TECHNOLOGY, AND RECREATED THE ENERGY PATTERNS THAT ENABLED YOU TO *DEPART*.

LET US FIND OUT.

I TRUST THE LESSON OF MORKOVKIN HAS NOT BEEN *WASTED* ON YOU?

LESSON? WHAT LESSON IS THERE TO BE LEARNED?

THAT YOU ARE A WARPED, SADISTIC *PIG?* WE *ALREADY* KNEW THAT.

GOOD PLAN, LEI. MAKE HER *ANGRY*.

A LITTLE MORE STRATEGY LIKE THAT AND WE'LL *ALL* BE DANCING THE ZERO-G MAMBO.

YOU ARE *INCORRECT*, MR... POET, IS IT?

FOR LEI FONG TO *ANGER* ME, HER WORDS WOULD FIRST HAVE TO BE OF *INTEREST*... WHICH THEY ARE *NOT*.

MISS FORTUNE, HOWEVER, *DOES* INTEREST ME.

"MISFORTUNE." NOW *THERE'S* A SET-UP LINE FOR YOU.

MY FAMILY HAS CONSISTENTLY MADE USE OF PROGNOSTICATION SKILLS. WOULD *YOU* BE INTERESTED IN PROVIDING YOUR SERVICES, FORTUNE?

I AM INTERESTED IN SEEING MY *BROTHER*. *NOTHING* IS NEGOTIABLE UNTIL THAT CONDITION'S MET. AND IF YOU DON'T *LIKE* IT, THEN BLOW ME OUT AN AIRLOCK AND BE DONE WITH IT.

THE *WORST* YOU CAN DO IS *KILL* ME.

NOW *THERE'S* AN ERRONEOUS ASSUMPTION.

POSTURING IS *NOT* NECESSARY, HOWEVER.

THIS IS THE INDIVIDUAL YOU SEEK, I PRESUME.

KAZ...?

KAZ!!!

HOLD ON, FORTUNE. LOOK AT HIM.

THERE'S NO "THERE" THERE.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU BI--!

RESTRAIN YOURSELF, FORTUNE. I WILL NOT HAVE MY COOPERATION REPAID WITH BILE.

SPEAK SO AGAIN AT YOUR EXTREME PERIL.

NOW... AS TO YOUR BROTHER'S CONDITION... I SWEAR ON THE HONOR OF MY PARENTS THAT I DID NOTHING TO CONTRIBUTE TO IT.

THE GYPSY WAS *FOUND* THUS, IN AN ALIEN BEACON LEFT ON EARTH.

AS NEAR AS COULD BE *DETERMINED*, THE TECHNOLOGY MATCHED *NONE* OF EARTH'S *PREVIOUSLY* KNOWN VISITORS.

TRY AS THE SCIENTISTS MIGHT, THEY COULD *NOT* TRANSLATE THE TRANSMISSIONS BEING BEAMED INTO THE BEACON. THE GYPSY, HOWEVER, *COULD*.

YOUR BROTHER'S BRAIN WAS ALTERED BY THE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY. HE'S SOMETHING OF A "ROSETTA STONE" FOR THIS NEW ALIEN RACE.

A RACE WITH WHOM WE AWAIT *FIRST* CONTACT.

AND I WILL BE THE BENEFICIARY OF *ALL* THEIR TECHNOLOGY, THANKS TO KAZ.

HOLEEE...

I... I GUESS MY SAYING THAT STORY IS A *CROCK* WOULD, UH... BE OUT OF *LINE* ABOUT NOW... HUH?

IT... IT COULD *STILL* BE A... A TRICK OF SOME KIND...

A TRICK?

NO.

AH. YOU FINALLY EXHIBIT AN EMOTION: FITTINGLY, *SURPRISE*.

WHEN YOU UNDERESTIMATE DOOM, SUCH IS TO BE *EXPECTED*.

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

NO! *STOP*, YOU FOOL! DON'T AIM AN ENERGY PULSE BACK THROUGH THE GATEWAY! IF YOU DO *THAT*, YOU'LL--

STOP! I COMMAND Y--!

"AH...I SEE YOU HAVE ENGINEERED IT SO THAT FENG HUANG HAS BEEN *DENIED* YOUR TECHNOLOGY..."

HEM HIM *IN!* BUT DON'T *FIRE* ON HIM UNLESS I ORDER YOU T--

ACKKKK!

IT WOULD *APPEAR*, WOMAN, THAT YOUR ORDERS ARE OF *LITTLE* IMPORT HERE.

IS THE BIG GUY WITH *YOU?*

AS MUCH AS IT CAUSES ME CHAGRIN, I AM FORCED TO ADMIT THAT *I*, RATHER, AM WITH *HIM*.

SSSSSS

SSS

GREETINGS. I AM... *RADIAN*... OF THE Y'LESTJA.

IT HAS TAKEN ME... SOME TIME... TO *ASSIMILATE* ALL YOUR LANGUAGES. THERE ARE SO *MANY*.

THAT IS... *INCONVENIENT*. YOU SHOULD TAKE STEPS... TO REMEDY IT.

HE... HE'S SPEAKING IN *MANDARIN!*

I'M HEARING ENGLISH!

AND I HEAR LATVERIAN...

... ALBEIT WITH AN *ABYSMAL* ACCENT.

YOUR LANGUAGE IS, ULTIMATELY, YOUR *OWN* CONCERN.

MINE IS PREPARING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE Y'LESTJA.

TO THAT END, I HAVE TAKEN *CONTROL* OF YOUR VESSEL.

AND NOW...I WOULD SPEAK WITH *YOU*.

WHAT ARE THEY DISCUSSING WITH SUCH... *INTENSITY?!*

I DUNNO. LONG HAIR VERSUS SHORT HAIR?

ALL RIGHT, RADIANT ONE! NO ONE USURPS MY VESSEL.

I HAD HOPED TO LEARN ALL ABOUT YOU FROM YOUR OWN LIPS.

I WILL SETTLE, THOUGH, FOR A DETAILED AUTOPSY.

PUT THAT DOWN, WOMAN! ARE YOU COMPLETELY DERANGED?

FWAK

I WARNED YOU, WOMAN! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

ME!? YOU SPOILED MY SHOT!

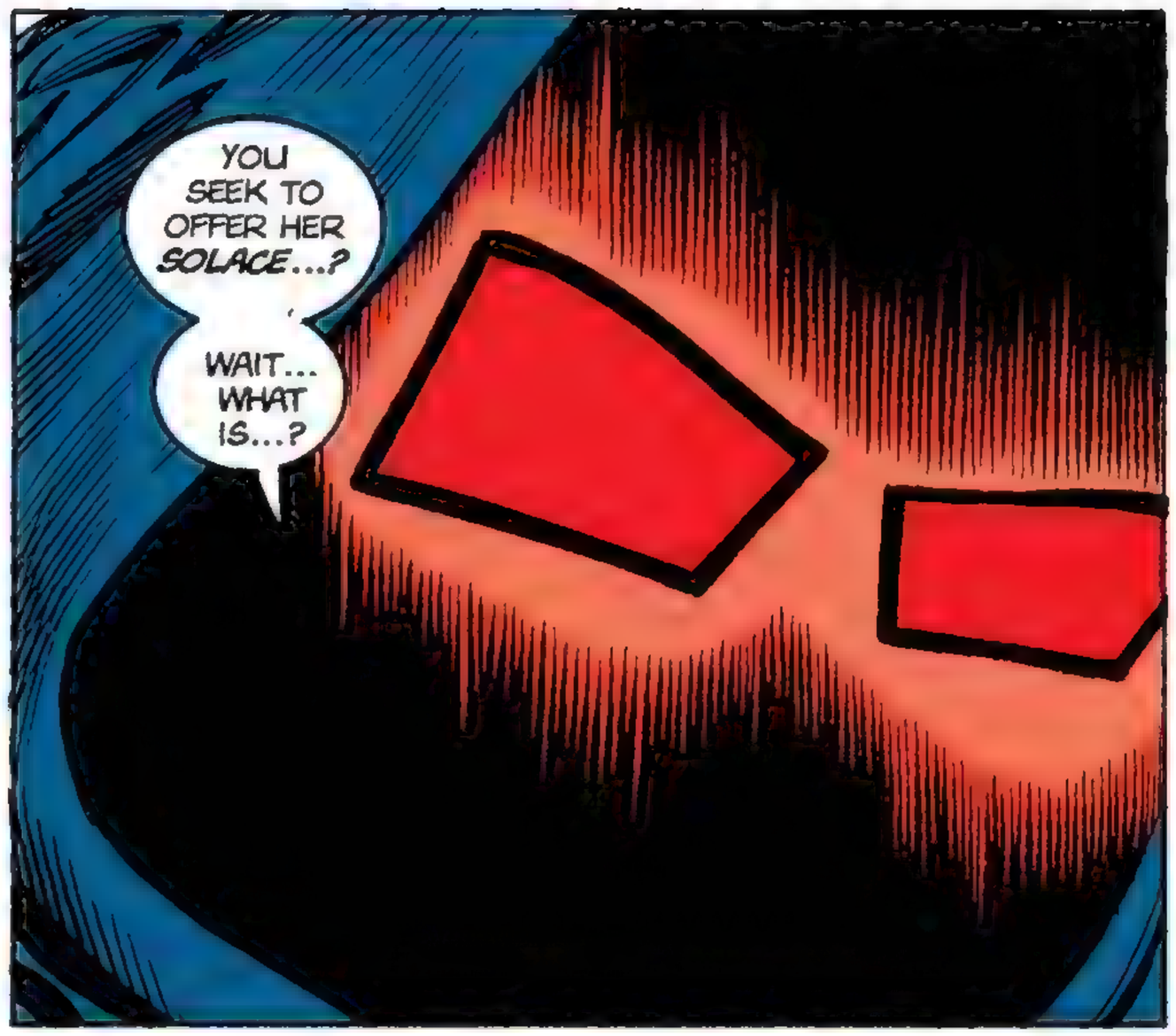
KAZ!!

THEY SAY... IF YOU DIE... WITH ENOUGH FOCUSED *HATRED*...

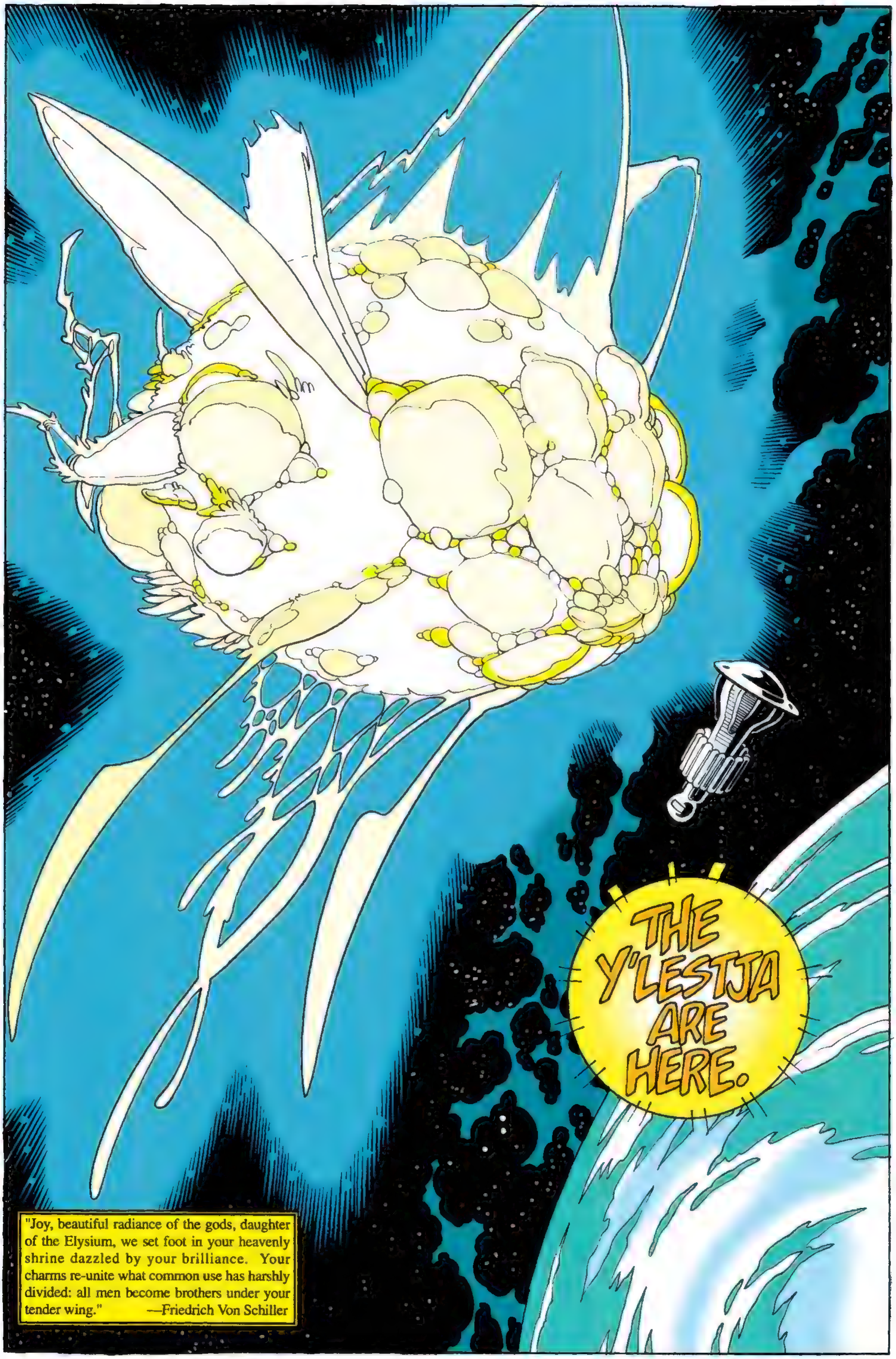
... THEN THE SUBJECT OF THAT HATRED... WILL NEVER AGAIN... KNOW *PEACE*...

FENG... *THIS* HATRED... IS... FOR... Y...

DO NOT GRIEVE, WOMAN.


YOU SEEK TO OFFER HER SOLACE...?
WAIT... WHAT IS...?

NO. NO SOLACE.
IT'S SIMPLY THAT HER GRIEF DOES NOT PARTICULARLY MATTER ANYMORE.
NONE OF YOUR EARTHLY CONCERNS DO.
FOR, AS YOU CAN SEE...


THE Y'LESTJA ARE HERE.
"Joy, beautiful radiance of the gods, daughter of the Elysium, we set foot in your heavenly shrine dazzled by your brilliance. Your charms re-unite what common use has harshly divided: all men become brothers under your tender wing." —Friedrich Von Schiller

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DOOM 2045

THE DEATH OF RADIAN!™

SPACE SAGA

DOOMSDAY!

BRODE

THE CHIN SHAN SPACE PLATFORM.

SAVOR THIS MOMENT, MY COMPANIONS, FOR IT IS ONE OF HISTORICAL *SINGULARITY.*

WE WITNESS THE FIRST CONTACT BETWEEN MANKIND AND THE *Y'LESTJA!*

AND NOW WE DISCOVER WHETHER THIS *MYSTERIOUS* RACE COMES WITH PEACEFUL OR *HOSTILE* INTENT!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

COMMUNION

AN EXPLOSION OF COSMIC REVELATION
ILLUMINATED AND INTERPRETED BY

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE - WRITER
PAT BRODERICK - PENCILER
JOHN NYBERG - INKER
JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE - COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI - GROUND CONTROL
TOM DEFALCO - MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

PERHAPS YOU WILL *ENGLIGHTEN* US, RADIAN. WHY HAVE THE Y'LESTJA SENT A SHIP TO EARTH?

WHAT YOU SEE IS NO SHIP, DOOM, BUT A MANIFESTATION OF THE Y'LESTJA *COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS.*

I AM MERELY A *SERVANT* OF THE COLLECTIVE, GIVEN *PHYSICAL* FORM TO INTERFACE WITH THIS WORLD'S BIPED SENTIENTS.

CREATURES OF A LESS *CORPOREAL* NATURE, THEN. AND YOU ARE ONE OF THEM?

I CANNOT CLAIM THAT HONOR.

YOU ARE AN *UNWELCOME* INTRUDER WHO HAS *DARED* TO USURP MY AUTHORITY ON MY SPACE STATION.

I WILL *NOT* SUFFER SUCH AN *AFFRONT.*

GUARDS, PREPARE TO FIRE ON THE ALIEN.

WEAPONS ARE *USELESS* AGAINST RADIAN'S ABILITY TO BEND AND MANIPULATE LIGHT ENERGY.

FENG HUANG, FOR A WOMAN WHO HAS BUILT A BUSINESS EMPIRE THROUGH COLD *CALCULATION,* YOU ARE BEHAVING LIKE A *PETULANT CHILD.*

RADIAN CONTROLS YOUR SHIP. LET *HIM* MAKE THE NEXT MOVE.

GUNPLAY WILL GET YOU NO CLOSER TO THE *POWER* YOU SEEK FROM THE Y'LESTJA.

YOU ALMOST KILLED *KAZ* ALREADY. LUCKILY, THAT RIFLE BLAST JUST GRAZED HIS HEAD.

HE'S *BREATHING*, BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN SAY FOR HIM RIGHT NOW.

I SHOULD KILL YOU *ALL*.

HANG ON, LITTLE BROTHER. I DIDN'T COME THIS FAR TO LET YOU SLIP AWAY FROM ME AGAIN.

ZZ-OOT!

*DAZED, KAZIMIERZ ROSKIKON, GLIDES THROUGH A TIDE OF **MEMORIES**...*

HE REMEMBERS THE HIMALAYAN AVALANCHE THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM--

*-- HAD HE NOT BEEN RESCUED BY AN Y'LESTJA **BEACON** LEFT BY THAT RACE MILLENNIA EARLIER.*

*HE REMEMBERS ENDURING THE **NEUROLOGICAL SURGERY** THE BEACON'S COMPUTER PERFORMED ON HIM--*

*-- ALTERING HIS CEREBRAL FUNCTIONS, **PROGRAMMING** IN THE INTRICATE Y'LESTJAN LANGUAGE.*

HE REMEMBERS BEING FOUND BY A TEAM OF FENG HUANG'S SCIENTISTS, INVESTIGATING THE BEACON'S SIGNAL.

*HE REMEMBERS BEING POKED AND PRODDED BY RESEARCHERS DRIVEN BY THEIR **POWER-HUNGRY** EMPLOYER--*

*--EAGER TO ENSURE THAT THE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL **ADVANTAGES** OF FIRST CONTACT WOULD BE HERS.*

*NONE OF THIS MATTERED. HE HAD BEEN RESURRECTED WITH **ONE** PURPOSE, TO AWAIT THE YLESTJA'S ARRIVAL ON EARTH.*

*AND **FINALLY** THAT DAY HAS COME.*

KAZ, TALK TO ME. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO.

DON'T GIVE UP.

FORTUNE, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM!

WHAT...

BLESSED MOTHER.

ZZZZHAROOOOWWW

THE TIME IS AT HAND.

THE CEREMONY OF COMMUNION BEGINS.

TELL ME WHAT IS HAPPENING ON THE BRIDGE.

WHAT DOES IT MATER TO YOU *NOW*, LEI FONG?

YOUR ATTEMPT TO *SABOTAGE* YOUR SISTER'S BUSINESS BY BRINGING THE FOREIGN DEVILS HERE HAS FAILED.

FENG HUANG IS *MY SISTER* ONLY BY A CAPRICIOUS WHIM OF *SCIENCE*.

THE ONLY PARENT WE SHARE IS THE STERILE LABORATORY *CRECHE* IN WHICH WE WERE *BIRTHED*.

YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH THE WEST HAS *CORRUPTED* YOU.

YOU *DISHONOR* YOUR FAMILY.

SHANNNN

MY "FAMILY" TRADED THEIR HONOR FOR POWER LONG BEFORE I CHOSE THIS PATH.

THEY CREATED TWO WARRIOR DAUGHTERS IN *TEST TUBES*--

--GENETICALLY *ENGINEERING* THEIR PROGENY TO CONTINUE THEIR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC DYNASTY.

TO THEIR *DISMAY*, ONLY ONE SHARED THEIR COMPULSIVE *HUNGER* FOR POWER AND WEALTH.

FENG HUANG IS A *GREAT* WOMAN WHOSE VISION WILL *RESHAPE* THE WORLD.

SHANNNN

THE POWER--

I KNOW ALL ABOUT MY SISTER'S "*VISION*."

THAT IS WHY I MUST *STOP* HER.

FWACK

FOR UNTOLD EONS THE Y'LESTJA HAVE *TRAVELED* THE UNIVERSE--

-- SEEKING *OTHER* SPECIES OF SENTIENTS WITH WHICH TO COMMUNE.

TO BE CHOSEN BY THE COLLECTIVE IS AN HONOR OF *CELESTIAL* MAGNITUDE.

THE CEREMONY OF COMMUNION HAS ALTERED THE COURSE OF *MANY* CIVILIZATIONS.

I DO NOT SHARE YOUR OBVIOUS *REVERENCE*, RADIAN, BUT I AM CURIOUS.

WHY HAVE THE Y'LESTJA WAITED UNTIL *NOW* TO APPEAR--

-- WHEN THE EXPLORATORY BEACONS THAT GUIDED THEM HERE HAVE BEEN BURIED ON EARTH FOR *THOUSANDS* OF YEARS?

THROUGH THE GYPSY KAZIMIERZ, THE COLLECTIVE LEARNED OF THE *CROSSROADS* YOUR SPECIES APPROACHES.

THEY CONCLUDED THIS MIGHT BE THEIR *LAST* OPPORTUNITY POSSIBLE TO *FULLY* JOIN WITH YOUR PEOPLE.

ARE YOU TELLING ME THEY SHOWED UP BECAUSE THE HUMAN RACE MIGHT NOT BE *AROUND* THE *NEXT* TIME THEY'RE IN OUR NECK OF THE UNIVERSE?

THE COLLECTIVE UNDERSTANDS YOUR CAPACITY FOR *SELF DESTRUCTION.*

THAT MAKES ME FEEL *SOOOO* MUCH BETTER.

FEAR *NOT,* HUMAN. THE COLLECTIVE ALSO RECOGNIZES YOUR POTENTIAL TO *TRANSCEND* THE CANCERS THAT PLAGUE YOUR SPIRIT.

MY SPECIES ALSO, WAS ONCE AS YOU, AT WAR WITH ITSELF, HEADED FOR AN *OBLIVION* OF ITS *OWN* MAKING.

WE WERE CREATURES OF *LIGHT* DIMMED BY THE *DARKNESS OF OUR SOULS.*

THEN THE Y'LESTJA CAME TO OUR PLANET.

FROM OUR COMMUNAL EXCHANGE, WE FOUND THE MEANS TO CHANGE OUR DISCORDANT EXISTENCE INTO A *HARMONIOUS* ONE.

IN APPRECIATION, SOME OF MY PEOPLE BECAME EMISSARIES OF THE COLLECTIVE--

-- ASSUMING THE FORM OF THE CHOSEN SPECIES TO FACILITATE THE ARRIVAL OF THE Y'LESTJA.

EVEN NOW THE LIFE FORCE OF THE COLLECTIVE BEGINS TO SURROUND US.

POET, I JUST FELT SOMETHING WASH OVER ME-- SOMETHING *SOOTHING AND WARM--*

I KNOW... I FEEL LIKE I'M *GLOWING...*

YOU *ARE* GLOWING, AND... LOOK AT *KAZ--*

HE'S *CONSCIOUS.*

WE ARE Y'LESTJA.

WE DANCE THE LIGHT TRANSCENDENT.

WE SING THE HARMONY CONSTANT.

WE CELEBRATE THE FOREVER RHYME.

WE SHARE THE BOND UNIVERSAL.

THIS IS THE MELDING.

THE POINT AT WHICH ALL BARRIERS OF FLESH AND FORM ARE SWEPT AWAY.

NO. WON'T LET MYSELF BE *SUBSUMED* BY THESE ALIENS...

... ARMOR NOT RESPONDING...

... MUST *CONCENTRATE...*

...IGNORE THE VOICES...

... THE *VOICES...*

AROUND THE WORLD, THE PRESENCE OF THE Y'LESTJA LIGHTS UP THE SKY WITH A LUMINOUS BURST THAT CANNOT BE IGNORED.

IN NEW YORK CITY, **MIGUEL** AND **DANA** WATCH FROM A BABYLON TOWERS PENTHOUSE.

MIGUEL, WHAT *IS* THAT?

SOME KIND OF, UH, *SATELLITE* EXPLOSION, MAYBE.

IT'S SO *BEAUTIFUL* AND AT THE SAME TIME, *OMINOUS*. SHOULD WE BE *WORRIED?*

THROUGH ALL THE CHAOS IN MY LIFE LATELY, I'VE DEVELOPED SORT OF A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT DANGER--

-- AND IT *ISN'T* GOING OFF.

IN LATVERIA, ABOARD THE FLOATING CITY OF VALHALLA, THE CYBERSAVANT WIRE DISCONNECTS FROM THE WORLDNET, OVERCOME BY GENUINE AWE.

ABSOLUTE *HARDCORE*.

AT THE WAKANDAN STATE OBSERVATORY, THAT NATION'S PRINCESS OKUSANA DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION FOR THE STELLAR PHENOMENA.

IT'S COMING FROM THE VICINITY OF THE CHIN SAN SPACE PLATFORM, PRINCESS.

THE ENERGY READINGS ARE *OFF* THE SCALE.

WE CANNOT BE SURE. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S INTERFERING WITH ALL OUR SATELLITE DATA FEEDS.

IS IT A *THREAT?*

IN THE HEART OF ANTARCTICA, A TEAM OF GEOLOGISTS RETURNING TO THE SAVAGE LAND STOP IN THEIR FROZEN TRACKS.

IF I WERE A *RELIGIOUS* MAN, I'D SAY THIS WAS A SIGN FROM *GOD*.

IF IT'S *NOT*, IT CERTAINLY MAKES AN EFFECTIVE *SUBSTITUTE*.

FIRST THE EARTHQUAKES, NOW *THIS*.

STRANGE. NONE OF THE STATION'S ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS ARE ON LINE.

I HAD TO CLIMB THROUGH THE *SERVICE DUCTS* TO GET TO THE *BRIDGE*..

IF MY SISTER HAS LOST CONTROL OF THE PLATFORM, I CAN USE THAT TO MY *ADVANTAGE*.

MERCIFUL HEAVENS, WHAT HAVE I *MISSED* WHILE BEING HELD IN THE BRIG?

THE LATVERIAN *MONARCH* IS HERE WITH AN *UNEARTHLY* STRANGER...

... AND KAZIMIERZ PULSES WITH AN ENERGY...

... THAT I FIND ODDLY...

... ENRAPTURING...

WE OFFER THE TOTALITY OF OUR TRAVELS, THE POETRY OF OUR EXPERIENCE--

-- THE SENSATION OF THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF DIFFERENT LIFE FORMS--

-- EACH UNIQUE, YET BOUND TO ANOTHER BY THE COSMIC THREAD--

ON THE WORLD TSOMNAIA, THE AIRBORNE LINSTREA SPEND THEIR ENTIRE LIVES CREATING PATTERNS OF HARMONIC RESONANCE THAT SHAPE THE SOUND-SENSITIVE CRYSTAL GARDENS BELOW.

THE PASSIONATE RHYTHM OF THEIR MATING SONG HAS CREATED ENTIRE JUNGLES OF CRYSTAL ON THAT PLANET.

ON THE INFERNAL PLANET OF DRELYS, THE LONG-LIVED M'RGLOTS SPEND HUNDREDS OF SEASONS IN THE MAGMA FLOW WRITING NEW STANZAS TO THE EPIC POEM WHICH IS SUNG EVERY HUNDREDTH SEASON AT THE TRIBAL GATHERINGS.

THEY ARE CREATURES OF GREAT HUMOR DESPITE THEIR HARSH ENVIRONS.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA WORLD VA, MILLIONS OF UNICELLED ELDRITES FORM MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS OF GREAT COMPLEXITY AND BEAUTY.

THEY BELIEVE THAT EACH PROBLEM SOLVED BRINGS THEM CLOSER TO DIVINITY.

THIS IS THE Y'LESTJA'S GIFT.

A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE INTO THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE UNIVERSE--

-- AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE INFINITE DIVERSITY OF LIFE DUSTED ACROSS THE COSMIC PLANE.

TIGER AND DRAGON TOTEMS, CARDS OF DIVINATION, BOOKS OF MAGIC AND MEDICINE, GUARDIAN ANGLES, BIRDS OF RESURRECTION.

A RAINBOW OF VARIATION.

AND FROM YOU WHO REPRESENT EARTH, THE Y'LESTJA SEEK ONLY TO GRASP THAT WHICH DEFINES YOUR EXISTENCE--

THE SYMBOLS AND METAPHORS AND ICONOGRAPHY THAT GIVE YOUR CARBON-BASED LIVES MEANING AND SUBSTANCE.

YOUR SPECIES' CAPACITY TO DRAW STRENGTH FROM ITS EMPATHETIC ABSTRACTIONS MAY BE YOUR SALVATION.

NO MATTER YOUR FINAL FATE, THE COLLECTIVE WILL SING OF HUMANITY UNTIL IT TOO REACHES ITS ULTIMATE CONCLUSION.

THE Y'LESTJA THANK YOU FOR OPENING YOUR MINDS AND SOULS TO ITS COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE COLLECTIVE'S PSYCHIC CONNECTIONS BEGIN TO *FADE*. THE *CHOIR* OF VOICES ECHOING IN MY HEAD GROWS *SILENT*.

I FIND THIS EXPERIENCE HAS LEFT ME FEELING ODDLY *CONTENT* AND ..*HOPEFUL*.

CAN AS POWERFUL A RACE AS THE Y'LESTJA BE MOTIVATED ONLY BY THEIR PASSION FOR CULTURAL *EXCHANGE?*

I MUST BE CERTAIN THAT MY ARMOR HAS RECORDED *ALL* THE EVENTS OF THIS DAY.

THEY WARRANT *STUDY*.

AS DOES THE BEING CALLED *RADIAN*...

HONORED ONES, YOUR PRESENCE *GRACES* MY HUMBLE EXISTENCE.

MY DUTIES *COMPLETE*, I *RETURN* TO YOU THE POWER ALLOCATED FOR MY TASK.

HE'S GIVING OFF AN *INCREDIBLE* AMOUNT OF LIGHT ENERGY.

I HAVE NO WAY OF GAUGING HOW MUCH ENERGY THIS CLOSE TO THE SOURCE. ALL MY SENSORS ARE *REDLINING*.

OUR *GRATITUDE*, LIGHTCHILD. YOU HAVE SERVED US WELL, AND WE REWARD YOU WITH YOUR FREEDOM.

FOLLOW YOUR *OWN* DESTINY, RADIANT ONE.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN IN THE *HOUR OF ASCENSION.*

UNTIL THAT TIME, *FAREWELL.*

NOW, I CAN BARELY COMPREHEND ANYTHING WE SAW AND FELT--

YOU WERE SHOWN MANY THINGS, HUMANS. REMEMBER WHAT YOU *CAN.*

WOW. MY HEAD IS *REELING.*

I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST WOKEN FROM AN *AMAZING* DREAM, AND THE *DETAILS* ARE STARTING TO SLIP *AWAY.*

-- BUT WHILE WE WERE IN COMMUNION WITH THE COLLECTIVE, IT WAS ALL SO *CLEAR.*

AND WHAT WILL *YOU* DO, RADIAN, NOW THAT THE COLLECTIVE HAS LEFT YOU TO YOUR OWN DEVICES?

HE CAN ROT FOR ALL I CARE--

-- ALONG WITH THAT BLASTED ALIEN COLLECTIVE.

THEY OFFERED ME *NOTHING.*

THEIR SO CALLED COMMUNION WAS *WORTHLESS.*

SISTER, YOU COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND *TRUE* VALUE.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO IGNORE WHAT THE Y'LESTJA HAVE SHOWN YOU, FENG HUANG, YOU ARE DISCARDING *DIAMONDS* IN THE *SAND*.

BUT KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT *UNCHANGED* BY THE COMMUNION.

YOU HAVE BEEN *TOUCHED* BY THE Y'LESTJA, FENG HUANG.

THEIR *MARK* WILL SOON BE *APPARENT*.

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* BY THAT, RADIAN?

RADIAN HAD RELINQUISHED CONTROL OF THE STATION. CONTROL OF THE SHIP IS *MINE* ONCE MORE.

GOOD. PERHAPS SOMETHING MAY BE *WON* FROM THIS FIASCO AFTER ALL.

YOU WILL FIND OUT IN DUE TIME, HUMANS.

IT IS TIME I DEPARTED.

THE COMMUNION COMPLETED, I AM LEFT TO FIND *NEW* PURPOSE.

SANCTIMONIOUS ALIEN SCUM!

I MUST FIND A PLACE TO CONSIDER MY FUTURE PATH.

YOU HAVE *NO* FUTURE, RADIAN.

I KNOW THAT YOUR POWER IS *DIMINISHED* NOW THAT YOUR MASTERS HAVE RETURNED TO DEEP SPACE.

MY FIELD DISRUPTORS SHOULD EXTINGUISH YOUR ANNOYING LIGHT.

BLAM!

ENOUGH, WOMAN.

WHAT PURPOSE DID KILLING THE ALIEN SERVE, FENG HUANG?

I DO NOT LIKE BEING *CROSSED*.

YOU FOREIGNERS MAY HAVE KEPT ME FROM THE SECRETS OF THE Y'LESTJA--

-- BUT I CLAIM THE FINAL *MOMENT OF SPITE*.

I'VE ACTIVATED THE STATION'S *SELF DESTRUCT* SEQUENCE.

THERE IS A SAYING... "HAO RÉN BÙ CHÁNG SHÒU."

WE WILL NOT MEET AGAIN.

FWOOP

WHAT DID SHE *SAY*?

"GOOD PEOPLE DON'T LIVE LONG."

CURSE MY SISTER!

SLAM!

LOCKED

ANGER WILL NOT HELP, LEI FONG.

I BELIEVE I CAN *OVERRIDE* HER SYSTEMS LOCK.

YOU'VE OPENED THE DOOR, BUT THE AUTO DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN *CONTINUES.*

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE *LIFEBOATS.*

COME ON, KAZ, I DIDN'T FIND YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ONLY TO LET YOU DIE IN SPACE.

I AM *LOATHE* TO ADMIT THAT I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO DEFUSE THE AUTO DESTRUCT SEQUENCE.

FOLLOW ME, THEN. I'VE ACCESSED THE PLATFORM BLUEPRINTS.

THE ESCAPE POD BAY IS *NEARBY.*

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CLEAR THE PLATFORM BEFORE IT EXPLODES.

IF THE INTEGRITY OF THE ESCAPE PODS ARE *COMPROMISED,* POET--

I *HOPE* SO, DOOM. BUT IF I END UP SPACE DEBRIS, THERE'S A CORNER IN THE FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW ORLEANS WHERE I HOPE I *CRASH.*

--I *ASSURE* YOU, YOU WILL BURN UP LONG BEFORE YOU COULD FALL ON SOME UNSUSPECTING PEDESTRIAN.

IT APPEARS THE Y'LESTJA GAVE THE LATVERIAN A SENSE OF *HUMOR.*

I THOUGHT THE TIN MAN GETS A *HEART* FROM THE WIZARD.

OH, *WELL* --GUESS WE'RE NOT IN LATVERIA ANYMORE.

AND IT'S TIME WE *RETURNED*. KAZ HASN'T BEEN HOME IN *YEARS*.

ONE OF THE ESCAPE PODS HAS *ALREADY* BEEN *JETTISONED*.

I HOPE THAT BEING BACK AMONG THE ZEFIRO* WILL HELP *RESTORE* HIS MIND.

*THE GYPSY TRIBE INTO WHICH BOTH FORTUNE AND DOOM WERE BORN.

MY *SISTER*.

AND SHE HAS LOCKED OUT *THESE* CONTROLS AS WELL!

FENG HUANG IS A VERY *CLEVER* WOMAN.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

IT IS NOT YOUR CONCERN, LEI FONG. GET IN THE *POD*.

I'VE PROGRAMMED IT'S NAVIGATION SYSTEM TO TAKE YOU FOUR TO LATVERIA.

AND YOU'LL FOLLOW IN THE LAST POD?

SOON.

BUT FOR NOW...*GO*...YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

WOOOSH!

FOOLS.

THEY WERE SO *PLEASED* TO HAVE LEFT BEFORE THE COUNTDOWN *FINISHED*--

--THEY DIDN'T REALIZE THE *PRIZE* THEY LEFT *BEHIND*.

I DESTROYED RADIAN, BUT NOT HIS *ARMOR*.

ANALYSIS OF ITS ALIEN COMPOSITION AND FUNCTIONS WILL PROVE MOST *VALUABLE*.

EH?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

DOOM?

INDEED, MADAM.

YOUR PLOY TO GET US OFF THE SHIP MIGHT HAVE EVEN BEEN *SUCCESSFUL*--

--IF I DID NOT INTEND TO LEAVE WITH RADIAN'S ARMOR AS WELL.

WE ARE OF SIMILAR BLOOD, DOOM. *FERAL. STRONG.*

WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT WITHOUT APOLOGY.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK *INTRIGUES* ME--

A PITY I HAVE TO *KILL* YOU!

HOW *COMMON*. I AM *DISAPPOINTED*.

LET US BE *CLEAR*. THE ARMOR IS *MINE*.

KRAZOWW

THE AUTO-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE IS STILL *PRIMED*.

ONLY *I* CAN STOP IT.

DO WHAT YOU WILL. LIKE ME, YOU PLAY YOUR GAMES CLOSE TO THE EDGE.

YOU NO LONGER HAVE TIME TO STOP THE COUNTDOWN AND STOP ME FROM TAKING THE ARMOR.

I HOPE THAT LIKE YOUR *NAMESAKE* YOU CAN RISE FROM YOUR *ASHES*--

-- FOR THEY WILL BE SCATTERED ACROSS SPACE IF YOU CHALLENGE ME AGAIN.

WE'RE CLEAR.

HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE THE STATION BLOWS?

DO YOU THINK DOOM MADE IT *OUT?*

THIRTY SECONDS.

HE'S A HARD MAN TO KI--

LOOK *OUTSIDE!*

THAT *LIGHT!*

THE Y'LESTJA CALLED RADIAN "*LIGHTCHILD*".

PHYSICS SAYS ENERGY'S NEVER DESTROYED-- ONLY *RE-DISTRIBUTED.*

MAYBE FENG HUANG *COULDN'T* KILL RADIAN.

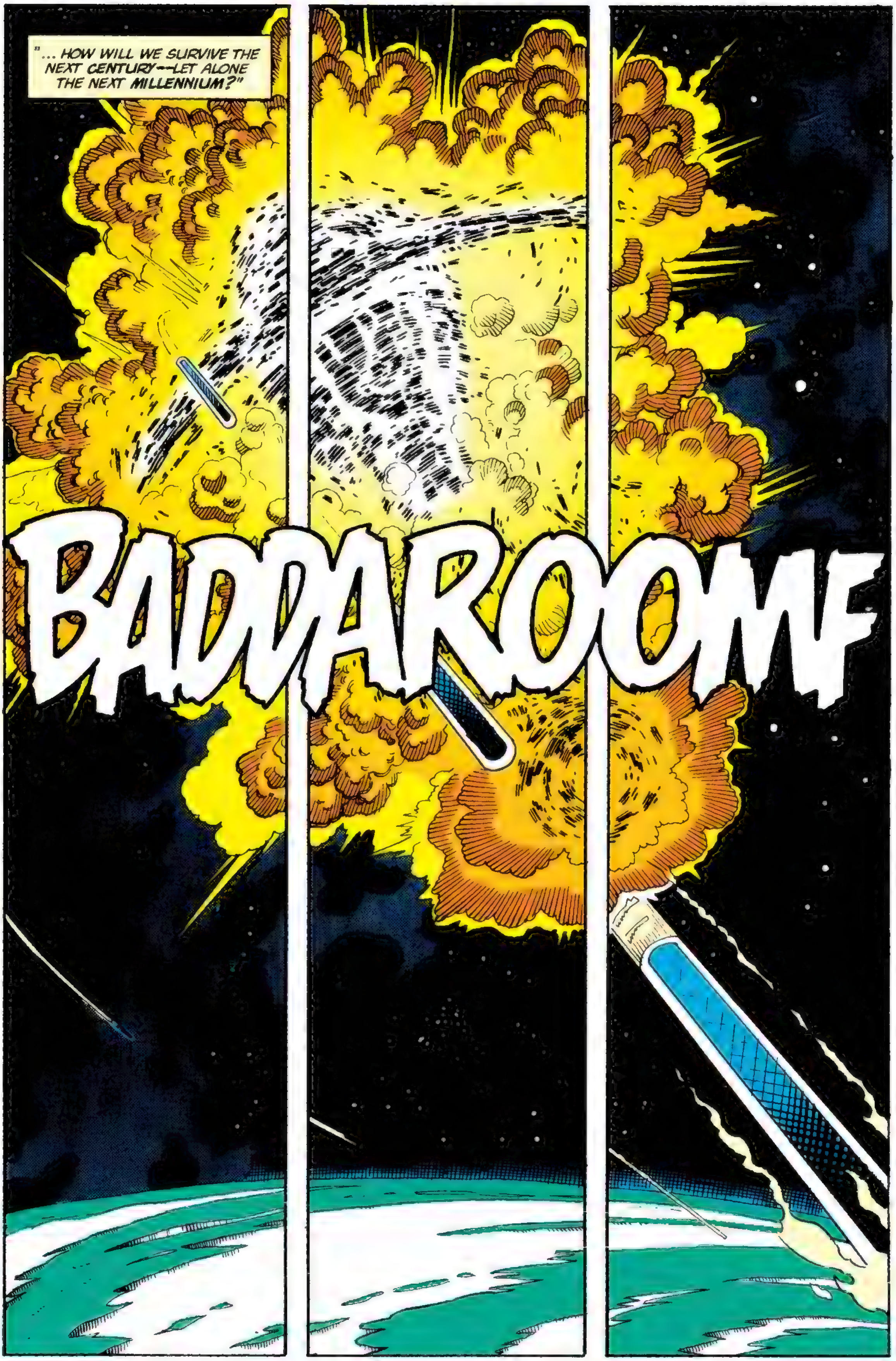
NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANYMORE.

TODAY, WE MET A RACE SO IN *LOVE* WITH THE UNIVERSE THAT THEY'VE DEDICATED THEIR EXISTENCE TO *SHARING* THEIR SENSE OF WONDER--

-- AND WE RESPOND BY KILLING... OR *TRYING* TO KILL... THEIR EMISSARY.

MAYBE WE'VE MADE IT THIS FAR AS A SPECIES BY *ACCIDENT.*

IF WE DON'T GET OUR PRIORITIES *STRAIGHT...*


"... HOW WILL WE SURVIVE THE NEXT CENTURY--LET ALONE THE NEXT MILLENNIUM?"
BADAROOM

"We must be still and still moving into another intensity for a further union, a deeper communion through the dark cold and the empty desolation."
T.S. Eliot

NEXT: THE SAVAGE LAND!

MARVEL COMICS

WELCOME DOOM 2099™

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TO THE SAVAGE LAND 2099™

ON AN UNNAMED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, A DARK CITADEL RISES FROM THE CORE OF A LONG-EXTINCT VOLCANO.

THIS BLACK FORTRESS'S INHABITANTS WELCOME **NO** VISITORS, AND ENFORCE THEIR PRIVACY WITH AN **IRONHANDED** RESOLVE.

STEALTH TECHNOLOGY CLOAKS THE STRUCTURE FROM THE PRYING ORBITAL EYES OF THE **SATCAM NET**--

-- AND A GAUNTLET OF AIR AND OCEAN DEFENSE SYSTEMS INSURES THAT NO PLANE CAN STEER **NEAR** THE ISLAND.

FOR INSIDE THIS DARK CITADEL LIVE TWO OF THE POWERFUL **SHADOWS** WHO MOVE THROUGH THE WORLD **UNNOTICED**--

-- MANIPULATING INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND ECONOMICS WITH **INVISIBLE** HANDS.

INSIDE, USING A FLOOR-MOUNTED IMAGING SYSTEM, THE WOMAN WATCHES A WORLD SHE CONSIDERS HER PLAYGROUND.

HOW MANY OF THE PAST DECADE'S CRISES AND CATASTROPHES WERE THE RESULT OF HER MACHINATIONS? ONLY SHE KNOWS.

SHE REVELS IN HER POWER, FOMENTING CONFLICT FOR HER OWN AMUSEMENT.

SUBJECT: DOOM. CROSSREF: LAZARUS. ACCESSING SATNET. PROCESSING.

SUBJECT LOCATED ANTARCTICA

AGAIN, HE ESCAPES DEATH-- THIS TIME IN ONE OF THE CHIN SHAN SPACE PLATFORM'S LIFEBOATS.

HE IS VERY RESOURCEFUL, THIS ONE. SO LIKE THE ORIGINAL.

AS I EXPECTED.

COMPUTER, LOCATE MY DOOM.

GEOSAT READINGS INDICATE SEISMIC ACTIVITY IN REGION.

AN EARTHQUAKE? GOOD. LET THE EARTH SWALLOW HIM WHOLE.

HE THRIVES UNDER ADVERSITY.

YOU SPEND TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME WATCHING THAT ONE.

OF THAT DOOM?

JEALOUS?

I WOULD NOT GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE.

SAT TRACKING INOPERATIVE BELOW GROUND LEVEL

UNCREATED NIGHT

TIME DID NOT FORGET THIS SAVAGE LAND--

INSTEAD, IT CRADLED THIS STRANGE POCKET OF ANTARCTICA--

--ALLOWING PRIMORDIAL FLORA AND FAUNA TO SURVIVE ITS TEMPORAL RAVAGES.

WHOOO--WEE! LOOK AT THAT OVERGROWN IGUANA *RUN!*

TOO BAD WE AREN'T GETTING PAID BY THE *POUND*. I BET THAT BRONTOSAUR WEIGHS AT LEAST THREE THOUSAND.

IT'S A *STEGOSAUR*, RAOUL. A BRONTOSAUR'S *TWICE* THAT SIZE.

WHO CARES, PRESSMAN? THE SKINSCRAPERS IN ARCHAEO-GENETICS PROMISED TO PAY FOR *ANY* DINOSAUR WE COULD BRING BACK!

WE'RE LOOKIN' AT *MONEY* IN THE BANK.

RONK!

CLOMP

CLOMP!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

AN OUTBREAK OF PREHISTORIC JUNGLE FEVER DIAGNOSED AND QUARANTINED BY: JOHN FRANCIS MOORE-- WRITER, PAT BRODERICK-- PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG-- INKER, JOHN COSTANZA-- LETTERER, GEORGE ROUSSOS--COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI-- LOCAL GUIDE AND TOM DEFALCO-- THUNDER LIZARD

TELL HAMMOND TO *GUN* THIS ROCK JUMPER.

NO WAY AM I GONNA LOSE THAT JURASSIC LOTTERY TICKET.

VROOOM

ONCE WE PUT DINO IN THE BAG, WE SHIP THE CARCASS BACK TO NEW YORK, AND THEN WE ARE ON *EASY STREET*.

I TOLD YOU THERE WERE *PERKS* COMING HERE.

KEEP *REMINDING* ME. THINGS ARE GETTING WEIRDER AND WEIRDER AT THE MINING SITE.

BAD ENOUGH WE HAVE TO WORK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CREEPY JUNGLE *TEMPLE*--

-- BUT THE BOSS'S SPENDING *WAY* TOO MUCH TIME WITH THE *SWAMP* PEOPLE--

I THINK HE'S *LOSING*--

NO MORE TALK ABOUT WORK, PRESSMAN. THIS IS OUR ONE DAY OFF FOR ANOTHER TEN DAYS.

TRY TO HAVE *FUN*.

LOOK, THAT BRONTOSAUR'S JUST BEGGING ME TO PICK HIM OFF.

STEGOSAUR.

WHATEVER. HE'S IN MY SIGHTS.

KRODDSH

KLIK KLIK

SPLORSH!

WHAT THE--

A KID WITH A JET PACK. HE SLIMED YOU WITH *TREE SAP*--

-- THE LOCALS USE IT TO GUM UP THE MACHINERY OF OUTSIDERS.

HE'S LAUGHING AT US.

TELL HAMMOND TO STAY WITH THE KID!

BUT WE'RE GONNA *LOSE* THE DINO, RAOUL!

KCHOW

I DON'T CARE! WE'VE GOTTEN NOTHING BUT GRIEF FROM THE CRO-MAGNON LOCALS SINCE WE STEPPED OFF THE 'COPTER.

I'M GONNA *NAIL* THAT FLYING RAT--

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

PUNCH IT, HAMMOND! PUNCH IT!

WHY'S THE KID *SLOWING* DOWN?

IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE *WANTS* US TO--

UH-OH--

JUUUMPPP!!!

"PUNCH IT, HAMMOND. PUNCH IT." RAOUL, YOU ARE ONE INCREDIBLE MORON.

GREAT. JUST GREAT. THAT TRUCK IS COMPANY PROPERTY..

THE BOSS IS GONNA KILL US.

IF THEY DON'T MAKE IT BACK TO THEIR CAMP BY NIGHTFALL--

-- THOSE POACHERS ARE GONNA WISH THEY CRASHED WITH THEIR TRUCK.

SEE HOW THEY LIKE BEING HUNTED.

GUESS I BETTER CALL THE RANGERS WHEN I GET BACK TO THE VILLAGE--

-- BEFORE THOSE JERKS WIND UP LIZARD BAIT...

WHAT'S THAT?

ICE?

HEY, THE RECENT QUAKES MUST'VE OPENED UP A NEW TUNNEL FROM OUTSIDE THE VALLEY.

TUNNELS LIKE THIS LED THE PLUNDERS FROM THE ICY WASTES OF ANTARCTICA INTO THE SAVAGE LAND--

-- AND OPENED THE GATES TO EVERY COUNTRY AND CORPORATION LOOKING FOR A NEW FRONTIER TO STRIP MINE.

BRRR. BAD IDEA WEARING SANDALS IN SNOW.

TOLA FOUND A LOCKER FULL OF BRITISH UNIFORMS FROM THE NINETEEN-HUNDREDS IN A SNOW PACK ONCE.

WONDER IF THIS FLOW'S UNEARTHED ANYTHING *INTERESTING.*

WOW.

I'VE ONLY SEEN THESE IN THE AVIATION DATABASE AT SCHOOL.

IT'S AN *ESCAPE POD* FROM A SPACE SHUTTLE OR STATION OR SOMETHING.

MUST'VE LANDED IN ANTARCTICA BY *ACCIDENT.*

ONE GOOD *SNOWSTORM* AND NOBODY WOULD EVER FIND THIS CAPSULE.

MAYBE I CAN *OPEN* IT--

CHUNKK!

WHIRRRRR

EMPTY.

NOW IF SOMEONE SURVIVED THE EARTHFALL--

"-- WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

LATVERIA...

... SUPPOSED TO BE IN LATVERIA...

... REMEMBER... WAS ON THE BRIDGE WITH FENG HUANG...

"RADIAN'S ARMOR IS MINE."

MINE!

THEN WE BLEW UP... NO THE STATION DID... BUT I'M IN THE POD.

MADE IT...

WAIT... ARMOR MALFUNCTIONING.

DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION. FEEDING BACK ENERGY...

SHOULDN'T HAPPEN... BACKUP SYSTEMS SHOULD ENGAGE...

EXPERIENCING...

... TOTAL...

... NEURO...

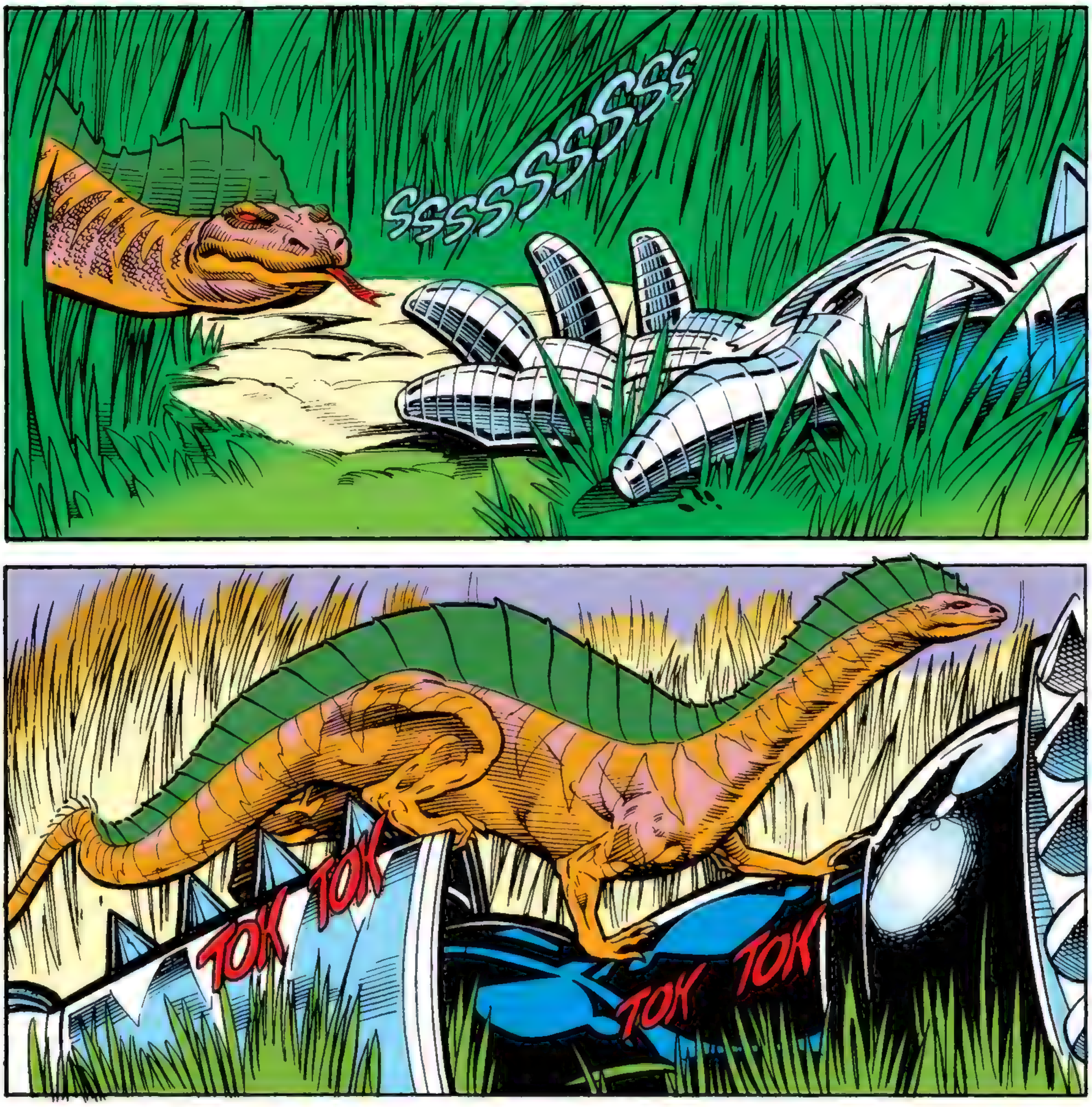
... INTER...

... FACE...

... BREAK...

... DOWN...

EEP EEP EEP EEP EEP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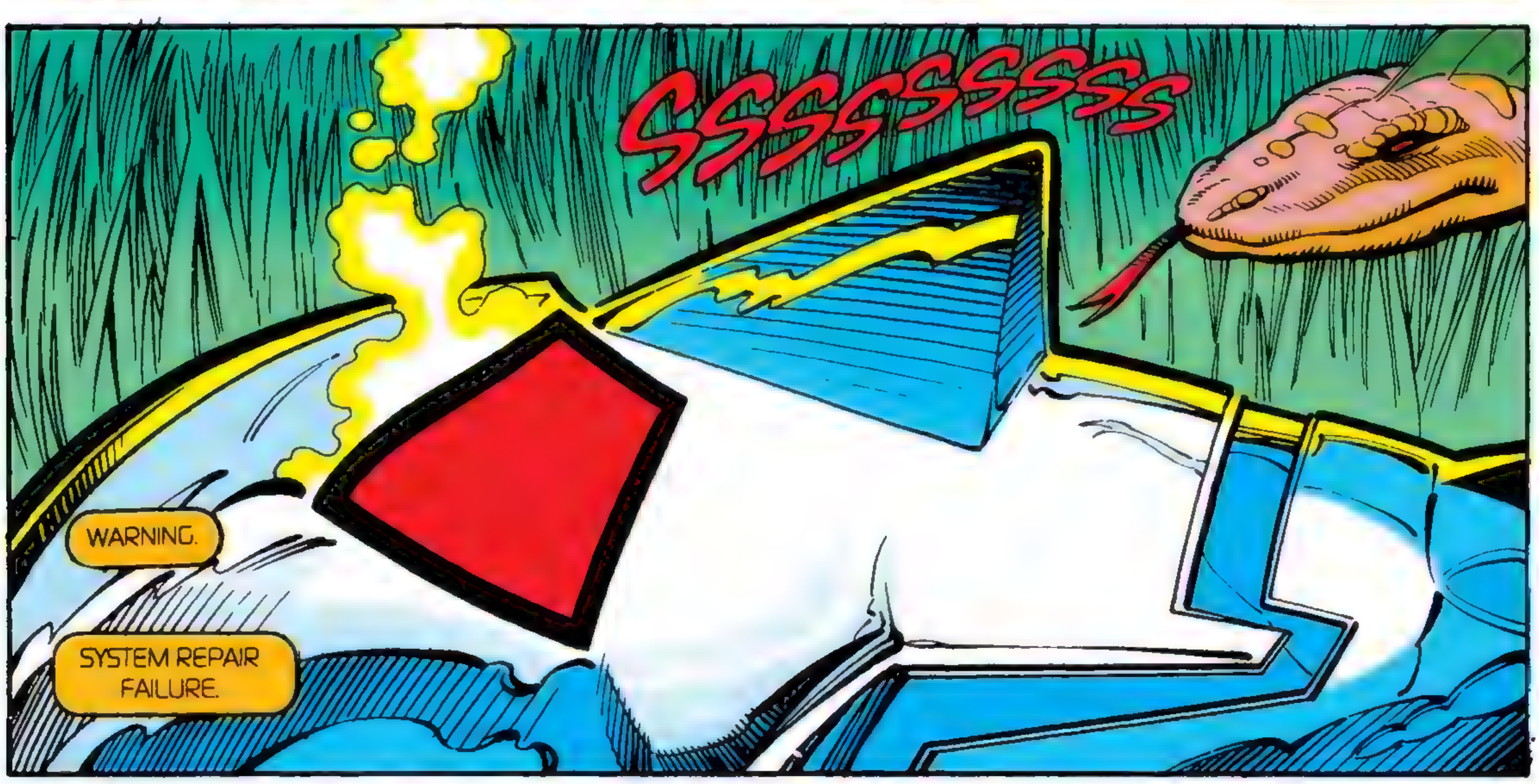
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WARNING.
SYSTEM REPAIR FAILURE.

NANOTECH INTERFACE OVERLOAD.

SYSTEM CRASH IMMINENT.

MEMORIES MELTING INTO HALLUCINATION--

VICTOR, REVELATION IS AT HAND.

POSITIVE I'M HALLUCINATING.

SCIENCE SAYS YOU'RE *WRONG*, DOOM.

RICHARDS? I KILLED YOU.

DOCTOR DOOM KILLED ME. THE *GENUINE* ARTICLE. THE *REAL* MCCOY.

KAZIMIERZ?

OH, MY GYPSY BROTHER, YOU'RE NOT THE MAN YOU USED TO BE.

THE Y'LESTJA-- THEY DID SOMETHING TO MY MIND.

NOTHING THAT HASN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE.

BUT I AM--

WHO AM I?

WHAT HUBRIS TO THINK YOU ARE ANYTHING BUT A PRETENDER TO THE THRONE.

YOU ARE A HOLLOW MOCKERY OF THE TRUE VICTOR VON DOOM.

I AM NO OTHER.

YOU DENY THE EVIDENCE BEFORE YOU. YOUR MEMORY LOSS. YOUR CURIOUS YOUTH.

YOU ARE A CALLOW YOUTH CLAIMING THE WISDOM OF AGE.

MY REPEATED TRAVELS IN TIME MUST HAVE CREATED A PARADOX...

A SCOUNDREL'S ANSWER.

THEN TELL ME THE TRUTH.

BY ALL THAT IS SACRED, I MUST KNOW!

THIS MASQUERADE CONDEMNS YOU.

YOU WILL BURN IN THE FIRES OF YOUR SELF DECEIT.

BURN.

BURN.

FAJROLAGO, LATVERIA'S "FIRE LAKE," NAMED FOR THE EFFECT A RED-STREAKED SUNSET HAS UPON THE GLASSY WATERS.

SPLASHDOWN!

CONSIDERING WE HAD *NO* TIME TO CHECK THE *NAVIGATION SYSTEMS* BEFORE THE CHIN SHAN PLATFORM *EXPLODED*--

-- WE'RE LUCKY WE HIT *WATER* AND NOT THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.

SPLUNSHH

I'M THANKFUL NO ONE GOT *AIRSICK* ON OUR WAY DOWN, POET.

THE AIR SUPPLY WAS GETTING PRETTY *THIN* AS IT WAS.

GODDESS, IT'S GOOD TO BE *HOME*.

VOOP

SMELL THAT AIR...

LEI FONG *SLEPT* THROUGH THE WHOLE RIDE.

HOW'S OUR *OTHER* PASSENGER?

KAZ'S BEEN *MUMBLING* SINCE WE HIT EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

I'M WORRIED HIS *MINDLINK* WITH THE Y'LESTJA MAY HAVE *PERMANENTLY* DAMAGED MY BROTHER'S BRAIN.

WHAT'S HE *SAYING?*

I'M NOT *SURE*. IT SOUNDS LIKE...

"REVELATION IS AT HAND."

THE SAVAGE LAND.

BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A RIDE. RIGHT, KIMBA?

BUT REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, Y'OLD TOM, BE CAREFUL 'ROUND HERE--

MIARROW

-- THERE ARE BUGS 'ROUND HERE BIG ENOUGH TO EAT YOU FOR BREAKFAST.

THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, HAWK.

HUMANS DON'T TOP THE FOOD CHAIN IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

DON'T WORRY, LEIBOWITZ. I FEEL AT HOME HERE.

THE SAVAGE LAND IS LIKE YOU, MY OLD FRIEND, PRIMAL AND ELEMENTAL.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

THE OLD UNITED NATIONS USED TO PROHIBIT COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION OF THE SAVAGE LAND.

BUT NOW ALCHEMAX HAS BEGUN A MINING AND DRILLING OPERATION IN THE SWAMP.

THEY'VE BEEN MUSCLING THE FRAGILE UNIFIED TRIBAL ALLIANCE TO GO ALONG WITH THEM.

YOU DON'T NEED ME TO MONKEY WRENCH THE ALCHEMAX OPERATION.

YOU HAVE PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE IN THAT FIELD.

FORGET ABOUT SABOTAGE, HAWK. I'M TALKING WAR.

ELSEWHERE.

SYSTEMS MALFUNCTION.

POWER GRID FUSING.

INTERNAL TEMPERATURE EXCEEDING ACCEPTABLE LIMITS.

EMERGENCY FAILSAFES NOT RESPONDING.

BURNING UP...

NO... I AM DOOM...

NOT MY FACE...

I AM DOOM!!!

MMMRRR??

THIRTY FEET AND SIX TONS OF CARNIVORE, THE **TYRANNOSAURUS** OCCUPIES THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE WITHOUT CHALLENGE.

WERE HIS LIZARD BRAIN ABLE TO COMPREHEND THE UNIQUE NATURE OF HIS EXISTENCE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY...

... IT IS DOUBTFUL HE WOULD CARE THAT HE IS ONE OF ONLY A HANDFUL OF HIS SPECIES TO SURVIVE PAST THE CRETACEOUS ERA.

INSTEAD, THIS BEHEMOTH'S CONCERNS ARE MORE IMMEDIATE...

HIS TERRITORY HAS BEEN INVADED...

... VIOLATED BY SOMETHING LOUD AND SHINY AND SMELLING OF SULPHUR...

SHEEEL

POP

KRAK

NOT DOOM... SOMEONE ELSE...

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME...

... WHO ARE YOU?!?

THESE ARE NOT MY MEMORIES...

... THESE THINGS DID NOT HAPPEN...

... TO ME...

I AM...

KRAK

KRAK

POP!

KRRROWW

RRROWRRR

... DOOMED...

SYSTEMS OVERLOAD IMMINENT

MUST THINK STRAIGHT...

... CONCENTRATE...

KRAKKLL POP POP

WEAPONS CAPACITY REDUCED 63.6%.

ARRHH!

THWAK

WHAP!

KRAKLL

POP!

KRAKLL

POP!

POP!

... CAN'T SEE...

EXTERNAL SENSORS OFFLINE

FAFOWRRR!

WARNING

SYSTEMS OVERLOAD

WARNING.

NO...

SYSTEMS OVERLOAD.

RUG!!!

ZZZAAAZZZ

SYSTEMS OVERL------

WHUMP!

HURTS...

... SO HOT...

... CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE...

... WATER...

GET UP...

SPLASH

YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KILL ONE OF THE *LAST* TYRANNOSAURS ON EARTH...

BUT YOU WON'T FARE THAT WELL AGAINST...

BLOODHAWK!

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion.
--Milton, **Paradise Lost**

NEXT:
...AND NOW, AN X-MAN

MARVEL® comics

WHAT WILL BE

THE NEW FACE OF DOOM 2099

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PAT BRODERICK AFTER "CAVALIERI" '94

THE LIZARD KING LIES DEAD, A CREATURE OF THE PAST FELLED BY THE TECHNOLOGY OF THE PRESENT.

FROM A CAUTIOUS DISTANCE, VULOC OF THE SWAMP TRIBE STUDIED THE TYRANNOSAUR CAREFULLY--

-- MAKING CERTAIN NO LIFE REMAINED IN THAT MASSIVE CARCASS BEFORE HE MOVED CLOSER.

WERE THE REPTILE MERELY WOUNDED, THOSE MIGHTY JAWS COULD CRUSH THE BONES AND REND THE FLESH OF THE MIGHTIEST OF WARRIORS.

AND NOT EVEN THE GLEAMING ARMOR, SHINING SO APPEALINGLY IN THE SAVAGE LAND BESIDE THE LIZARD, COULD MAKE HIM RISK SUCH A FATE.

IN A SURPRISING BIT OF LOGIC FOR ONE AS SLOW WITTED AS VULOC, HE DECIDES THAT THE ARMOR MUST BELONG TO AN OUTLANDER--

-- AND IMAGINES HE WILL BE REWARDED FOR ITS RETURN.

TO SAY THAT THE SAVAGE LAND IS A DANGEROUS PLACE IS TO UNDERSTATE THE HAZARD-FROUGHT REALITY OF THIS PHENOMENAL LANDSCAPE.

IN THIS STRANGE POCKET OF TROPICAL JUNGLE, HIDDEN IN THE EXPANSE OF THE FROZEN ANTARCTIC, WILD THINGS RUN FREE AND FIERCE--

-- NOT ONLY ON THE GROUND, BUT IN THE AIR AS WELL.

MURDERER!

YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIME!

STan Lee PRESENTS:

A SAFARI OF THE SOUL RELAYED FROM POINTS SOUTH BY JOHN MOORE PAT BRODERICK JOHN NYBERG JOHN COSTANZA CHRISTIE SCHEELE JOEY CAVALIERI AND TOM DEFALCO, GRAVEN IDOL OF MILLIONS

STRANGERS IN THE JUNGLE

TAKE HIM, LEIBOWITZ.

HIS KIND *SICKENS* ME.

WHOA, HAWK-- I SEND YOU OUT ON A LITTLE *RECON*, AND YOU COME BACK WITH *CARGO*.

SINCE WHEN DO YOU RUN *FREIGHT?*

THIS ONE KILLED A *TYRANNOSAUR* IN THE AVIAN GROVE.

THAT REDUCES THE HERD TO LESS THAN *TWENTY*.

BLASTED *HUNTERS*. I'D LIKE TO STRING THEM ALL UP...

HOLD ON, CHALDA, BEFORE YOU AND HAWK *CONVICT* THIS BOY, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT HE WAS DOING ALONE IN THE JUNGLE.

THE ALCHEMAX CREW USUALLY HUNTS IN *PACKS*--

-- AND NONE OF THEM ARE OUTFITTED IN *CYBER-MESH*.

STAY *AWAY* FROM ME. UNGGHHH...

GUESS THAT OL' REX GOT IN A FEW GOOD SHOTS BEFORE GOING DOWN.

ZARR, THERE ARE *BANDAGES* IN MY MEDKIT. GET THEM.

WHERE *AM* I? AND WHO *ARE* YOU PEOPLE?

YOU ARE IN THE *VILLAGE OF THE SKY*. I AM *CHALDA*. THE OVERLY CHARITABLE AMERICAN IS MY *HUSBAND*, CARSON LEIBOWITZ.

YOU KNOW, I HAVE A *SALVE* MADE FROM THE DRAGON ROOT THAT CAN *REPAIR* SOME OF THE SCARRED TISSUE ON YOUR FACE.

I DO NOT NEED YOUR *PITY*, WOMAN.

YOU'D BETTER TAKE ANYTHING YOU CAN *GET*.

GIVEN ALCHEMAX'S AGGRESSIVE *DISREGARD* FOR THE LAWS OF THE UNIFIED TRIBES, WE'VE *LITTLE* SYMPATHY FOR FOREIGNERS.

YOU *WASTED* YOUR TIME, CHALDA. THIS ONE DESERVES NO CHARITY. HE CARES *NOTHING* FOR THE SANCTITY OF THE LAND.

HIS SOUL HAS BEEN BOUGHT AND PAID FOR BY HIS *CORPORATE* MASTERS.

YOUR PRESUMPTION IS *OFFENSIVE*, MUTANT. I ANSWER TO NO ONE.

AND I SUGGEST YOU *LOSE* THE SHRILL MORAL INDIGNATION.

YOU'RE NO MORE A *NATIVE* THAN I AM, *BLOODHAWK.*

YOU KNOW MY *NAME?*

WE FOUGHT TOGETHER AGAINST THE AESIR TWO MONTHS PAST.

I AM *VICTOR VON DOOM.*

THE *LATVERIAN?*

RIGHT. AND I'M *MOWGLI.*

IS EVERY OUTLANDER THIS DELUDED?

NO OFFENSE, HAWK.

WHILE MY ESCAPE FROM THE CHIN SHAN PLATFORM TO THE SAVAGE LAND MAY HAVE TEMPORARILY *DISORIENTED* ME*--.

-- IT HAS NOT *CLOUDED* MY REASON.

ONCE I *RETRIEVE* MY ARMOR AND EFFECT REPAIRS UPON IT--

-- I WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR *ECO-SKIRMISHES.*

*LAST ISSUE.-- JOEY

YOU ESCAPED FROM A CHINESE *SPACE STATION?*

YOUR STORY GROWS *MORE AND MORE OUTRAGEOUS.*

I DUNNO, HAWK. THE NEWSNET REPORTED A CHINESE SATELLITE EXPLODED TWO DAYS AGO.

MAYBE THERE'S SOME TRUTH IN THAT YARN.

EITHER WAY, HE PICKED A LOUSY TIME TO LAND HEAD FIRST IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

EVER SINCE THE UNITED NATIONS *DISBANDED* AND THE UNIFIED TRIBES FINALLY GAINED AUTONOMY--

-- BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A FOREIGN INTEREST TRYING TO STRIPMINE THE LAND'S NATURAL RESOURCES.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

IN THE PAST YEAR, AN ALCHEMAX EXEC NAMED *L'ARGENT* CONVINCED THE *SWAMP* TRIBE TO GIVE HIM DRILLING RIGHTS TO THEIR LAND--

SINCE THEN, ALCHEMAX BOYS HAVE BEEN RUNNING *ROUGHSHOD* OVER THE LAND AND ANY OPPOSITION FROM THE OTHER TRIBES.

YOU *SWEAR* YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEIR *ERRAND* BOYS?

I AM NO FRIEND TO ALCHEMAX. IF THEY COULD, THEY WOULD SEE *ME DEAD.*

THAT I RULE LATVERIA ANNOYS THEM.

THAT I BROUGHT DOWN THEIR CORPORATELY CREATED PANTHEON ANGERS THEM--

-- AND THAT I SALVAGED AND CLAIMED THEIR FLOATING CITY STICKS IN THEIR COLLEC-TIVE--

VICTOR, YOU *OKAY?*

ODD. HE JUST *STOPPED* IN MID-SENTENCE.

SUDDENLY, ALL MY CERTAINTY OF SELF SLIPS AWAY, BORNE ON AN ICE-COLD WIND--

-- AND I AM LEFT WITHOUT PAST OR PRESENT ON WHICH TO ANCHOR MYSELF.

THEN, INCOMPREHENSIBLY, I FIND THE PIECES OF ANOTHER'S LIFE RESOLVING WITH CRYSTAL CLARITY.

HE'S COMING TO...

WHAT HAPPENED?

HE WILL BE PERFECT FOR THE PROCEDURE.

HE IS SOOO LIKE YOU, MY LOVE.

THE WOMAN'S VOICE KNOTS MY STOMACH AND CLAWS AT MY HEART.

I ENDURE UNFATHOMABLE PAIN AT HER HAND.

STRANGEST STILL IN THIS INTRUSIVE, FOREIGN MEMORY...

I AM THERE- WATCHING, ALOOF AND UNREADABLE--

-- AN ENIGMA TO EVEN MYSELF.

PARTNER, YOU JUST FADED AS CLOSE TO BLACK AS YOU CAN GET WITHOUT FALLING DOWN.

I AM... ALL RIGHT...

BLOODHAWK, TAKE ME TO WHERE YOU FOUND ME.

I MUST RETRIEVE MY ARMOR.

NOW.

THE TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN, GRAVESTONE OF A LONG DEAD CIVILIZATION, ABANDONED CENTURIES BEFORE THE SWAMP TRIBE CLAIMED IT FOR THEIR OWN.

I *HATE* THIS PLACE.

IT'S *HOTTER* THAN HADES AND *TWICE* AS HUMID.

THE BUGS TREAT THE *INSECT REPELLENT* I'M WEARING LIKE A *HOLLANDAISE* SAUCE.

ALL THE LOCALS EXCEPT FOR THE SWAMP NEANDERTHALS *DESPISE* US.

AND HERE AT THE HOMESTEAD, THE *BOSS'S* CIRCUITS ARE *FUSING*.

GIVE IT A *REST*, RAOUL. YOU'RE *MAD* BECAUSE THAT *TRUCK* YOU LOST IS COMING OUT OF *YOUR* PAY CHECK*.

YEAH, THAT *TOO*, KINCAID, BUT I'M SERIOUS ABOUT *L'ARGENT*. HE'S GONE *BONGO CONGO CRAZY*.

WE WOULDN'T BE HERE DRILLING FOR *VIBRANIUM*, IF L'ARGENT HADN'T ESTABLISHED A RELATIONSHIP WITH THE TRIBE'S ELDERS.

LOOK AT ALL THE TIME HE'S SPENDING WITH THAT CREEPY SWAMP *WITCH DOCTOR*.

MISTER KINCAID SIR... I MUST TALK NOW TO MISTER L'ARGENT SIR.

*LAST ISSUE.

VULOC... RIGHT? *SORRY*, VULOC, HE'S INSIDE THE TEMPLE WITH YOUR TRIBE *SHAMAN*.

< THE BLACK SUN *BURNS* THROUGH YOUR FLESH AND *INTO* YOUR SOUL-->

< ONCE *MARKED*, YOU WILL EXPERIENCE ITS *HEAT* UNTIL YOU LIE ON YOUR DEATHBED-->

< YOU WILL BECOME AN *EMBER* OF THE DARK *FURNACE*-->

L'ARGENT.

KINCAID, I *TOLD* YOU--

... NOT TO DISTURB YOU UNLESS IT WAS *IMPORTANT*.

THIS *IS*.

ONE OF THE *GREAT UNWASHED* FOUND THIS NOT TOO FAR FROM THE SKY VILLAGE.

NO.

I TRAVEL TO THE *FARTHEST* ENDS OF THE EARTH TO *CIRCUMVENT* HIS INFERNAL *MACHINATIONS*--

-- AND STILL HE FINDS ME.

THE AVIAN GROVE.

GONE!

MY ARMOR IS GONE!

MAYBE A CHANGE FOR THE *BEST*, VICTOR.

SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME *FOIL WRAPPED*.

A PERSON NEEDS TO FEEL THE *WIND* IN HIS HAIR, THE *SUN* AGAINST HIS SKIN.

-- OF COURSE, THAT'S WITH THE PROPER *UV BLOCK*.

THE OZONE'S A LITTLE *THIN* THIS FAR SOUTH.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, LEIBOWITZ. THAT ARMOR IS LITERALLY A *PART* OF ME--

-- I AM LINKED *PHYSICALLY* TO IT BY A NANO-CIRCUITRY INTERFACE IMPLANT.

THEN YOU'D BETTER LEARN TO LIVE WITHOUT IT, DOOM...

THE SAVAGE LAND IS A ENORMOUS PLACE--

"-- WHEN THINGS GET **LOST**, THEY TEND TO **STAY** THAT WAY."

I WISH I HAD WINGS...

THESE SOLAR FLIGHT TURBINES CAN BARELY KEEP UP WITH YOU.

LEIBOWITZ SAID YOU'RE A *MUTANT*.

LEIBOWITZ *TALKS* TOO MUCH, *ZARR*.

BUT I OWE HIM *MORE* THAN I CAN *EVER* REPAY FOR HELPING ME FIND *MEANING* AND *PURPOSE* IN THIS LIFE--

-- WHICH IS WHY I JOURNEYED HERE WHEN HE TOLD ME HE NEEDED *HELP* AGAINST THE ALCHEMAX *THUGS*.

WE FOUND *TRACKS* LEADING TO THE *RIVER*. MAYBE *SIX* HOURS OLD.

DEFINTELY A *SWAMPER*. THE PRINTS WERE DEEP ENOUGH TO SUGGEST HE WAS CARRYING A HEAVY LOAD.

MIGHT BE DOOM'S ARMOR. MIGHT BE A KILL. THEY COME UP HERE TO HUNT.

THEN WE MUST *PURSUE* THIS SCAVENGER.

NOT SO *FAST*, VICTOR. THIS BOY'S HEADING UP RIVER INTO THE *SWAMPLANDS*.

THE SWAMP TRIBE'S *REFUSED* TO JOIN THE UNIFIED TRIBE COUNCIL.

THEY'RE *SAVAGELY* TERRITORIAL.

IF YOU ARE TRULY THE BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND LEADER YOU *PROFESS* TO BE, DOOM--

-- YOU SHOULD NOT NEED THE ARMOR TO GIVE YOU *POWER*.

UNLESS THAT METAL SHELL IS ALL THAT DEFINES YOU.

ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE *LAST* SCOUTS WE SENT TO INVESTIGATE THE ALCHEMAX DRILLING SITE *NEVER* RETURNED.

YOU'RE ASKING FOR *TROUBLE* IF YOU HEAD INTO THE SWAMP.

THEN I WILL GO *ALONE*.

IT IS *IMPERATIVE* I RETRIEVE MY ARMOR--

-- AT *ANY* COST.

LATER...

YOU'VE SAID THAT THE SWAMP TRIBE IS EXCEEDINGLY *HOSTILE* TO *ANY* AND *ALL* OUTSIDERS.

THEN HOW DID *ALCHEMAX* SECURE DRILLING RIGHTS IN THE HEART OF THEIR LAND?

THE CORPORATION SENT A HOTSHOT EXEC NAMED *CHRISTIAN L'ARGENT* DOWN HERE.

THE RUMOR SAYS TYLER STONE SIGNED THE TRANSFER TO KEEP L'ARGENT AWAY FROM HIS JOB.

ANYWAY, L'ARGENT DID HIS *RESEARCH*, LEARNING THE OLD SWAMP LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS BEFORE HEADING UP RIVER. *ALONE*.

MOST OUTLANDERS WOULD HAVE HAD THEIR THROATS CUT THE MOMENT THEY WERE SPOTTED.

-- BUT L'ARGENT MANAGED TO TALK HIS WAY INTO THE INNER CIRCLE OF THE SHAMAN ELDERS.

HE CONVINCED THEM ALCHEMAX'S INTERESTS WERE THEIRS.

I CAN ADMIRE HIS CONVICTION. HE IS CLEARLY MORE THAN A SIMPLE *BUREAUCRAT*.

LATELY, VICTOR, I'VE HEARD REPORTS THAT L'ARGENT HAS SPENT LESS TIME OVERSEEING THE SITE, AND MORE TIME WITH THE SHAMANS--

-- DEVELOPING A HEAVY APPETITE FOR BLACK LOTUS EXTRACT, A DANGEROUS *PSYCHEDELIC.*

ARE YOU SAYING HE'S *UNSTABLE?*

A DISTINCT *POSSIBILITY.*

SPLORSH

SPLORSH

DID I MENTION YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR HANDS AND ARMS INSIDE THE BOAT AT ALL TIMES?

WHY, AM I SO *UNEASY?*

PERHAPS BLOODHAWK IS *RIGHT*. HAVE I LET MY ARMOR *DEFINE* MY IDENTITY?

WITHOUT IT, DO I FEAR THAT I AM SOMEONE *ELSE?*

I CANNOT BELIEVE I AM *CAUGHT* IN SUCH A *MAUDLIN* EXISTENTIAL CRISIS.

I'VE TURNED OFF THE ENGINES. THAT'S THE SWAMP TEMPLE AHEAD.

WE'LL STASH THE BOAT AND PROCEED ON *FOOT.*

NO NEED *ANNOUNCING* OUR PRESENCE.

UH, OH.

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO *WORRY* ABOUT THAT--

"-- THEY ALREADY KNOW WE'RE HERE!"

< KILL THE OUTSIDERS! >

< KILL! >

THEY DROP FROM THE TREES WITH BLOODCHILLING YELLS--

-- THEIR HEARTS RACING FROM THE ADRENAL PUSH CAUSED BY THE RIVER ROOTS THEY CHEW.

FOR THE SWAMP TRIBESMEN SEE NO WORTH IN THE TRAPPINGS OF PROGRESS--

-- THEY VALUE ONLY FIRE AND BLOOD.

AAAAOWWW

I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A *BAD* IDEA, LEIBOWITZ!

IF WE'RE LUCKY WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE WITH ONLY A FEW *PERMANENT* SCARS.

I KNOW. I KNOW.

I DIDN'T INTEND ON USING THIS *TRANK* GUN ON ANYTHING OTHER THAN HOSTILE WILDLIFE.

BUT. I GUESS THIS *QUALIFIES.*

CLANG

NO *TRACTION* ON THIS WET DECK-- CAN'T KEEP MY BAL--

< YOUR *FOREIGN* GODS CANNOT HELP YOU NOW, OUTLANDER-->

< THE GOD OF THE BLACK SUN DEMANDS BLOOD FOR YOUR *TRES-PASS.*>

SPLORSH

NOT SO FAST, PARD'

WHUMP

FWWOOOSH

A REPRIEVE.

AW, SHOCK.

I DIDN'T WANT TO KILL HIM.

IT WAS EITHER HIM OR ME, LIEBOWITZ.

YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE.

UNLIKE SOME OF MY COLLEAGUES, I STILL BELIEVE IN THE SANCTITY OF LIFE.

CALL ME AN OLD FASHIONED COUNTRY DOCTOR, BUT I TOOK THE HIPPOCRATIC--

THAT LIGHT--

IT'S NOT THE SWAMPERS--

PREPARE TO BE BOARDED.

WE HAVE YOU LOCKED IN OUR SIGHTS.

ANY MOVEMENT WILL BE ASSUMED HOSTILE.

I'LL *SHOW* YOU HOSTILE.

WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT?

HAWK... *NO!!!*

THE *MUTANT* WE HEARD THE SKIES RECRUITED.

TAKE IT DOWN.

ARRGH!

KAHOOM

I REALIZE AS AN ALCHEMAX REPRESENTATIVE I DON'T *LEGALLY* HAVE JURISDICTION HERE.

BUT I'M HOLDING THE *GUNS*--

-- AND *INTER-NATIONAL* LAW DOESN'T *MEAN* TOO MUCH HERE.

NOW FISH YOUR GARGOYLE FRIEND OUT OF THE WATER BEFORE HE BECOMES EEL BAIT.

L'ARGENT WANTS TO SEE *ALL* OF YOU.

HOW DID YOU *CONVINCE* THE SWAMP *ELDERS* TO LET YOU BRING DRILLING EQUIPMENT TO THEIR SACRED TEMPLE GROUNDS?

L'ARGENT CAN BE PERSUASIVE.

I BET THE CONTRACT WAS WRITTEN IN *BLOOD*.

YOU WOULDN'T BE *WRONG*, BOY.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE ENVIRONMENTAL *REPERCUSSIONS* VIBRANIUM COULD HAVE ON THE SAVAGE LAND?

IF YOU DISRUPT ANY OF THE GEO-THERMAL WELLS, YOU COULD DAMAGE THE ECO-SYSTEM *IRREVOCABLY*.

THERE DRILLING MAY ALREADY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SEISMIC ACTIVITY EXPERIENCED RECENTLY.

NO...

MY *ARMOR*...

CAN'T WAIT 'TIL THIS *ASSIGNMENT'S* THROUGH--

-- THIS CRO-MAG *COMPOST HEAP* KEEPS GETTING WEIRDER ALL THE TIME--

HEY QUIT SHAKIN' THE POLE--

I'M NOT SHAK--

RRUMBLLEE

EARTHQUAKE!

KRRRUMBLE

WATCH THE STEAM *FISSURES!*

NOT *AGAIN!*

MOVE AWAY FROM THE OBELISK!

WELCOME TO THE *APOCALYPSE*, STRANGERS.

THE TIME OF TRUTH *NEARS*...

AS THE EARTH *CRUMBLES* BELOW OUR FEET---

OUR CIVILIZED VENEER WILL BE *STRIPPED* AWAY--

-- AND OUR DARK SAVAGE HEARTS WILL STAND *REVEALED*.

CHRISTIAN L'ARGENT, I PRESUME.

HEAT *GETTIN'* TO YOU, PARD?

YOUR *IGNORANCE* BETRAYS YOU, AMERICAN.

I HAVE A *CLEARER* UNDERSTANDING OF THE WEB THAT ENTANGLES THE WORLD IN *FALSEHOOD* AND *DECEPTION*.

HERE I HAVE BEEN GIVEN *VISION* AND *UNDERSTANDING*.

HERE I HAVE FORSWORN MY *CORPORATE* ALLEGIANCES FOR THE TRUTH OF THE BLACK SUN.

THE CHILDREN OF THE DARK LIGHT KNOW THAT *TECHNOLOGY* IS A FALSE PATH THAT WILL BE WASHED AWAY IN *BLOOD*.

YOUR BLOOD.

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.

AND HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR *LOST* PET, MY SWEET, YOUR KNIGHT IN *BORROWED* ARMOR?

YOU ARE ALWAYS SO CERTAIN THESE *DIVERSIONS* WILL RETURN TO YOU.

HE REMAINS *LOST*-- BUT ONLY FOR THE *MOMENT*.

"Never fight fair with a stranger, boy. You'll never get out of the jungle that way."
-Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*

YOU *DELIGHT* IN THESE *DISTRACTIONS* AS MUCH AS I.

OF ALL MY OPPONENTS YOU HAVE BEEN THE MOST *DANGEROUS*.

YOUR GAMES OFTEN PROVE *DEADLY*.

NEXT:

RITUAL SACRIFICE in the SAVAGE LAND

MARVEL COMICS

DOOM 2044™

THE SHADOW KING

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BRODERICK-94.

Stan Lee Presents:

SAVAGE DECLINE

YOU HAVE *VIOLATED* THE TEMPLE GROUNDS OF THE *BLACK SUN!*

RETRIBUTION WILL BE *EXACTED--*

-- AND TAKEN IN *BLOOD!*

*BLAME IT ON THE THICK AND OPPRESSIVE HEAT OF THE JUNGLE **SWAMPS.***

*BLAME IT ON THE MALARIAL **BITES** OF CIGAR-SIZED, PREHISTORIC **INSECTS.***

*BLAME IT ON THE SWEET, HALLUCINOGENIC **PERFUME** OF THE **BLACK LOTUS.***

*NO MATTER THE CAUSE, THE FACT REMAINS-- HERE IN THIS **REMOTE** REGION OF THE SAVAGE LAND--*

*-- ALCHEMAX EXECUTIVE **CHRISTIAN L'ARGENT** HAS GONE **INSANE.***

TELEGRAPHED FROM POINTS DEEP IN THE HEART OF DARKNESS BY
JOHN MOORE, WRITER
PAT BRODERICK, PENCILER
JOHN NYBERG, INKER
JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER
JOE ANDREANI, COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI, COMPANY MAN
AND
TOM DEFALCO, BOSS

YOUR TECHNOLOGY IS WORTH LESS THAN A BROKEN *CRUTCH* HERE--

-- PROGRESS IS A HOLLOW *ILLUSION* KEEPING US FROM THE *DARKER* REALITY.

THE SWAMP TRIBE KNOWS THIS. THAT'S WHY THEY'VE NO USE FOR THE *UNIFIED TRIBES.*

BETWEEN *BIRTH* AND *DEATH*, THERE IS ONLY *BLOOD* AND *PAIN.*

THIS IS THE *TRUTH* OF THE BLACK SUN.

THIS IS THE *TRUTH* YOU WILL *LEARN* BEFORE YOU *DIE.*

L'ARGENT, YOU *DISMISS* TECHNOLOGY, WHILE YOUR MEN LEVEL TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY WEAPONS AT OUR HEADS.

I THINK YOU ARE SIMPLY ANOTHER SPIRITUALLY *VACANT* WESTERNER *FLIRTING* WITH *PRIMITIVISM.*

I HAVE BEEN *INITIATED* INTO THE BLACK SUN BY THE TRIBAL *SHAMAN.*

I DON'T *EXPECT* YOU TO UNDERSTAND.

CAREFUL, DOOM. MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME "*NEVER* ARGUE RELIGION OR POLITICS WHEN *GUNS ARE WITHIN* REACH."

SOME ARGUMENTS YOU *CAN'T* WIN.

CAN'T YOU SEE THE *DAMAGE* YOU DO HERE, L'ARGENT?

YOUR DRILLING EQUIPMENT *GOUGES* AND *SCARS* THE EARTH.

THIS SAVAGE LAND IS A FAR *GREATER* TREASURE THAN ANY *METAL* MINED FROM IT.

SO, THE MUTANT FINALLY COMES OUT OF HIS *STUPOR*. YOU ARE *FAR* FROM HOME, BLOODHAWK.

I KNOW ANY NUMBER OF BIOSHOPS THAT WOULD PAY ME *HANDSOMELY* FOR YOUR *CARCASS*--

IF ONLY I COULD *REACH* MY *ARMOR*---

DON'T THINK L'ARGENT WOULD GIVE YOU TIME TO *CHANGE*, PARD'--

HE'S NOT *THAT* FAR GONE--

DO YOU THINK I'M *MAD*, LEIBOWITZ?

I THINK YOUR DRILLING OPERATION IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT *SEISMIC* ACTIVITY.

THE *WILL* OF THE GODS, LEIBOWITZ.

MAYBE, BUT GOD DIDN'T *BURY* THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY THAT CONCLUDED DRILLING HERE WOULD BE *HAZARDOUS*. YOU'D--

L'ARGENT!!!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, KINCAID--

-- I CAN *HANDLE* THE MUTANT.

THOPP

ACCKK!

DID YOU COME TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO PLAY *KING* OF THE JUNGLE, BLOOD-HAWK?

FWUMMMP

YOU COULDN'T *SURVIVE* HERE.

THWACK

YOU ALLY YOURSELF WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE SKY. YOU ARE *TAINTED* BY COMPASSION.

THWACK

YOUR CONSCIENCE *WEAKENS* YOU.

THWACK

IT SMOTHERS YOUR *PREDATORY* INSTINCTS.

YOU *FORGOT* THE *LAW* OF THE *JUNGLE!*

KILL OR BE KILLED.

ENOUGH! HE'S DOWN. YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, L'ARGENT.

NEVER SEEN ANYONE TAKE HAWK OUT WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.

I SUSPECT L'ARGENT'S UNNATURAL SPEED AND STRENGTH ARE THE RESULT OF AN ADRENAL STIMULANT.

DRAGON-FLOWER. SWAMPERS MIX LOTUS AND A GLANDULAR EXTRACT FROM A YOUNG STEGOSAUR.

IF IT DOESN'T KILL YOU, IT MAKES YOU BIG, FAST AND CRAZY.

DRAGON-FLOWER IS A SACRAMENT ADMINISTERED BY THE SWAMP TRIBE'S SHAMANS. ONLY THE PURE OF BODY AND MIND SURVIVE IT.

WHY ARE YOU LETTING HIM DO THIS TO YOUR LAND, OLD MAN?

SINCE WHEN HAVE THE PEOPLE OF THE SWAMP MADE DEALS WITH OUTLANDERS?

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT YOU GAIN BY THIS, L'ARGENT.

SURELY YOUR ALCHEMAX EMPLOYERS DIDN'T SEND YOU HERE TO EXPERIMENT IN LOCAL PHARMACOLOGY.

THE COMPANY? I LIVE BY THEIR CORPORATE DICTATE NO MORE.

HERE I HAVE FOUND A DEEPER MEANING TO LIFE THAN THE UNLIMITED CREDIT OF A BLACK CARD.

AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH MY ARMOR?*

* DOOM LOST HIS ARMOR IN DOOM 2099 #19.-- JOEY

YOUR ARMOR?

YOU JEST.

RRRUUUMMBLLLLLEE

AGAIN?

THIS ONE'S *BIGGER* THAN THE LAST.

KRAKK

LOOK OUT! THE TEMPLE'S NOT *HOLDING!*

KARROOOMF

L'ARGENT! IF YOU'RE STILL IN CHARGE HERE, LET ME *SHUT DOWN* THE OPERATION.

I'M NOT RISKING MY LIFE BECAUSE SOME DESK JOCKEY IN NEW YORK DECIDED IT WAS ACCEPTABLE TO USE *SONICS* ON A FAULT LINE.

THE DRILLING IS NOT TO BLAME FOR THESE TREMORS.

THE GODS ARE *ANGRY*.

THEY DEMAND *SACRIFICE*.

LATER.

I GOT *TWO* PROBLEMS WITH THIS, L'ARGENT.

ONE-- THE COMPANY SANCTIONED *DEFENSIVE* ACTION AGAINST HOSTILE LOCALS- BUT NOT OUT AND OUT *MURDER*.

TWO-- AND *MORE* IMPORTANT-- IF ANOTHER QUAKE OCCURS WHILE WE'RE INSIDE, THIS TEMPLE BECOMES OUR *TOMB-STONE*.

YOUR OBJECTIONS ARE *NOTED* AND *OVERRULED*.

BEHOLD THE *ETERNAL* FLAME.

BENEATH US BURNS THE FIERY GEO-THERMAL HEART THAT *WARMS* THE SAVAGE LAND.

BY THIS LIGHT ARE ALL SOULS REVEALED.

BE *GRATEFUL*. YOU WILL BURN *QUICKLY* IN THE PIT--

-- AND YOUR *DEATHS* WILL HAVE PURPOSE.

L'ARGENT'S *SECOND* IN *COMMAND* IS CLEARLY UNNERVED BY HIS SUPERIOR'S *BLACK SUN* CONVERSION.

AGREED. I THINK THAT BOY'S HOLD ON REALITY IS *SHAKY* AT BEST.

THAT COULD WORK IN *OUR* FAVOR.

I AM READY TO BEGIN THE *PRAYER OF OBLIVION.*

LEIBOWITZ, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? HE'S GONNA *KILL* US. I'M SCARED.

BE CRAZY NOT TO BE.

L'ARGENT, WHY DON'T YOU *SPARE* US THE *CEREMONY* AND LET US DIE IN *PEACE.*

LAST THING I WANT TO HEAR AS I GO TO MY GRAVE IS YOUR *SORRY* VOICE.

DO NOT THINK YOU CAN *DISTRACT* ME FROM THE INVOCATION.

IN THE OUTLAND, WE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE VERY TANGIBLE NATURE OF *RITUAL.*

IT GIVES *FOCUS* AND *POWER.*

<LEOGROS... *PHARALYS*... *ELTURU*... ANGELS OF THE BLACK SUN... I CALL YOUR *NAMES* AND INVOKE YOUR *PRESENCE*...

<INTO THE *KINGDOM* OF *PITCH*, INTO THE *WORLD* OF *NIGHT*, I COMMEND THESE *BLOOD OFFERINGS*...

<... SENDING THEM ACROSS THE *BOILING* RIVER, AND INTO THE *BURNING* DARKNESS...>

INTERESTING. L'ARGENT'S SPEAKING A BASTARDIZED *ATLANTEAN* DIALECT...

... AND I REMEMBER THESE WORDS FROM AN OLD *GRIMOIRE* IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF *NAMOR'S PALACE.*

<... LET THESE SOULS TRAVEL THE BORDER OF *ILLUMINATED* SHADOWS AND *SHADOWED* LIGHT...

<... INTO YOUR HOLY *OBLIVION.*>

THIS *CANNOT* BE...

NONE BUT THE *INITIATES* OF THE BLACK SUN KNOW THOSE WORDS. WHO *ARE YOU?*

I AM VICTOR VON DOOM. IT SEEMS THE SWAMP TRIBE HAS ATLANTEAN ANCEST--

YOU *LIE!* VON DOOM *NEVER* LEAVES HIS ISLAND FORTRESS.

WHO SENT YOU HERE?

ELDER, BRING ME THE LOTUS TO BREAK DOWN THIS ONE'S RESISTANCE.

I *AM* DOOM.

YOU MUST BE ONE OF HIS *PAWNS*--

SENT TO DISCOVER HOW MUCH I UNCOVERED ABOUT YOUR MASTER.

I HAVE *NO* MAST-- KAFF KAFF

I CAN TELL BY YOUR EYES THAT THE DRUG BEGINS ITS *WORK.*

DO YOU FEEL CAUGHT IN A *CENTRIFUGE* THAT SPINS YOU *AROUND* AND *AROUND,* *FASTER* AND *FASTER?*

FOOOOSH

WHEN THE CAROUSEL *SLOWS,* YOU WILL TELL ME EVERYTHING, LITTLE MAN.

EVERYTHING.

I TRY TO *RESIST*, BUT THE LOTUS BETRAYS ME...

... I *FALL* AND *TUMBLE* AND *SPIN* THROUGH A HAZE OF *CONFUSION* AND SELF DOUBT.

I AM VICTOR VON DOOM, SCIENTIST, SCHOLAR, GYPSY, MONARCH--

-- RETURNED TO THIS ERA AFTER A *LONG*, *UNEXPLAINED* ABSENCE.

MY MEMORY HAS REMAINED LAMENTABLY *INCOMPLETE* SINCE MY RETURN TO LATVERIA.

I CANNOT *IGNORE* MY SURPRISING YOUTH FOR A MAN BORN IN THE *TWENTIETH* CENTURY.

LATELY I HAVE BEGUN TO EXPERIENCE FRAGMENTED MEMORIES OF ANOTHER LIFE.

I *MUST* BE DOOM.

I WILL NOT BE ANYONE ELSE...

YOU HAVE GIVEN *ME NO* ANSWER...

RUMBL

NO!! I HAVEN'T *FINISHED* THE INVOCATION!

I HAVEN'T MADE THE *SACRIFICES!*

I'VE GOT A *BAD* FEELING ABOUT THIS ONE...

RUMBL RUMBLE

EVERYBODY OU-- *AAAAHHHH!*

KLANG CRUNCH

KINCAID!

L'ARGENT'S MEN ARE HEADING FOR THE EXIT.

THAT GIVES US A CHANCE. QUICK, *UNTIE ME.*

BLOODHAWK?

I HAVE SUFFERED *WORSE.*

I AM DOOM. I AM.

'S *OKAY*, DOOM. YOU'RE STILL *REELING* FROM THAT BLAST OF BLACK LOTUS.

STAY WITH ME AND WE'LL GET *OUT* OF HERE.

I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM.

LEIBOWITZ, LOOK OUT-- THE *WALL--*

BOOM

QUAKE'S *OVER*, LEIBOWITZ. HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

THIS ACTION ADVENTURE RIFF PLAYED BETTER WHEN I WAS *YOUR* AGE, ZARR.

MY BODY DOESN'T NEED THIS MUCH *ABUSE*.

DID *DOOM* MAKE IT OUT?

NO SIGN OF DOOM OR L'ARGENT.

I HOPE THAT BOY'S ALL RIGHT.

I WAS JUST GETTING *USED* TO THAT *MUMMY-WRAPPED* FACE.

NOBODY'S GETTING IN OR OUT OF THE TEMPLE WITHOUT *EXPLOSIVES*.

YES... *EXPLOSIVES*...

THE DRILLING CREW HAS LEFT THE EQUIPMENT CAUSING THESE QUAKES *UNATTENDED*.

LET'S DO WHAT WE CAME HERE TO DO...

... AND *CRIPPLE* THIS DRILLING OPERATION *PERMANENTLY*.

CASTLE DOOM, LATVERIA.

LEIBOWITZ LOOK OUT THE WALL

KAZ!!!

WIRE, GRAB HIM! HE'S GOING TO KILL HIMSELF.

FORTUNE, YOUR BROTHER'S TIME WITH THE ALIENS SLAGGED HIS LOGIC BOARD.*

HE'S BEEN DOING THE ZOMBIE SHUFFLE SINCE YOU BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LATVERIA.

ALL I WANT IS FOR MY BROTHER TO BE WHOLE AGAIN.

*DOOM 2099 #16-18. -- JOEY

FORTUNE?

THAT'S RIGHT, KAZ. IT'S ME... FORTUNE.

COME ON DOWN...

HE DOES NOT KNOW THE TRUTH...

HE'S RAMBLING AGAIN.

... BUT SOON ALL WILL BE REVEALED.

THE SAVAGE LAND.

-- THINK KINCAID GOT *PULPED*. L'ARGENT-- I *DUNNO*.

SERVES THAT CRAZY *SQUID* RIGHT FOR GOING INTO THAT PREHISTORIC *RAT TRAP*...

SO DO WE TRY TO GET THEM *OUT*?

RESCUE WORK'S NOT IN MY CONTRACT, RAOUL. WAIT UNTIL WE HEAR FROM NEW YORK...

HEY... MY GUN...

URFF

YOU'VE DONE *ENOUGH* DAMAGE HERE ALREADY.

IS THERE NO PLACE ON EARTH THAT *MAN* WILL NOT SEEK TO *RAPE* AND DESTROY?

ONCE I SET THE PLASMA GUN ON *OVERLOAD*--

AT LEAST THIS *MECHNAICAL PARASITE* WILL DO NO MORE HARM.

-- THE RESULTING EXPLOSION WILL DETONATE THE DRILL'S *MAINFRAME BATTERY*.

BLAMMF

UNNGHH... STILL *ALIVE*...

... ADRENALINE RUSH CLEARED MY HEAD...

... SWEET MOTHER, I *REMEMBER*...

... I WAS A *MERCEN*--

... HE WAS A MERCENARY DURING THE CORPORATE CONFLAGS...

... A SOLDIER IN THE...

... BLAST... IT'S SLIPPING *AWAY*...

GET UP.

THE GODS DEMAND BLOOD. *YOUR* BLOOD.

YOU'VE BEEN TOO DEEP IN THE JUNGLE FOR TOO LONG, MAN... IT'S MADE YOU *DELIRIOUS*.

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE *LUCID* IN MY LIFE.

I CONTROL MY OWN DESTINY HERE--

-- THE *SHADOWS'* REACH DOESN'T EXTEND THIS FAR.

THE SHADOWS?

ABOVE AND BEYOND THE MEGACORPS ARE MEN AND WOMEN WHO TRULY CONTROL THE WORLD.

YOU ARE CLEARLY AS MUCH THEIR PAWN AS I ONCE WAS.

NO ONE CONTROLS DOOM.

NOT ENOUGH. LITTLE MAN. NOT ENOUGH.

L'ARGENT, WE NEED NOT DIE HERE..

IF YOU HAVE BROKEN TIES WITH ALCHEMAX, I CAN OFFER YOU ASYLUM IN LATVERIA.

WITH OR WITHOUT MY ARMOR, I AM A MAN OF CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES.

YOUR ARROGANT PERFORMANCE IS MOST CONVINCING.

YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOU ARE DOOM.

BUT YOU ARE NOT THAT SHADOW!

WHUMP

YOU SEE, TRUTH CAN BE A *DANGEROUS* AND *VOLATILE* THING TO POSSESS.

THEY *WOULD KILL* ME IF THEY FOUND OUT HOW MUCH I KNOW.

THEN TELL ME OF THESE *SECRETS* YOU KEEP.

SINCE YOU WILL BE DEAD SOON, I WILL ANSWER YOU.

WHILE AT ALCHEMAX, INFORMATION FROM THE *MYRIDIAN* DATABANKS FELL INTO MY HANDS.

IT SHOWED CONCLUSIVELY THAT NEITHER ALCHEMAX, STARK-FUJIKAWA, NOR ANY OF THE CORPORATE GIANTS WIELD THE POWER THEY BELIEVE THEY DO.

THEY ARE MERELY *CASTLES* ON THE SHADOW'S *CHESSBOARD*.

I KNEW HAVING THIS INFORMATION MARKED ME FOR DEATH. SO I CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND--

-- PRETENDING TO BE THE DRIVEN AND LOYAL ALCHEMAX EXECUTIVE--

-- WHILE FORTIFYING MYSELF AGAINST THE TIME WHEN THE SHADOWS WOULD COME AFTER ME!

YOU SPEAK IN *GENERALITIES*. DO THESE SHADOWS HAVE *NAMES*?

CHONGK

YOU SHOULD KNOW! ONE OF THEM IS THE MAN YOU PRETEND TO BE--

VICTOR VON DOOM!

IMPOSSIBLE--

I AM--

ARRRGH!

KCHOW!

YOU.

I THOUGHT I WAS *CAREFUL* IN CHOOSING MY CREW...

I *TERMINATED* AND *REPLACED* MARCUS KINCAID IN *TIERRA DEL FUEGO.*

MY ORDERS WERE TO WATCH YOU AND TERMINATE YOU IF YOU BECAME A *RISK.*

ARRRGH!!

KCHOW!

YOU'VE SAID TOO MUCH.

AS FOR YOU, DOOM...

I'LL NOT BE SO *WILLING* A TARGET.

UNNFFF-- POWER UNIT *DAMAGED*--

SKRANNG!

BREAKDOWN.

BREAKD--

SKRAZZZZ

AN ANDROID?

DESIGN LOOKS FAMILIAR...

POP!

WAIT-- THE BODY IS RADIATING AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF HEAT.

IT IS GOING TO--

VRRUUMMM

BAHROOM!

EXPLODE!!!

BARRROOOOM

THAT'S THE *LAST* OF THE ALCHEMAX CREW.

I'M GETTING TOO *OLD* FOR STRAIGHT OUT *CONFRONTATION*.

WHAT WAS *THAT*---?

TEMPLE ENTRANCE'S BEEN *BLOWN*.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S COMING OUT.

L'ARGENT?

L'ARGENT IS DEAD. KILLED BY HIS OWN *MAN*.

DOOM SURVIVES.

AND IF HIS RAVINGS WERE *TRUE*-- AND NOT MERELY *DELUSIONS* INDUCED BY THE DRAGON-FLOWER--

-- HE HAS LEFT ME WITH A *MYSTERY* THAT I MUST SOLVE.

IF THERE IS *ANOTHER* WHO CLAIMS TO BE VICTOR VON DOOM.

THEN I WILL *FIND* HIM.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

YOU AND YOUR *MECHANICAL* TOYS.

ALWAYS SO *VIOLENT*.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT WILL BLAME THE SWAMP TRIBE FOR KINCAID AND L'ARGENT'S DEATH.

I WILL *MISS* L'ARGENT.

FEEDING HIS PARANOIA MADE FOR AN ENTERTAINING *DIVERSION*.

BUT HE HELD SUCH A *TINY* FRACTION OF THE TRUTH IN THAT *LOTUS ADDLED* MIND.

STILL, EVEN A *SMALL* TRUTH MIGHT UNRAVEL THE TAPESTRY OF *DECEPTION* I HAVE SO PAINSTAKINGLY *WOVEN*.

YOUR PLAYER NOW THREATENS TO DO *THAT* AND *MORE*--

-- EVIDENCE OF YOUR CUNNING AND RESOURCEFUL GAME PLAYING, MY LOVE--

-- BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO *REMOVE* YOUR DOOM ONCE AGAIN FROM THE BOARD.

"I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down as the locust."
—the Book of Psalms

NEXT: MYRIDIA

MARVEL COMICS®

DOOM 2099

RISE...!!! AND FACE THE TRUE RULER OF LATVERIA!

PAT BRODERICK

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I LEAVE THE SAVAGE LAND FILLED WITH UNEASE AND FOREBODING.

MY DETOUR HERE WAS UNPLANNED, AND THE THINGS I HAVE LEARNED IN THIS PREHISTORIC LANDSCAPE, UNSETTLING.

LOST AND WITHOUT MY ARMOR, I JOINED THREE MEN--

--THE EXPATRIATE AMERICAN LEIBOWITZ, THE SKY VILLAGE YOUTH ZARR, AND THE MUTANT BLOODHAWK--

-- WHO TRAVELED INTO THE DARK SWAMPS, INTENT ON SHUTTING DOWN AN ALCHEMAX DRILLING SITE.

WHAT WE ENCOUNTERED AT THE END OF OUR JOURNEY WAS SEISMIC ACTIVITY CAUSED BY THE DRILLING--

-- AND AN ALCHEMAX EXECUTIVE DRIVEN MAD WITH PARANOIA.

CONVINCED OF A CONSPIRACY IN HIS CORPORATE WORLD, CHRISTIAN L'ARGENT FORSOOK HIS CAREER--

-- EMBRACING THE BLOOD SOAKED RITUALS OF THE SWAMP TRIBE'S BLACK SUN CULT.

WE BATTLED IN THE CENTURIES OLD TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN AS THE EARTH AROUND US SHOOK AND CRUMBLED.

L'ARGENT CLAIMED THAT A PANTHEON OF SHADOWS RULED THE WORLD IN SECRECY.

HE BELIEVED ME TO BE A PALE IMITATION OF ONE SUCH SHADOW...

... ANOTHER VICTOR VON DOOM.

UNFORTUNATELY, BEFORE I COULD SIFT THE TRUTH FROM L'ARGENT'S LOTUS CRAZED RANTINGS--

--HIS RIGHT HAND MAN KINCAID KILLED HIM TO KEEP HIM SILENT.

STRANGELY, KINCAID'S OWN DEATH REVEALED HIM TO BE AN ANDROID.

SO THOUGH I RECOVERED AND REPAIRED MY ARMOR--

-- I AM LEFT WITH MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS.

HOW MUCH OF L'ARGENT'S LUNATIC RAMBLINGS WAS TRUE?

IS THERE ANOTHER DOOM?

THE THOUGHT DISTURBS ME THROUGHOUT MY FLIGHT TO LATVERIA.

INSTEAD OF FINDING COMFORT IN THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE RETURNED TO MY HOMELAND—

— I WONDER IF THIS IS INDEED THE LAND OF MY BIRTH?

AND I QUESTION IF I AM TRULY VICTOR VON DOOM.

Stan Lee presents

The NARROW WORLD

A BALL OF CONFUSION BROUGHT TO YOU BY; JOHN MOORE, PAT BRODERICK, JOHN NYBERG, JOHN COSTANZA, JOE ANDREANI, JOEY CAVALIERI AND TOM DEFALCO, THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

WAKANDA.

ORBITAL SPACE PLATFORMS.

THE SAVAGE LAND.

EVERYONE I KNOW'S BEEN *ZIGZAGGING* ACROSS THE WORLD WHILE I'VE BEEN STUCK IN LATVERIA.

IT ISN'T *FAIR*. I NEVER GET TO GO *ANYWHERE* ANYMORE.

HARDLY A *ROYAL* WELCOME...

... BUT IT IS ENOUGH TO BE ON *LATVERIAN* SOIL ONCE AGAIN.

AFTER ALL, THIS IS MY *COUNTRY* AND *KINGDOM*.

FEELING A LITTLE *WANDERLUST*, WIRE? I'M *SURPRISED*.

AFTER XANDRA LEFT, I WAS WORRIED YOU'D LOCK YOURSELF IN *CYBERSPACE* AND *NEVER* COME OUT.

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT *XANDRA*, FORTUNE. I MISS HER SO MUCH IT *HURTS*...

... BESIDES, THE BIG GUY'S *FINALLY* COME HOME.

AND EVERYTHING'S *RIGHT* WHERE YOU LEFT IT.

EXCEPT FOR A VASE IN THE EAST WING OF THE CASTLE...

...I DIDN'T *MEAN* TO BREAK IT, BUT...

I CANNOT BE BOTHERED WITH *TRIVIA*, WIRE. I HAVE MORE *IMPORTANT* CONCERNS.

THANKS. AND IF YOU NEED TO DO ANYMORE WORK IN THE SAVAGE LAND OR IN *SPACE*...

... I'M *PRIMED* TO GO.

I TOLD WIRE ABOUT OUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE *Y'LESTJA*.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED *FIRST* CONTACT WITH AN ALIEN RACE.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF *THAT* HAPPENING *AGAIN*?

PLUS, THEY *REWIRED* KAZ'S BRAIN SO HE COULD BE THEIR INTERPRETER...

...I WISH I COULD GET AN E. T. WETWARE *UPGRADE*.

SOON... *ALL* WILL BE REVEALED.

MY BROTHER STILL ISN'T MAKING MUCH SENSE.

THE MEDLAB TESTS SHOW NO *PHYSICAL* BRAIN DAMAGE.

... BUT THERE'S NO TELLING THE *PSYCHOLOGICAL* TRAUMA HE EXPERIENCED IN THOSE EIGHT YEARS.

I WILL SEE TO YOUR LONG LOST BROTHER *LATER*, FORTUNE.

RIGHT NOW, I MUST DETERMINE WHY MY ARMOR MALFUNCTIONED IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

COME WITH ME, WE SHALL TALK WHILE I *WORK*.

LATER.

THE *SKY VILLAGERS* POSSESSED ONLY LIMITED ELECTRONIC MEANS.

I WAS ABLE TO ENACT *RUDIMENTARY* REPAIRS UPON MY ARMOR--

-- BUT I COULD NOT RUN A THOROUGH DIAGNOSTIC WITH THEIR *OUTDATED* EQUIPMENT.

I BELIEVE THAT OUR *COMMUNION* WITH THE Y'LESTJA MAY HAVE ALTERED THE NANOTECH INTERFACE WHICH CONNECTS MY ARMOR TO ME.

CONSEQUENTLY, THE ARMOR'S CPU COULDN'T TRANSLATE MY SYNAPTICAL DIRECTIONS AND *CRASHED*...

YOU DIDN'T BRING ME HERE FOR SCIENTIFIC *CONSULTATION*, DOOM.

SOMETHING'S *TROUBLING* YOU...

... BUT YOUR *EGO* PREVENTS YOU FROM ASKING FOR HELP DIRECTLY.

I HAVE HAD *LITTLE* NEED FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF OTHERS IN MY LIFE, FORTUNE.

BUT LATELY, I AM... *TROUBLED.*

I AM HAUNTED BY *MEMORIES OF ANOTHER* MAN'S FACE IN THE MIRROR...

... AND VISIONS OF A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN RESPONSIBLE FOR GREAT PAIN AND SUFFERING.

AS *LOATH* AS I AM TO *ADMIT* IT. *YES.*

AND WHAT'S MORE, AS THIS OTHER, I FEEL THE SCRUTINIZING GAZE OF ANOTHER IN *MY* ARMOR.

SO YOU'VE BEGUN TO DOUBT YOUR OWN *IDENTITY.*

THE CARDS CAN HELP YOU FIND MEANING IN THESE VISIONS.

I DON'T NEED A *READING.*

MY OWN MINOR PRESCIENCE IS FOCUSED THROUGH THE *SYMBOLOGY* OF THE CARDS.

YOU WILL SEE WHAT YOU NEED TO SEE IN THE CARDS' DESIGN.

I'VE STUDIED THE MANY *VARIATIONS* ON THE TAROT ARCANA, FORTUNE.

THE *DEVIL.*

THE DEVIL

A POWERFUL *OBSTACLE* STANDS IN *MY* PATH.

HAH! THIS HAS BEEN TRUE *ALL MY* LIFE.

A VOLCANIC ISLE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

TELL ME, MY LOVE...

... DO YOU *LONG* FOR THAT SLEEPY EUROPEAN COUNTRY YOU LEFT SO *MANY* YEARS AGO?

DO YOU ACHE FOR THE *SIMPLICITY* OF YOUR YOUTH...

... WHEN DREAMS OF *POWER* AND *VENGEANCE* FILLED YOUR *GYPSY* SOUL?

AHHH, BUT I IMAGINE YOU WERE AN *OLD* MAN EVEN IN YOUR YOUTH.

I SEE NO REASON TO DWELL ON THE *PAST*...

... NOT WHEN MY BELOVED PLAYS SUCH DANGEROUS GAMES IN THE *PRESENT*.

AFTER THE SAVAGE LAND FIASCO, I CAN NO LONGER IGNORE THE LATVERIAN *PRETENDER*.

YOU HAVE *FORCED* ME TO PLAY MY *HAND*...

BUT THAT WAS *ALWAYS* YOUR *INTENT*.

YOU ARE A *WICKED* WOMAN, MARGARETTA.

CYBERSPACE.

INFORMATION IS *POWER.*

MOST MEGACORPS AND INDYGOVS MAINTAIN *PUBLIC* AND *PRIVATE* POINTS OF ACCESS TO THEIR INFONETS.

RIVAL CORPS ARE CONSTANTLY ASSAULTING THEIR COMPETITORS' DATASTREAMS TO PIRATE DATA.

THAT'S WHY WE'VE HAD TO SIDESTEP SO MANY SECURITY PROGRAMS TO GET TO...

...THE *MYRIDIAN ACCESSWAY.*

SO WILL YOU TELL ME WHY WE'RE HERE?

BEFORE L'ARGENT *DIED,* HE TOLD ME HIS PROOF OF A SHADOW CONSPIRACY CAME FROM MYRIDIAN *DATABANKS.*

I NEED ACCESS TO *VERIFY* HIS ASSERTION.

WHOA... THE MYRIDIAN SYSTEM IS ONE OF THE MOST *SECURE* SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD.

NO GLIDER I KNOW'S MADE IT *BEYOND* THIS POINT.

NOTHING IS EVER TOTALLY SECURE. THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER WAY.

DON'T *WASTE* YOUR ENERGY. NOT EVEN DUKE STRATOSPHERE COULD CRACK THIS EGG.

IF THE BACK DOOR IS *LOCKED,* PERHAPS WE SHOULD MARCH THROUGH THE *FRONT.*

TEN HOURS LATER, THE AERIAL CITY VALHALLA MOVES ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN--

-- NAVIGATING A DIRECT COURSE TO THE SOVEREIGN ISLAND NATION OF MYRIDIA.

AT VALHALLA'S APPROACH, A STARK FUJIKAWA YELLOWJACKET WEAVES THROUGH MYRIDIAN SKYSCRAPERS TOWARDS THE WATER--

-- INTERCEPTING THE GRAVITY DEFYING STRUCTURE BEFORE IT REACHES THE CAPITAL CITY OF CHENAYA.

WE COULD'VE BEEN HERE IN HALF THE TIME IF WE'D TAKEN ONE OF THE DIAMONDHAWKS.

IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, THE VALUE OF A GRAND ENTRANCE CANNOT BE UNDER-VALUED.

AT LEAST NO ONE ORDERED AN AIRSTRIKE AGAINST US.

NO, I NOTIFIED THEIR AIR COMMAND OF OUR DESTINATION AN HOUR AGO.

GREETINGS, VALHALLA. THIS IS CAPTAIN DJEMBE.

PLEASE ANCHOR YOUR CRAFT TEN KILOMETRES OFF THE COAST.

WE WILL FERRY YOU TO THE MAINLAND.

THE GENERAL IS EXPECTING YOU.

WELCOME TO *MYRIDIA*, GENTLEMEN.

YOU STAND IN THE CAPITOL DOME BUILT TO THE SPECIFICATIONS OF *GENERAL TIBOR DIAGHILEV CZERNY* DURING THE TENTH YEAR OF HIS REIGN.

I AM *ANTOINE BIDJOCKA*, THE GENERAL'S PERSONAL SECRETARY.

YOUR ARRIVAL CREATED QUITE A *BUZZ* HERE IN THE CAPITOL, IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO SAY SO.

CIRCUMSTANCES REQUIRED THAT WE FOREGO *NORMAL* DIPLOMATIC PROTOCOL.

WE CERTAINLY WEREN'T PREPARED FOR A VISIT FROM THE *ESTEEMED* LATVERIAN *MONARCH*.

YOU CAME IN THE AERIAL CITY ALCHEMAX CREATED FOR THEIR ILL FATED *AESIR* PROJECT, *YES?*

I WAS NOT AWARE ALCHEMAX'S ROLE IN THE AESIR WAS *COMMON* KNOWLEDGE.

I DON'T MEAN TO *BOAST*, BUT MYRIDIA'S INFORMATION GATHERING SERVICES ARE UNRIVALED IN THE WORLD.

SOME-THING'S *WRONG* HERE.

WE'RE IN THE NATION'S *CAPITOL* BUILDING AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE ARMED GUARD *ANYWHERE*.

SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT AND DEFENSE WEAPONRY ARE WELL CONCEALED INTO THE WALLS.

WE'VE BEEN *MONITORED* SINCE WE ENTERED THE STRUCTURE.

I'D HEARD THAT MYRIDIA WAS *STRICT*, BUT THIS IS *DISNEYCORP* EXTREME.

BET THEY PUT YOU TO *DEATH* FOR LITTERING.

GENERAL CZERNY IS A VETERAN OF THE *PRE CORPORATE* WARS.

HE UNDERSTANDS THE NECESSITY OF *DISCIPLINE* IN RULE.

THE GENERAL'S CONTINUED LEADERSHIP IS A TESTAMENT TO HIS *STRENGTH*---

-- JUST AS MYRIDIA IS A TESTAMENT TO HIS *VISION*.

FORGIVE ME, CHILD, BUT THE GENERAL REQUESTED AN AUDIENCE ONLY WITH THE HONORED *DOCTOR*.

WIRE, OCCUPY YOURSELF IN A *PRODUCTIVE* MANNER IN THE CITY WHILE I MEET WITH GENERAL CZERNY.

ALL RIGHT. I'D *FLATLINE* IN ZERO TIME IF I HAD TO DOWNLOAD ALL THIS *DIPLOSTATIC*.

AFTER *YOU*. THIS ELEVATOR WILL TAKE US TO THE GENERAL...

THE CAPITOL BUILDING EXTENDS THOUSANDS OF METERS BELOW GROUND.

WE ARE GOING *DOWN?*

MYRIDIA TRAFFICKS IN *ENORMOUS* AMOUNTS OF INFORMATION REQUIRING A VAST NETWORK OF COMPUTERS.

THESE DATABANKS ARE HOUSED IN THE SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS OF THE DOME.

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE FABLED MYRIDIAN DATABANKS.

QUITE *IMPOSSIBLE*. FOR OBVIOUS MATTERS OF *SECURITY*, FOREIGNERS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN THE VAULTS.

PLEASE UNDERSTAND, THAT THE GENERAL WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU IN HIS *CHAMBERS* IS *UNPRECE-DENTED*.

AND HOW *IS* THE GENERAL?

AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED FOR A MAN OF *ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY*.

ONCE HE KEPT HIS COUNTRY ALIVE BY BUILDING THESE *COMPUTERS*.

NOW HIS COMPUTERS KEEP *HIM* ALIVE.

STOP WRITING MY *OBITUARY*, BIDJOCKA...

I'M NOT DEAD *YET*.

AN HONOR, GENERAL.

DOOM...

I KNEW YOU'D RETURN...

RETURN? GENERAL... THIS IS MY FIRST TIME IN MYRIDIA...

IT IS IRONIC THAT...AS I LIE DYING I STARE INTO THAT ARMORED MASK.

IN MY YOUTH, I LOOKED TO DOOM AS A MODEL OF UNCOMPROMISING DETERMINATION...

...AND I KNEW THAT SOMEDAY I WOULD HAVE MY OWN LATVERIA...

... SO I DROVE THE CARTELS AND CORPORATE GANGSTERS OUT OF MYRIDIA.

THOSE WERE BLOODY DAYS, AND I WAS HIP DEEP IN GORE...

BUT YOU KNOW ALL THAT... YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO HEAR AN OLD MAN RAMBLE...

...YOU'RE HERE FOR ANSWERS.

... BUT TRUTH HAS A PRICE...

WELL DO I KNOW, GENERAL.

THEN TELL ME WHY YOU ARE HERE.

I WANT MYRIDIA.

CHUNGK CHUNGK

VREEE

VREEE

KLIK

FSSS

ALAS, POOR YORICK...

I KNEW HIM, HORATIO; A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA...

THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF CHENAYA NEVER SLEEPS.

FROM THE TOWERS OF THE MULTINATIONAL INFOBROKERS TO THE CURBSIDE SOFTWARE DEALERS--

--INFORMATION IS FOR SALE NIGHT AND DAY.

INCREDIBLE... THE CORNER VENDORS ARE SELLING *PROTOWARE* THAT HASN'T EVEN BEEN *BETA'D* YET.

ITS TRUE WHAT THEY SAY... "EVERY SECRET'S FOR SALE IN MYRIDIA."

<HEY, GYPSY...>

<YOU TALKING TO ME?>

<NO, I JUST DIDN'T EXPECT TO HEAR LATVERIAN IN THE MIDDLE OF CHENAYA.>

<GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?>

<LANGUAGE CHIP. CAME AS PART OF A PACKAGE.>

<PEGGED YOU AS A *MIDDLEURO* FROM THE CLOTHES.>

<THAT OBVIOUS?>

<LIT UP IN *NEON*. BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, LOCALS LOVE MARKING TOURISTS FOR THE BIG *STEAL*.>

<THANKS FOR THE *WARNING*.>

<IS THAT A SENSEI 2300 NEUROTECH IMPLANT?>

<NO, A *KNOCKOFF*. I COULDN'T AFFORD THE *REAL* THING. *PLATINUM* CIRCUITRY *COSTS*.>

<SO WHAT BRINGS YOU TO CHENAYA, GLIDER?>

<BUSINESS. NOT *MINE*. A *FRIEND'S*. LONG STORY.>

<I'VE GOT *ALL* THE TIME IN THE WORLD.>

<UMMM...>

SSSKKZZZ

OW, THAT'S GOTTA *HURT*.

FOR A COUPLE OF *SECONDS*, THEN THE ELECTRICITY FROM THE SUBDERMAL AMPS CAUSES THE RUBE TO BLACK OUT.

SO WHY THE INTEREST IN THE GYPSY STRAY, DUKE?

I *OWE* YOU FOR THIS, LENA.

YOU KNOW *ME*, ALWAYS DOING *CHARITY* WORK.

DID I HEAR YOU CORRECTLY? YOU WANT *MYRIDIA*? YOU WANT *MY* COUNTRY?

I THOUGHT I *MADE* THAT *CLEAR*.

I ASSUMED YOU MIGHT TRY SOMETHING LIKE *THIS*...

THERE'S NO NEED FOR *ANGER*, GENERAL. CONSIDER THE *FACTS*.

YOU'VE NAMED NO *HEIR*, AND YOUR BODY HAS RESISTED *TREATMENT* AND *TRANSPLANTS*.

WOULD YOU LEAVE MYRIDIA TO *CRUMBLE* AFTER YOUR *DEATH*?

YOU *INSULT* ME, DOOM. DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I *AM*?

A *STASIS BEAM* IS UNNEC-ESSARY.

OF COURSE IT IS. ALTHOUGH I WONDER IF IT WILL HOLD YOUR *EGO*.

EXPECTING ME TO HAND OVER MY LIFE'S WORK AT YOUR *REQUEST*!

AGE HAS NOT MADE ME THAT *FEEBLE-MINDED*!

YOU *WILL* GIVE ME CONTROL OF MYRIDIA, GENERAL...

... BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT LIKE THE *ALTER-NATIVE*.

UNLESS I AM GRANTED COMPLETE CONTROL AND TOTAL ACCESS TO MYRIDIA'S RESOURCES--

-- I WILL *DESTROY* THE CENTRAL DATACORE.

YOU DON'T HAVE THE *MEANS*...

OH, BUT I *DO*, SIR.

USING THE ATMOSPHERIC TRANSFORMERS WHICH POWER VALHALLA--

-- I CAN CREATE A LOCALIZED *MAGNETIC* PULSE THAT WILL COVER THE ISLAND.

-- EFFECTIVELY WIPING OUT ALL ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENTATION AND ELECTRONICALLY HELD INFORMATION.

WITHOUT ITS INFONET DATABANK, MYRIDIA WILL BE HARD-PRESSED TO SURVIVE THE NEXT CENTURY.

KSHOW

KSHOW

KSHOW

KSHOW

KSHOW

EVEN AS WE *SPEAK*, VALHALLA HAS BEGUN AFFECTING THE ISLAND.

NO...

... THERE IS NO *NEED* FOR...*

GENERAL!

THE GENERAL'S LIFE *SUPPORT* IS HOOKED UP TO THE DATACORE--

YOU'LL *KILL* HIM.

THAT WAS *NEVER* MY INTENT.

TURN THE *STASIS* BEAMS OFF, GENERAL.

WELL PLAYED, DOOM...

I WOULD EXPECT NOTHING LESS FROM YOU.

MYRIDIA IS YOURS.

GENERAL, YOU CAN-NOT...

OF COURSE I CAN, BIDJOCKA. I AM TIBOR DIAGHILEV CZERNY...

I KNOW THIS DOOM... I SHALL NOT GO QUIETLY...

MY HEALTH IS NOW YOUR CONCERN.

MY CONNECTION WITH THE DATACORE IS SYMBIOTIC...

... IF I DIE, MYRIDIA CRASHES WITH ME.

... AND YOU LEARN NOTHING.

"I GAVE YOU A COUNTRY THAT YOU COULD NOT HOLD..."

... AND THE USURPER *KILLED* YOU BENEATH THE MOUNTAIN.

I OFFER YOU A NEW *LIFE*, A *SECOND* CHANCE--

-- FREE OF THE *WEAKNESS* OF FLESH--

-- AND STRENGTHENED BY *HATE*.

DOOM...

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world.
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
—Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*

TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL comics

DOOM 2099

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

23 NOV

BRODERICK 94.

IT IS NOT A COMET THAT SLICES THROUGH THE NIGHTTIME SKY ABOVE THE INDIAN OCEAN.

RATHER, IT IS A MISSILE OF DESTRUCTION--

-- FUELED BY A FOCUSED RAGE--

-- AND ARMED WITH PURE AND CONCENTRATED HATE.

NOW, THIS FIERY PROJECTILE ARCS PAST THE FLOATING CITY OF VALHALLA...

... DESCENDING WITH MALEVOLENT PURPOSE TOWARD ITS TARGET--

-- THE ISLAND NATION OF MYRIDIA.

AS THE SHRILL PITCH OF THE APPROACHING MISSILE BECOMES AN EARSPLITTING SHRIEK--

-- THE DOWNTOWN STREETS OF MYRIDIA'S CAPITAL CITY, CHENAYA EXPLODE IN SUDDEN PANIC.

IN THE HYSTERIA, FEW HAVE TIME TO WONDER HOW THE MISSILE BYPASSED THE ISLAND'S SATELLITE DEFENSES--

-- BEFORE THE GROUND SHAKES WITH BONE-RATTLING IMPACT.

KA-WHOOOM!

AS THE EXPLOSION ECHOES OFF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS--

-- A MONSTROUS FIGURE RISES OUT OF THE IMPACT CRATER LEFT BY THE DOWNED MISSILE--

-- AND ONLY THEN DOES THE STUNNED CROWD REALIZE THE PAYLOAD WAS NEITHER NUCLEAR NOR BIOLOGICAL--

-- BUT SOMETHING FAR MORE FRIGHTENING..

FROM THE SCREAMING METAL WRECKAGE HALF BURIED IN THE CHENAYA STREET, THE DEAD HAVE EMERGED, RESURRECTED.

NO LONGER DO FLESH AND BLOOD LIE BENEATH THE CYBERNETIC EXTERIOR.

HEAR ME, DOOM!

TIGER WYLDE IS COMING FOR YOU!

THE ONLY TRACE OF HUMANITY THAT REMAINS IN THIS ENGINE OF UNBRIDLED FURY--

-- IS THE FORCE THAT INEXORABLY DRIVES THIS TITANIUM REINFORCED JUGGERNAUT--

-- AN OVERWHELMING HUNGER FOR REVENGE.

Stan Lee presents

Seize the Day

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE-- WRITER, PAT BRODERICK-- PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG-- INKER, JOHN COSTANZA-- LETTERER, JOE ANDREANI-- COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI-- EDITOR AND TOM DEFALCO-- EDITOR IN CHIEF

ELSEWHERE, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN HEART OF THE MYRIDIAN CAPITOL DOME, A SURPRISINGLY BLOODLESS COUP CONCLUDES---

-- AND THE NATION FALLS WITH LITTLE STRUGGLE TO AN ARMORED FOREIGN INVADER.

GENERAL, THIS IS INSANE!

YOU CANNOT GIVE MYRIDIA TO THIS LATVERIAN UPSTART...

TIBOR DIAGHILEV CZERNY CAN DO WHATEVER HE PLEASES, BIDJOCKA.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY BLOOD AND SWEAT, MYRIDIA WOULD STILL BE A BACKWATER SINKHOLE.

-- INSTEAD OF THE INTERNATIONAL POWER IT IS TODAY.

YOUR ASSISTANT FEARS THAT I AM SOME CARPETBAGGER HERE TO LOOT THE TREASURY AND LEAVE THE REMAINS TO THE VULTURES.

I ASSURE YOU, GENERAL, MYRIDIA WILL PROSPER UNDER MY CONTROL.

THE INFORMATION IN YOUR COUNTRY'S RENOWNED DATABANKS IS FAR TOO VALUABLE A POLITICAL RESOURCE TO SQUANDER.

I AM OLD, DOOM, BUT DON'T BE SO QUICK TO THROW DIRT ON MY GRAVE.

REMEMBER, THOSE DATABANKS ARE CONNECTED TO MY LIFE SUPPORT.

IF I FLATLINE, THE SYSTEM CRASHES WITH ME.

WHEN AND IF-- I JUDGE YOU WORTHY OF MY LEGACY--

-- THEN-- AND ONLY THEN WILL MYRIDIA BE FULLY YOURS.

YOU ARE A *WORTHY* OPPONENT, GENERAL.

WE HAVE *MUCH* IN COMMON, DOOM-- MORE THAN YOU *SUSPECT*.

YOU SEE, I KNOW THE *TRUE* REASON YOU'VE COME TO MYRIDIA--

--LATELY, YOU HAVE BEEN HAUNTED BY *DOUBTS* OF YOUR OWN IDENTITY.

AND YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH CHRISTIAN L'ARGENT MADE YOU AWARE OF *ANOTHER* CLAIMING TO BE DOOM--

--EXISTING IN *SHADOWS*, MANIPULATING WORLD EVENTS FROM A CAREFULLY CHOSEN DISTANCE.

HOW DO YOU *KNOW* ALL THIS?

NOW YOU SEEK *EVIDENCE* OF THIS OTHER DOOM IN OUR METICULOUSLY DOCUMENTED ARCHIVES.

I BUILT THIS COUNTRY ON THE *CURRENCY* OF INFORMATION--

-- NATIONAL SECRETS, CORPORATE MEMORANDA, TECHNOLOGICAL DESIGNS, GENETIC BLUEPRINTS.

WHEN A MAN CALLED DOOM REAPPEARED AND RECLAIMED LATVERIA FROM TIGER *WYLDE*--

-- I USED ALL OF MYRIDIA'S CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES TO *PLACE* YOU UNDER *MICROSCOPIC* SCRUTINY.

AND WHAT HAVE YOU *LEARNED*, GENERAL?

*DOOM 2099 *21

COMPUTER, ACCESS HOLO-IMAGE ERIK. KRISTOFER CZERNY.

GENERAL, YOU KNOW HOW THIS UPSETS YOU...

AH, YES, BUT WITH DOOM HERE, CIRCUMSTANCES ARE SO VERY *DIFFERENT* NOW, BIDJOCKA.

A *RELATION*, GENERAL?

MY SON... THE CHILD OF MY *SECOND MARRIAGE*... LOST TO ME FOR *FOURTEEN* YEARS...

ERIK WAS A BRILLIANT *SCIENTIST* AND *STRATEGIST*. MYRIDIA WAS TO BE *HIS*, ONE DAY.

BUT THEN HE BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE *SHADOWS*-- THAT SMALL CIRCLE OF INVISIBLE POTENTATES WHO *TRULY* RUN THE WORLD.

CONVINCED THAT THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL *CRISES* OF RECENT YEARS HAD BEEN ENGINEERED BY THAT *CABAL*--

--ERIK DISAPPEARED IN A FOOLHARDY ATTEMPT TO *EXPOSE THE SHADOWS*.

DOES MY SON LOOK *FAMILIAR* TO YOU, DOOM?

YES. THIS IS THE FACE I HAVE SEEN IN MY DREAMS--

THE MAN WHOSE MEMORIES *INVADE* AND FILL THE GAPS IN MY OWN.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS, GENERAL?

DON'T YOU *UNDERSTAND*? IT HAS *EVERYTHING* TO DO WITH YOU.

I WOULD NEVER RELINQUISH MYRIDIA TO THE CARE OF A *STRANGER*.

CHENAYA'S MARKET DISTRICT.

-- MISSILE LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF PROMENADE--

-- RHAPSODY, SHRIEK, MR. ED-- I GOT'EM ALL AT WHOLESALE--

-- HEAR THE GENERAL'S TROOPS ARE *MOBILIZING* AS WE SPEAK--

...VOLUME, VOLUME, VOLUME...

UGHHH...

... CAN'T MOVE...

LENA'S *LIPLOCK* WILL DO THAT TO YOU.

HER KISS *PARALYZES* HER VICTIM'S NERVOUS SYSTEM WITH AN ELECTRONIC IMPULSE.

RELAX, THE SHOCK WEARS OFF IN A COUPLE OF HOURS..

HOW DO YOU *FEEL?*

LIKE I'M IN *CRYO-THAW*. WHERE *AM* I... AND WHO ARE *YOU?*

YOU'RE IN A ROOM ABOVE MELANI'S *VIRTUAL MASSAGE SIM-PORIUM.*

-- BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T *RECOGNIZE* ME, WIRE.

Y'KNOW, I MIGHT HAVE TO REVOKE YOUR RADIO RANGER MEMBERSHIP BADGE.

DUKE STRATOSPHERE?!?

IN THE SELDOM SEEN *FLESH.*

YOU SENT THAT CIRCUIT-GIRL AFTER ME?

WHAT IS IT *THIS* TIME? DO YOU OWE *ANOTHER* PSYCHOPATHIC *VIRUS?**

*THE DUKE LURED WIRE AND DOOM TO THE VIRAL AGENT FEVER IN DOOM 2099 *6.

CHILL, GLIDER. NO TRICKS THIS TIME.

WHEN I REALIZED DOOM WAS *POWERTRIPPING* IN MYRIDIA, IT BECAME *IMPERATIVE* WE *FACE TO FACE.*

SO YOU HAD ME *KIDNAPPED?*

COULDN'T RISK BEING *MARKED* IN PUBLIC. LENA'S *REET, PETITE AND DISCREET.*

EVER SEEN ONE OF THESE?

A *PLATINUM DECK.* COURIERS CARRY THEM. DATA'S *MINED* SO ONLY THE *RECIPIENT* CAN DOWNLOAD THE INFO.

THE INFO ON HERE'S TOO HOT TO KEEP ON THE *OPEN CHANNELS.*

I KEYED THE DECK FOR TWO CPU SIGNATURES-- *YOURS* AND *MINE--*

WHY DO *I* RATE?

JACK IN. I'LL *SHOW* YOU.

I THINK IT WILL *SCRAMBLE* YOUR NEUROTECH LIKE NOTHING YOU'VE *EVER* SEEN.

THAT'S AN OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE.

LET'S *GLIDE.*

AS WIRE CONNECTS TO STRATOSPHERE'S PLATINUM DECK, THE OUTSIDE WORLD SLIPS AWAY...

... TO BE REPLACED BY RAPID-FIRE ELECTRONIC SIGNALS THAT WEAVE AN OTHERWORLDLY REALITY IN THE CYBERVERSE.

I FOUND THIS PROGRAM IN A PUZZLE BOX AT THE WASTELAND FRINGES...

THE BOX WAS PRIMED FOR RAPID DECAY, SO I HAD TO DO SOME LIGHTNING FAST HACKING TO SALVAGE THE DATA INSIDE.

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I RAN THE PROGRAM.

IT'S ALL OF DOOM'S LIFE-- ENCODED AS BITSTREAM DATA.

I DON'T UNDER-STAND--

THIS IS A FULL ON, MEGA-GIG MEMORY IMPRINT.

WITH THE RIGHT NEUROTECH, YOU COULD REPRINT THESE MEMORIES ONTO ANYONE AND CONVINCE THEM THEY WERE VICTOR VON DOOM.

WAIT-- ARE YOU SAYING SOMEONE'S BEEN PROGRAMMED TO BE VICTOR VON DOOM--

-- AND THAT THE MAN I KNOW COULD BE AN IMPOSTOR?

BACK IN CHENAYA, ONCE CALM AND ORDERLY THOROUGHFARES HAVE BECOME A WAR ZONE--

-- AS THE METALLIC PREDATOR ADVANCES TOWARDS HIS INTENDED PREY.

KRRZZAAK

FACE ME, DOOM!

YOU CAN'T HIDE BEHIND THESE TIN SOLDIERS.

KRRZZAAK

KRRZAAK

IT'S NO GOOD, SIR. IT'S TAKING ALL OUR FIREPOWER LIKE IT WAS NOTHING.

READY THE PLASMA CANNON.

FIRE!

CAPTAIN, THAT CREATURE'S ABSORBING THE PLASMA FIRE AND FEEDING IT BACK THROUGH THE TANK'S CIRCUITS--

WE'RE GONNA---

BADOOOM

COME OUT, YOU MISERABLE GYPSY!

I'LL LAY THIS ENTIRE CITY TO WASTE TO GET TO YOU.

DO YOU HEAR ME, DOOM?

DO YOU HEAR ME?

THAT THING'S HEADING DOWN *PROCESSIONAL* STRAIGHT FOR THE *DOME*--

CAN WE GET *SATELLITE* BACK-UP DOWN HERE?

NEGATIVE, SIR, SATCOM'S BEEN *OFF LINE* SINCE THE VALHALLA LIGHTNING STORM*

*LAST ISSUE.

COMMAND ESTIMATES ANOTHER *TWO* HOURS BEFORE WE CAN GET SAT DEFENSE CORE BACK ON LINE.

WE DON'T HAVE THAT MUCH TIME.

AFFIRMATIVE. CREATURE HAS *BREACHED* CAPITAL PERIMETER.

INITIATE DOME *EVACUATION.*

DOOM, I *KNOW* YOU'RE HERE. I CAN SENSE YOUR ACCURSED PRESENCE.

BADOOOM

THIS *TIME*, TIGER WYLDE WILL BRING THE *MOUNTAIN* DOWN ON YOU.

BWARHOOM

GET THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE!

SEAL OFF THE LOWER LEVELS. THE *GENERAL* MUST BE PROTECTED AT *ALL* COSTS.

BRING IN THE *DISRUPTORS.*

ON MY *MARK...*

FIRE!

ZZWWOOORKZ

YOUR WEAPONS MEAN NOTHING TO SOMEONE WHO HAS SURVIVED A TRITONIUM BLAST--

-- I AM THE METAL OF DIVINE *RETRIBUTION*--

-- AND I CANNOT BE *SWAYED* FROM MY PATH.

GENERAL CZERNY, SECURITY INFORMS ME THE DOME IS UNDER ATTACK BY *UNIDENTIFIED* FORCES.

MMMM... YES... I *EXPECTED* THIS.

YOU *ANTICIPATED* AN ATTACK?

WITH MYRIDIA'S RESOURCES NOW BEHIND YOU, THEY ARE *FORCED* TO PLAY THEIR HAND.

WHO...?

THE *SHADOWS*-- *MARGARETTA VON GEISTERSTADT*--

AND HER PARTNER IN THESE GAMES, THE *DOCTOR*.

DOCTOR... *DOOM*?

WHAT A *SORDID* COUPLE THEY ARE, WITH THEIR CONSTANT *SCHEMING* AND *BACK-STABBING*.

THOSE TWO HAVE BLED THE WORLD FROM THEIR PACIFIC ISLAND CITADEL FOR DECADES.

I TOLD YOU TAKING THEM ON WAS A *MISTAKE*, ERIK--

-- ESPECIALLY THAT SHE-DEVIL *MARGARETTA*.

SHE'S AS OLD AS I AM, AND GONE THROUGH *HALF A DOZEN* BODIES TO MAINTAIN HER YOUTH.

YOU CALLED ME "*ERIK*", GENERAL.

I AM *NOT* YOUR SON.

I'D HOPED YOU'D *REMEMBER*. BUT THAT *WITCH* IS THE *BIOGENETICS* EXPERT--

SHE *STOLE* YOU FROM ME, ERIK, ALTERED YOUR FACE, *AND ERASED* YOUR MEMORIES.

YOU THINK I *AM* ERIK CZERNY-- *DUPED* INTO BELIEVING MYSELF VICTOR VON--

KRAAKKLLASH

DOOM!

I AM HERE TO REPAY YOU FOR THE LONG *OBLIVION* I ENDURED BECAUSE OF YOU.

NOW THE *SECOND* REIGN OF THE TIGER BEGINS--

-- AS YOUR *FINAL* MINUTES DRAW TO A CLOSE.

TIGER WYLDE?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DESTROYED IN THE TRITONIUM EXPLOSION.*

YOUR SURVIVAL IS A *MISTAKE* IT SEEMS I MUST *CORRECT*.

*DOOM 2099 #4

I CAN'T BE SO *EASILY* DEFEATED THIS TIME, DOOM.

THIS BODY IS STRONGER AND MORE POWERFUL THAN THE BEST OF MY FORMER CYBERNETICS.

I AM THE *FORGE* THAT WILL *HAMMER* YOU INTO *HELL.*

HE'S *RIGHT*- THE INTENSITY OF HIS BIOTRONIC FEEDBACK IS *GREATER* THAN DURING OUR *FIRST* ENCOUNTER--

-- WHEN HE ONCE TURNED MY *OLD* ARMOR'S ENERGY *AGAINST* ME.

AND THOUGH MY *CURRENT* ARMOR IS MORE SECURE THAN ITS *PREDECESSOR*--

--WYLDE'S GENERATING ENOUGH FOCUSSED E-M STATIC TO *AFFECT* THIS SYSTEM.

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD *KILL* ME, DOOM?

I AM *UNSTOPPABLE.* I AM *TIGER WYLDE.*

PERHAPS *NOT.* TIGER WYLDE WAS A *CYBORG*-- A MAN *AUGMENTED* WITH MECHANICAL PARTS--

-- BUT IN THE STEELY FRAME BEFORE ME, MY SENSORS FIND NO TRACE OF *ORGANIC* LIFE.

THIS TIGER WYLDE IS AN *ANDROID!*

YOUR DREAMS OF WORLD CONQUEST-- *END* HERE, DOOM.

THE FUTURE IS A BRUTAL REALITY-- AND ONLY THE *STRONG* SURVIVE.

KRCHONG

STOP!!! YOU'RE *ENDANGERING* THE GENERAL!

GET AWAY! HE'S WORTH A *THOUSAND* OF YOU!

YOU DARE LAY HANDS ON *ME*, YOU *GNAT?*

BIDJOCKA... NO... *DON'T...*

LET ME MAKE *CLEAR* HOW *FOOLISH* YOUR HEROIC GESTURE WAS.

KRAK

BIDJOCKA... MY *FRIEND...*

OH, I *TREMBLE* AT YOUR VAUNTED *MIGHT*, WYLDE--

YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF THE *TERROR* OF ADMINISTRATORS *EVERYWHERE.*

LAUGH WHILE YOU *CAN*, DOOM-- YOU WILL FIND NOTHING *HUMOROUS* IN THE GRAVE.

... NO... *MY LIFE SUPPORT...*

YOU ARE NOT THE *FIRST* ANDROID I HAVE ENCOUNTERED IN RECENT WEEKS, WYLDE--*

SATISFY MY CURIOSITY-- TELL ME WHO *BUILT* YOU?

* L'ARGENT'S SECOND IN COMMAND, KINCAID, TURNED OUT TO BE AN ANDROID IN DOOM 2099 #21.

I AM NOT AN ANDROID!

I AM TIGER WYLDE.

I AM YOUR DESTROYER.

SO YOU *SAY*...

KANG

HE BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE THE TRUE TIGER WYLDE--

-- IS THAT ANY DIFFERENT FROM MY OWN CURRENT *CRISIS* OF IDENTITY?

BUT THESE EXISTENTIAL QUESTIONS HAVE NO PLACE IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.

REPLICA OR NOT, THIS WYLDE POSES A *REAL* THREAT.

I MUST PUT AN END TO THIS BATTLE *QUICKLY*.

YOUR DESIGN DOES YOUR *NAMESAKE* JUSTICE, ROBOT...

MY CONCENTRATED IONIC BLASTS BARELY *FAZE* YOU.

ZZHHHOOWW

SKKZZZIZZZ

YOU TOOK LATVERIA AWAY FROM ME AND VERY NEARLY *STOLE* MY LIFE.

I WILL PAY YOU BACK EVERY *MOMENT* OF *PAIN* YOU HAVE CAUSED ME.

HE'S GENERATING MORE POWER THAN HE COULD SIPHON FROM MY ARMOR WHICH SUGGESTS A HIGH OUTPUT *ENERGY CORE.*

THE CHARGED FIELD AROUND HIM INTERFERES WITH MY ARMOR'S *CIRCUITRY--*

--MY SHIELDS ARE BARELY CONTAINING IT.

THIS POWER BATTERY FROM MY GAUNTLET'S WEAPON SYSTEM SHOULD BUY ME *TIME.*

WITHOUT THE GAUNTLET'S REGULATORY *BUFFERS,* THE BATTERY WILL OVERLOAD, *EXPLODING* LIKE A BOMB.

DO YOU FEAR *DEATH,* DOOM? YOU *SHOULD--*

I NEED ONLY ATTATCH THE BATTERY TO WYLDE'S ARMOR.

-- FOR YOURS WILL BE *SLOW AND PAINFUL.*

FAKK!

WHAT ARE YOU--

-- THEN *LEVERAGE* WYLDE--

-- INTO THE OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT HE CAME *THROUGH.*

BRRAWHOOM!

FHHWOOM!

KERASH!

MY SON...

GENERAL...

I CAN HELP YOU...

I DID NOT INTEND TO DIE TODAY...

NO... IT IS MY TIME... NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...

... REMEMBER... THE WOMAN IS FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DOCTOR...

BEWARE, MY SON...

MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP

THE GENERAL IS DEAD--

-- HE PASSED AWAY BELIEVING I WAS HIS PRODIGAL RETURNED HOME.

BEFORE I CAN INVESTIGATE THAT INCREDIBLE CLAIM, I HAVE A MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

THE MYRIDIAN SYSTEM WILL CRASH ONCE THESE MEDCOMPS TRASMIT THE GENERAL'S FLATLINE VITAL SIGNS.

I CANNOT LET THAT HAPPEN. THE KEY TO MY TRUE IDENTITY MAY LIE IN THOSE DATABANKS.

LATER, THE MONOLITHIC SKY CITY CALLED VALHALLA HEADS INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING MYRIDIA, FOR THE MOMENT, BEHIND.

YOU TAKE OVER A COUNTRY AND THEN LEAVE IT LESS THAN A DAY *LATER?*

TALK ABOUT ATTENTION DEFICIT!

THE DAY TO DAY ADMINISTRATION AND SECURITY OF MYRIDIA IS ALMOST WHOLLY *AUTOMATED.*

ONCE I PROGRAMMED THE DATABANK MAINFRAME TO BELIEVE IT WAS STILL RECEIVING *LIFESIGNS* FROM THE GENERAL'S MONITORS--

-- THE SYSTEM WAS NO LONGER IN DANGER OF CRASHING.

I'VE BEEN GOING *CRAZY* SINCE DUKE STRATOSPHERE SHOWED ME THE DOOM BRAIN SCAN PROG.

HOW CAN THIS MAN NOT BE THE *REAL* DOOM?

AND IF HE'S NOT, SHOULD I BE *WORRIED?*

YOU LOOK *DISTURBED*, WIRE. IS SOMETHING *WRONG?*

NO... NO. I WAS JUST... UH... *WONDERING* WHERE WE'RE *HEADED.*

THE *SOUTH PACIFIC.*

I HAVE AN *ISLAND* TO INVADE.

"In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?"
—William Blake

NEXT: DOOMED

MARVEL COMICS

DOOM 2099

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

24 DEC

THE TRIUMPH OF TYGER WYLDE

PAT BRODERICK '94
AFTER KIRBY

ADVANCING THROUGH HIGH PACIFIC CLOUDS LIKE SOME LOST CLIPPER SHIP OF MYTH, THE AIRBORNE CITY **VALHALLA**--

-- PROVINCE OF **LATVERIA**, AND NOW MONOLITHIC **TRANSPORT** TO HER MONARCH, **DOOM**--

-- AND HIS COUNTRYMAN, THE GYPSY NETSURFER, **WIRE**.

DOOM'S PUPPETEER HANDS PLAY VALHALLA'S **ATMOSPHERIC CONTROLS**, SEEKING TO PULL THE COVERS FROM HIS UNSEEN QUARRY BELOW.

CLOUDS BREAK UP AND REFORM IN FASTFORWARD AROUND THE OBSERVATION DECK.

GIVE IT **UP**, DOOM. NOTHING BUT *CLEAR OCEAN* HERE.

NO.

AH.

MANIPULATED WEATHER COLLAPSES INTO LIGHTNING--

-- CHARGING THE AIR, DEFEATING THE **STEALTH FIELD** THAT THE REVEALED **ISLAND** WRAPS ITS SECRETS IN...

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

PLOT: JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
SCRIPT: WARREN ELLIS
PENCILLER: PAT BRODERICK
INKER: JOHN NYBERG
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA
COLORIST: JOE ANDREANI
EDITOR: JOEY CAVALIERI
CHIEF: TOM DEFALCO

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE MET YOU *BEFORE*, DOOM.

THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD-- AND, PERHAPS, MY LOST *PAST*-- LAY CURLED IN THAT BLACK SHELL.

SUCH A *WITLESS* DEFENSE SHALL *NOT* STAY ME.

RIGHT. BOMBS AREN'T *CLEVER*, BUT THEY MAKE A LOT OF *MESS*, DOOM...

DOOM. D'YOU WANT TO, LIKE, *DO* SOMETHING?

DOOM...

"COMPUTER; ENGAGE DEFENSIVE LASER ARRAYS."

I THOUGHT YOU *WANTED* TO EXPERIENCE A LITTLE... *ACTION?*

I CHANGED MY MIND.

REVENANT CYBORG TIGER WYLDE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A MIND LEFT TO CHANGE.

WYLDE'S HEAD IS FULL OF BROKEN GLASS, GLISTENING WITH A PRIMAL NEED TO KILL DOOM.

HE SNIFFS THE AIR LIKE A DYING ANIMAL.

OTHERWISE HE MAY HAVE THOUGHT TWICE ABOUT USING HIS ONE GOOD ARM TO GRAB HOLD OF VALHALLA, BACK IN MYRIDIA.

FROM BELOW COMES THE PERFUME OF A PLACE HE KNOWS.

ISLAND. HOME OF HIS ENGINEERED REBIRTH. HOME.

HE'S ALMOST HEARTBROKEN WHEN HOME STARTS SHOOTING AT HIM.

NOT AIMING FOR HIM, OF COURSE-- THE LASERS WAVE AROUND IN AN EYEBURNING DANCE, LOOKING FOR A WEAK SPOT IN VALHALLA.

LIKE AN OUTER SURFACE WITH A HANDHOLD TORN IN IT.

AAAA

AUTOMATED SYSTEMS OPEN UP A HOT WAR BETWEEN SKY AND SEA.

UNSEEN BY BUSY WAR MACHINES, A DROPSHIP IS RELEASED FROM THE GUTS OF VALHALLA--

-- FALLING IN CLOSE PARALLEL TO THE CITY'S BEAMFIRE BARRAGES TO FURTHER CONFUSE THE ISLAND'S DETECTION APPARATUS.

DOOM'S CONCERNS ABOUT HIS IDENTITY, HIS LIFE, ARE BLASTED AWAY BY THE COLD THRILL OF IT ALL.

RIDING THE EDGE OF FIRE, RISKING ALL FOR JEWELED VICTORY.

IT'S WHAT HE WAS BORN FOR.

THE DROPSHIP HITS DIRT AMONG THE ISLAND'S SHOUTING GUNS.

WIRE, IN MORTAL FEAR, SUPPRESSES THE TERRIBLE URGE TO BE SICK, SCREAM, SOB LIKE AN ABANDONED BABY...

... BUT IT DOESN'T DO TO SHOW FEAR IN FRONT OF DOOM.

SO WIRE JUST WATCHES AS THE PARTICLE PROJECTION GUNS SPIT SCIENTIFIC DEATH UP, UP AND AWAY.

THE DIRTY X-RAY LASER CANNONS INFECT THE PLACE WITH RAW RADIATION AND TICKING CANCER TIME BOMBS AND THE BOILING AIR SEARS HIS LUNGS WITH EVERY BREATH.

HE PRAYS TO ANYONE LISTENING TO PLEASE JUST LET HIM LIVE THROUGH THIS.

LATVERIA; THE EDGE OF GOJRADIA, ITS HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE FALLEN TO SOME SARAJEVO OF NEGLECT.

FORTUNE, HEAD OF STATE IN DOOM'S ABSENCE-- BROUGHT BY THE MERCENARY POET-- IS A STRANGER HERE.

BLESSED MOTHER, POET-- WHY BRING ME HERE?

I TOLD YOU. SOMEONE WANTS TO MEET YOU.

NOW BE QUIET. WATCH AND LISTEN.

THAT LIGHT--

I AM THE NEON ANGEL.

BLESSED MOTHER.

IT'S LIKE THE VISIONS MY MOTHER HAD WHEN SHE PRAYED FOR TOO LONG...

... TO THE BLESSED MOTHER.

FORTUNE. GYPSY DAUGHTER OF FAITH.

YOUR BROTHER, KAZIMIERZ, SUFFERS INCURABLE DAMAGE.

SERVE ME, DAUGHTER. WILLINGLY ENTER MY EMPLOY.

AND I SHALL CURE HIM.

AND POET TRIES NOT TO SMIRK AT THE CHEAP HOLOGRAPHY THAT HIS EMPLOYER USES TO IMPRESS THE MARKS.

AGREED. I *WOULD* ACCUSE THE OCCUPANT OF *IMPOSSIBLE* DISCOURTESY--

THERE'S NO WAY *IN!*

DOOM!

-- IF THEY WERE NOT ALREADY *SHOOTING* AT US.

TEAR THIS PLACE A NEW DOOR *QUICK*, DOOM--

-- *INCOMING!*

BAM

THERE.

PLEASE, WIRE-- LESS *NOISE*. THERE WERE *SEVERAL* SECONDS TO SPARE.

LET US *EXPLORE*.

FASCINATING.

OBSERVE THE EXPOSED *TECHNOLOGY* THAT COMPRISES THESE *WALLS*, WIRE.

I *NOTICED*.

IT'S ALL *DATE STORAGE* TECH. *WEIRD*.

EXACTLY.

THIS INSTALLATION IS *LITERALLY* BUILT ON SECRETS.

SO *MANY* THAT THE WALLS ARE MADE OF *COMPUTERS*... WAIT.

WHY? JUST A BUNCH OF OLD *ROBOTS* TOSSED IN A *CORNER*, RIGHT?

NOT "*JUST*" WIRE.

WE ARE BENEATH THE SKIN OF THE WORLD, THE PLACE WHERE GLOBAL LIES AND TERRIBLE TRUTHS COME FROM, AND NOTHING IS EVER AS IT SEEMS.

YOU WOULD DO WELL TO *REMEMBER* THAT.

THESE SERVITOR DEVICES ARE OVER A CENTURY OLD.

AND THEY ARE OF *MY* DESIGN.

IS THIS DOOM?, WIRE WONDERS

WIRE RECALLS THE DATA SHOWN HIM BY DUKE STRATOSPHERE, A PROGRAM SHOWING DOOM'S MEMORY AS A FRAGMENTED, WRONG THING--

-- SHOWING THAT HE MAY NOT BE THE REAL DOOM.

NO, THINKS WIRE. HE MUST BE THE REAL DOOM.

HE MUST BE.

WIRE.

WE MUST MOVE ON.

I INTEND TO LEARN AS MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE AS POSSIBLE BEFORE WE ARE LOCATED BY THE OCCUPANTS.

HEY, CHECK IT OUT!

YOU WANNA LEARN ABOUT THIS PLACE? I JUST SPOTTED A CYBERDECK!

WIRE. BEWARE.

RELAX.

I'LL JUST GLIDE INTO THE HOUSE SYSTEM AND PULL THE BASIC SPECS ON THE BUILDING FOR YOU.

'SIDES, I'VE BEEN DYING TO RIDE SOME NET FOR DAYS.

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

AND WIRE JACKS INTO CYBERSPACE ONE MORE TIME.

HIS MIND ZIPS DOWN TO NOTHING, MOVES OUT OF HIS BODY AND DOWN THE CABLE, AND DECOMPRESSES INTO THE REVERBSTORM OF THE NET...

THIS'S A WEIRD PIECE OF NET. NOISY.

DON'T RECOGNIZE THE ARCHITECTURE. NEVER SEEN NET LIKE THIS BEFORE.

IT'S LIKE IT'S REJECTING ME, AS IF I'D TRIPPED SOME SECURITY SYSTEM--

-- JUST BY JACKING IN.

AW NO.

WIRE. CAN YOU HEAR ME?

UNJACK.

NOW.

WHAT A *SHAME.*

NAME YOURSELF.

YOU KNOW ME.

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE LIKELY *RESPONSIBLE* FOR THE *DEATH* OF THIS CHILD.

MUST I MAKE A *SECOND* GRAVE THIS DAY?

SPEAK, OR I BRING OUR WAR *INSIDE.*

OUR COMBAT IS ALREADY *ENDED.* I HAVE *HALTED* MY ISLAND'S DEFENSIVE ACTION AGAINST YOUR REMARKABLE TRANSPORT.

IT IS TIME FOR *WORDS,* MY DOOM.

TZZT

DOOM

"YOUR" DOOM?

I REFUSE TO PARLAY WITH ONE WHO HIDES THEIR FACE.

I WISH TO SEE YOUR EYES AND LIPS, WHERE *LIES* COME FROM.

SHOW YOURSELF!

THAT'S *RICH*, COMING FROM *YOU*, MY DOOM, BUT I IMAGINE YOU ARE BLIND TO THE IRONY.

WELL, IS *THIS* THE FACE YOU WISHED TO SEE?

I...

... REMEMBER.

MARGARETTA...?

YES, MY DOOM.

MARGARETTA.

MY MEMORY... IS *DIM*...

THERE WAS... *LOVE*?... BETWEEN US? AND... *COMPETITION*.

CHESS, MY DOOM. FOR US, ALL THE WORLD WAS *CHESS*.

BUT NOW THE PIECES ARE *WILD*, AND THE KING AND QUEEN *FACE* EACH OTHER, WITH THE *OUTCOME* IN *DOUBT*...

RRRRADA

DOOM

CHESS IS *WAR* AND *SECRETS*. THAT IS WHY WE *LOVED* IT.

TAKE THIS PAWN, MY DOOM. PROGRESS TO THE *FINAL* TIER OF OUR BOARD AND FIND THE *TRUTH* OF THIS GAME.

DIE DIE DIE

KILL YOU TEAR YOUR HEART OUT

HATE YOU NEVER KNEW I COULD HATE SO MUCH

WYLDE'S ONBOARD COMBAT ARRAYS HAVE BEEN UPGRADED.

HIS ENERGY ATTACKS, COMBINED WITH THE POWER BLEED FROM HIS AMPUTATION, ARE DISRUPTING MY ARMOR.

EVEN LIMBLESS AND MAD, HE MAY YET KILL ME--

I REFUSE TO DIE--

-- AT THE HAND OF AN ARMLESS MANIAC WITH STRIPES.

HOLD.

I KNOW THIS PLACE.

I WANT YOU DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND *BEGGING* FOR RELEASE FROM ALL THE THINGS I WANT TO DO TO YOU.

SHUT UP.

YOU ARE A -PATHETIC, SHAMBLING *TOY*.

I *DISMISS* YOU.

OH, YOU'LL REGRET SAYING THAT.

I'LL PEEL YOU OUT OF THAT CAN AND PLAY WITH YOUR ENTRAILS FOR THAT.

THEN COME *FORWARD* AND *TRY*-- CRETIN.

TAP

TIME PLATFORM IGNITED

DIE.

TIME PLATFORM EXTINGUISHED

SO TIGER WYLDE DIES HIS FINAL DEATH; HALF OF HIM FIRED INTO HISTORY BY THE *TIME PLATFORM*, HALF LEFT *HERE*.

CRUDE. *VERY* CRUDE.

I EXPECTED *BETTER* OF YOU. *MARGARETTA* FAIRLY *SINGS PRAISES* OF YOUR *INGENUITY*.

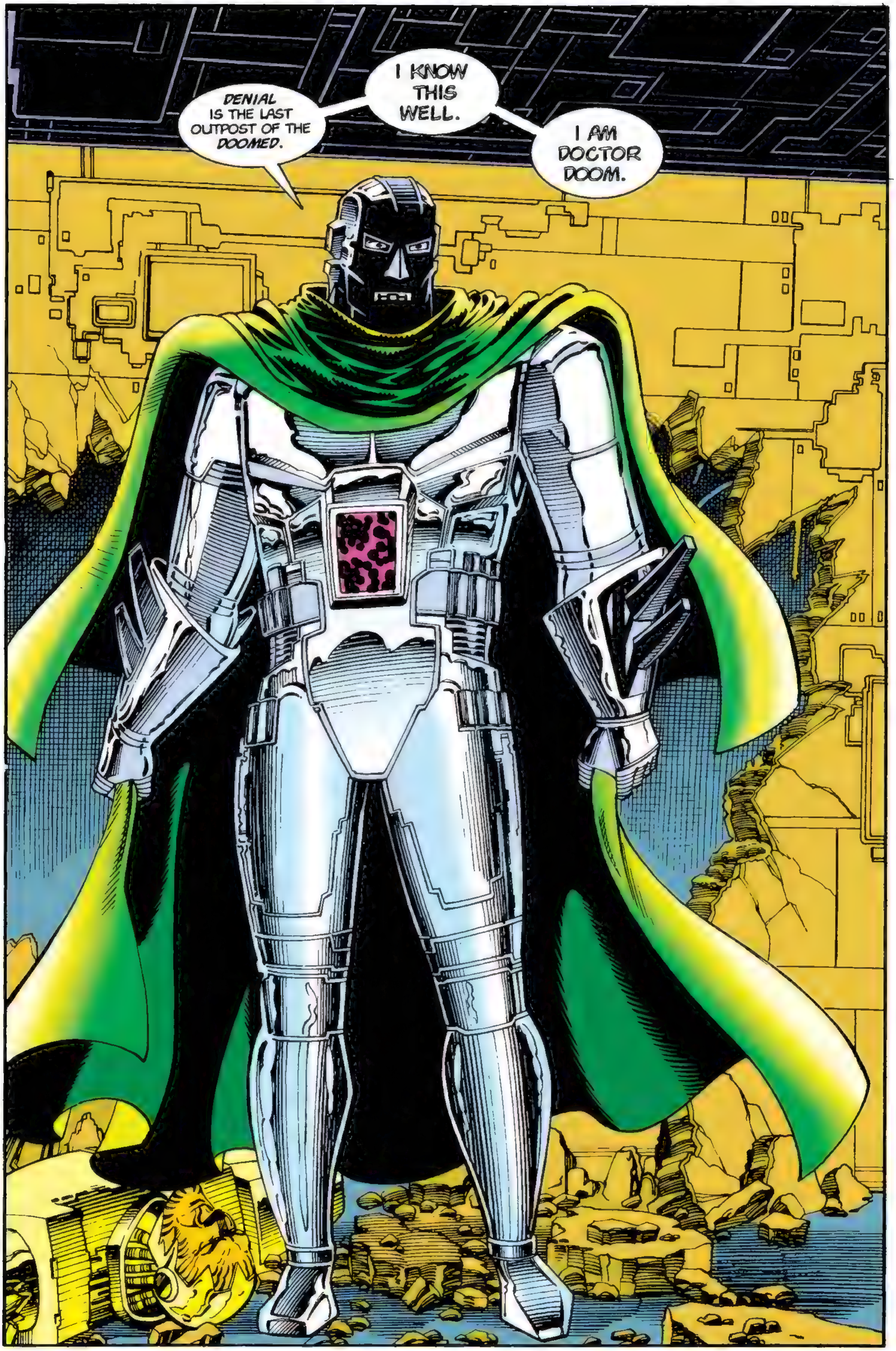
STILL. I SUPPOSE IT IS A FITTING END TO WYLDE THE SOLDIER. .

HE WAS NO BETTER THAN HE *HAD* TO BE. *HE* WAS CRUDE. HE STROVE SINGLEMINDEDLY TOWARDS *POSSESSION* AND *MURDER*.

I COULD ASK NO MORE OF *ANY* PAWN.

IS THIS *KING TAKES PAWN*, MARGARETTA? OR PAWN TAKES PAWN?

NO. *NO*. I *DENY* THIS.


DENIAL IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE DOOMED.
I KNOW THIS WELL.
I AM DOCTOR DOOM.

NO! I AM--

-- A FAKE. ONE OF MARGARETTA'S CHESSPIECES.

YOU MUST HAVE WONDERED WHY YOUR MEMORIES INTERSECT WITH ANOTHER MAN'S.

AND YOU HAVE ALREADY NOTED, I THINK, THAT I AM AN APPRECIABLY OLDER MAN THAN YOU.

ARE THERE TOO MANY HOLES IN YOUR MIND? DO YOU NOT RECALL MY MARGARETTA'S SKILL?

AS MY GENIUS IS IN ROBOTICS, HERS IS IN GENETICS.

SHE GREW YOU, PRETENDER.

IMPOSSIBLE. I TRAVELED TO THIS TIME, FROM--

PLEASE. NO MORE RATIONALIZATIONS. NO MORE FAIRY TALES.

THE GAME IS OVER.

TIME PLATFORM IGNITED

THE GAME ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY IT'S OVER.

TIME TRAVEL; THE TRAVELERS REMAIN STATIC, BUT THE WORLD TURNS BENEATH THEM.

THIS, DOOM REALIZES, IS WHY THEIR LOCATION HAS CHANGED, AS WELL AS THEIR YEAR.

THIS IS HOW THEY CAN COME TO REST IN THE CLOSING MONTHS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY--

-- IN LATVERIA.

"He is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature."
—G.B. Shaw, *Caesar and Cleopatra*

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DOUBLE-SIZED 25TH ISSUE

DOOM 2099™

NO.

DOUBLE SIZED ISSUE

THE CLOUD CITY VALHALLA HANGS, MONOLITHIC, OVER A FORTRESS ABOVE THE PACIFIC.

WITHIN, ITS RULER STEPS SLEEKLY AROUND THE LEAKING, STIFFENING CORPSE OF WIRE.

ALONE NOW, MARGARETTA VON GEISTERSTADT COOLLY SURVEYS THE CENTURY-OLD WINE IN HER CLEVER FINGERS.

SHE'S WON.

THE CHESS GAME IS ENDED. THE PAWNS ARE DEAD, CASTLES CHARRED, KNIGHTS AND BISHOPS IN DISARRAY...

QUEEN TAKES KING.

TO DEPARTED FRIENDS, LOST IN THE DUST OF NOSTALGIA...

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING:

FABLES OF THE DECONSTRUCTION
DECONSTRUCTION OF THE FABLES

A STAN LEE presentation

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE - STORY, *WARREN ELLIS* - DIALOGUE, *PAT BRODERICK* - PENCILS,
JOHN NYBERG - INKS, *JOHN COSTANZA* - LETTERS, *JOE ANDREANI* - COLORS,
JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR, *TOM DEFALCO* - CHIEF

PEASANT LATVERIAN CURSES AND PANIC ECHO IN THE ANTIQUE PLAZA.

IRON MONSTERS CLASH ON THE EDGE OF THE 20TH CENTURY, CONTESTING THEIR CLAIM TO BE VICTOR VON DOOM -- FUTURE WARRIOR-KING OF LATVERIA.

< WERNER! >

< WERNER, COME AWAY! >

< BUT MOTHER -- THEIR MASKS -- >

< THEIR IRON MASKS -- >

WERNER.

MY FATHER'S NAME.

I WONDER IF MY IMPERSONATOR APPRECIATES THE IRONY.

MY GRANDFATHER FASCINATED ME WITH HIS MARIONETTES, CREATING MY INTEREST IN ROBOTICS. MY FAVORITE PUPPET BORE AN IRON MASK.

WHEN MARGARETTA FIRED US BACK IN TIME TO BE RID OF ME, SHE INADVERTENTLY CREATED ME.

STILL. I MUST CONCENTRATE ON THIS BLACK-SHELLED LUNATIC CLAIMING TO BE ME.

YOU WISH MY NAME? THEN MATCH *STRENGTH* WITH ME. BE A *WARRIOR.*

YOU *SEE YOUR DEATH. GOOD.*

I AM DOCTOR DOOM -- I CAN *GRANT* YOU THIS SMALL STRUGGLE BEFORE YOUR END.

YOU ARE *NOTHING.* ONE OF *MARGARETTA'S* LITTLE *SOLDIERS.* WHY *ELSE* SHOULD SHE REMOVE US *BOTH* FROM 2099?

SHE LIVES FOR THE *GAME.* IT MADE GOOD *SPORT,* NO MORE.

SHE CREATED *YOU* FOR SPORT. YOU ARE A *SILVER GHOST* FROM HER *GENETIC TANKS* WITH *DELUSIONS* OF ROYALTY.

IDIOCY. THIS IS *POOR* JUSTIFICATION FOR -- *WHAT?*

SHOCKED? YOU ARE A *SORRY* DOPPELGANGER.

MARGARETTA'S TREACHERY MEANT *NAUGHT* TO ME-- FOR I CARRY *REMOTE ACTIVATION* FOR THE *TIME PLATFORM* IN MY *ARMOR.*

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING, 1942

ONCE YOU ARE DISPOSED OF, I CAN TRANSFER TO 2099 AT MY LEISURE.

DIE WITH THE TRUTH IN YOUR FIST!

YOU ARE NOT DOOM! YOU CANNOT BE DOOM!

I AM THE CORRECT AGE, AND HEAVY WITH THE STRENGTH OF WISDOM -- YOU ARE YOUNG AND WEAK!

GUTTURAL GERMAN FOULS THE AIR BEHIND THEM...

... HARSH LANGUAGE COMPLEMENTED BY THE RATCHET OF ROUGH STEEL AND THE CRACK OF GUNPOWDER.

THE BULLETS -- I DON'T UNDERSTAND --

-- HOW THEY ARE PASSING THROUGH US?

YOUR TIMETRAVEL ARRAYS ARE EVIDENTLY INCORRECT.

WE ARE NOT FULLY MATERIALIZING DUE TO BAD WIRING, YOU SORRY DOPPELGANGER.

NOT A MISTAKE I WOULD HAVE MADE, BUT, THEN --

-- I AM DOOM.

NAZI MINDS REEL AS THE TWIN UBERSOLDATS SPLASH THROUGH OCCUPIED LATVERIA INTO A STINGING FAST FORWARD OF LIGHT AND NOISE.

UPSTREAM OF WORLD WAR TWO, THE MADDENED CIRCUITRY OF THE TIME PLATFORM TUGS AT THEIR MARIONETTE STRINGS.

GEOGRAPHIC SHIFT REGISTERED: NORTH AMERICA

HONESTLY, BEN -- I'VE MADE BREAK-THROUGHS.

THIS NEW ADVANCE SHOULD PERMANENTLY RENDER YOU HUMAN.

I DUNNO, REED. THAT DOOHICKEY LOOKS TOO FREAKY TO WORK.

I'VE BIN THINKIN'... ORANGE ROCKS LOOK KINDA CUDDLY AFTER A WHILE...

NONSENSE, OLD FRIEND. ONCE THIS NUCLEAR REACTOR WARMS UP, THE THING WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST.

HEH. THAT WUZ NEARLY A JOKE.

BUT WE ARE STILL TANGIBLE TO EACH OTHER, PRETENDER --

-- I CAN STILL KILL YOU!

AAAA!

BEN? WHAT'S WRONG?

I THINK YA BETTER FIND THE OFF SWITCH ON YER ATOM RABBIT KIT, STRETCH.

IT'S MAKIN' ME SEE THINGS.

SHEESH... TWO DOCTOR DOOMS... WHAT A NIGHT-MARE...

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING: UPSTREAM

1999; ROME CRACKS AND BLEEDS LAVA, AND DOOM FEELS A PINCH OF REGRET -- SO CLOSE TO HIS OWN TIME, AND WHISKED AWAY...

2020; THE AIR THUNDERS AS A FLEET OF IRON MEN LIGHT THEIR AFTERBURNERS OVER THE SILENT NEW YORK CHESSBOARD...

2040; THE IRONFACED SENTINEL BURNS DOWN THE SHOUTING MUTANT REBEL, REDUCING HIM TO A CHROMED SKELETON...

CAUGHT IN THE UNDERTOW OF FUTURE HISTORY, DROWNING IN THEIR OWN DOUBTS ABOUT THEIR IDENTITIES, THE KINGS IN STEEL STRIKE SPARKS OFF THE OTHERS' ARMORS.

THE DOOM IN SILVER, HEAD FULL OF INCOMPLETE AND OFTEN ALIEN MEMORIES, WEARING TOO YOUNG A BODY, IS DISCOVERING SOMETHING LIKE FEAR.

2060; CASTLE DOOM DROPS LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS UNDER FOREIGN MISSILES...

2099; BITSCRAPS OF DATA RAIN THROUGH THE UPPER REACHES OF CYBERSPACE.

THE DRIZZLE OF INFORMATION BECOMES A STORM, BUILDING A LAKE IN THE ELECTRIC WORLD.

THE LAKE FILLS ITS REMEMBERED SHAPE TO THE BRIM.

LAST DROPLETS OF MEMORY IMPACT ON THE MENISCUS OF HIS SKIN.

BITMAPPED LUNGS INFLATE, DRAWING IN THE MATHEMATICS OF CYBERSPACE AIR.

HE HAS NO BODY, NO MEAT-- BUT HE LIVES.

ONCE, A MAN NAMED STRATOSPHERE APPENDED A UNIQUE PROGRAM TO WIRE'S CYBERSPATIAL FORM.

HE CALLED IT "A GET-OUT-OF-JAIL-FREE CARD."

NEWLY EXISTING ALONE AS MIND WITHOUT MEAT, WIRE SEES THE TRUTH OF IT...

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING, UPSTREAM

CRETIN!

YOUR MALFUNCTIONING TIME ARRAYS ARE SENDING US THROUGH HISTORY *TOO FAST*, AND *UNANCHORED!*

YOUR *IDIOCY* WILL SEE US *BOTH DEAD* AT THE *END OF TIME!*

AAAA

I...

... *ADMIT* IT, BLAST YOU.

THERE *IS*, AS I RECALL, AN *ANSWER.*

EXPAND YOUR ARMOR'S *ENERGY FIELDS.* SLAVE ALL OTHER POWER NEEDS TO IT.

I *EXPAND MINE* TO *MEET* IT.

THE RHOMBOID *REALITY ENVELOPE* THAT THE TIME PLATFORM CREATES TO *CONVEY* US MUST *RUPTURE!*

TRAVEL ANOMALY REGISTERED, EMERGENCY TIMEDUMP

RANDOM DROP, DECADE 2080 2089

I... *RECOGNIZE* THIS PLACE.

I *TOO.* THIS IS THE *PACIFIC FORTRESS.* OVER A DECADE AGO.

ARE WE *TANGIBLE?* OR HAVE YOUR MISERABLE *HOME ELECTRONICS* FAILED US *AGAIN?*

A *TELEPORT GATE.* NOT *ANOTHER* DOOM IMPRESSIONIST TO PLAGUE ME?

YAAAH

YAAAH

I DON'T... *RECOLLECT* THIS EVENT.

I... BELIEVE I *DO. MISTILY,* IN THE *MODE* OF *DÉJÀ VU.*

MARGARETTA!

ARMOR WON'T *RESPOND*-- INTERNAL *FIRES*-- ESCAPE SYSTEMS *SLAGGED*--

MARGARETTA!

AAAA

OH, MY DOOM.

HOW SAD.

NEVER MIND.

THE ADVANTAGE IN OUR CHESS GAME HAS FALLEN TO ME.

CHECK.

IT APPEARS, YOUNG ERIK CZERNY, THAT YOU ARRIVED AT QUITE THE PERFECT TIME.

IT SHALL TAKE SOME YEARS IN MY GENETIC TANKS TO REMAKE MY POOR, RAVAGED DOOM.

BUT LIFE WOULD BE SO DULL WITHOUT MY GAMESPARTNER-- SO, UNTIL THAT TIME--

-- I SHALL MAKE YOU DOOM.

THERE. JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL.

COMPUTER-- INITIATE MEMORY IMPOSITION PROTOCOLS.

ONE MAN AGED TEN YEARS OR MORE AS "DOOM" -- THE OTHER WAS REGENERATED OVER THAT SAME TIME...

NO! THIS IS A LIE!

MARGARETTA! YOU LYING SACK OF FILTH! TALK TO ME!

CAN'T YOU SEE ME? CAN'T YOU HEAR? I AM YOUR DOOM!

IS THIS ME?

AM I DOOM?

YES.

FALSE MEMORY IMPOSITION ACHIEVED

RANDOM MEMORY PARTIAL TRANSFER TO MEMORY DONOR ACHIEVED

AUTOMATIC ARMORING ROUTINE ENGAGED

NO.

NONONO-NONO.

THIS CANNOT *BE*.

DENIAL IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE *DOOMED*.

I NOW CONTROL YOUR *ARMOR*.

MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVES. THE *TEMPTATION* TO *ELECTROCUTE* YOU *IN YOUR SHELL* IS ALMOST *OVER-WHELMING*.

FROM HERE, I CAN *REWIRE* YOUR *TIME ARRAYS* --

-- REROUTING YOUR APPALLING WORKMANSHIP'S *IGNITION* UNIT TO *MY* ARMOR,

NONO-NONONO-*NOOO* --

SILENCE!

AND, IN LEAVING...

... I SHALL RECLAIM A FINAL PIECE OF MY PAST.

THE ARMOR --

TIME PLATFORM RUNNING:

2099

MARGARETTA.

MY DOOM.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY NIGHTS I'VE SPENT, FANTASIZING ABOUT THIS...

...THE *CZERNY* CREATURE WAS *SMALL* CONSOLATION... BUT *NOW* --

WHY DID YOU *DO* THIS TO ME?

THE *GAME*, OF COURSE. YOU *MUST* REMEMBER.

YOU AND I, *DESPITE* OUR POWER, FOUND THIS WORLD *DULL*. SO WE CREATED CHALLENGES FOR ONE ANOTHER.

I *ADMIT*, I ADDED *SPICE* TO THIS *SPORT* BY SCATTERING *CZERNY'S* MEMORIES AMONG YOUR *OWN*, BUT --

DON'T TOUCH ME.

WHAT'S *WRONG?* YOU *OVERCAME* THE HANDICAP! WE'RE *TOGETHER* AGAIN!

THIS IS THE *GAME!*

I AM *DOOM.*

AND I DO NOT *PLAY* GAMES.

THEREFORE, I AM TAKING MY TOYS AND GOING *HOME*.

RECALLING YOUR *WEAPONRY* OUTSIDE, IT AMUSES ME TO DEPART *INTANGIBLY* VIA *PHASE SHIFTER*.

IF YOU *MUST* PLAY YOUR PUERILE, VICIOUS GAMES, MARGARETTA, I WOULD ADVISE YOU THAT YOUR ISLAND HOLDS ONE *LAST* CHALLENGE.

YOUR *PET* THERE DISASTROUSLY *MISALIGNED* HIS TIMETRAVEL EQUIPMENT, DRIVING THE PLATFORM INTO *PSYCHOSIS*.

NONONONO

ITS TRAVEL FIELDS ARE FOLDING *IN* ON THEMSELVES. THE *FEEDBACK* WILL BE QUITE *TERMINAL*.

I'M SURE YOU APPRECIATE THE *SPORT* IN FINDING A WAY *OFF* YOUR LITTLE FORTRESS BEFORE IT IS SWALLOWED UP BY *TIMEQUAKES*.

DOOM! THIS *ISN'T* HOW WE *PLAY* THE *GAME*.!

DOOM!

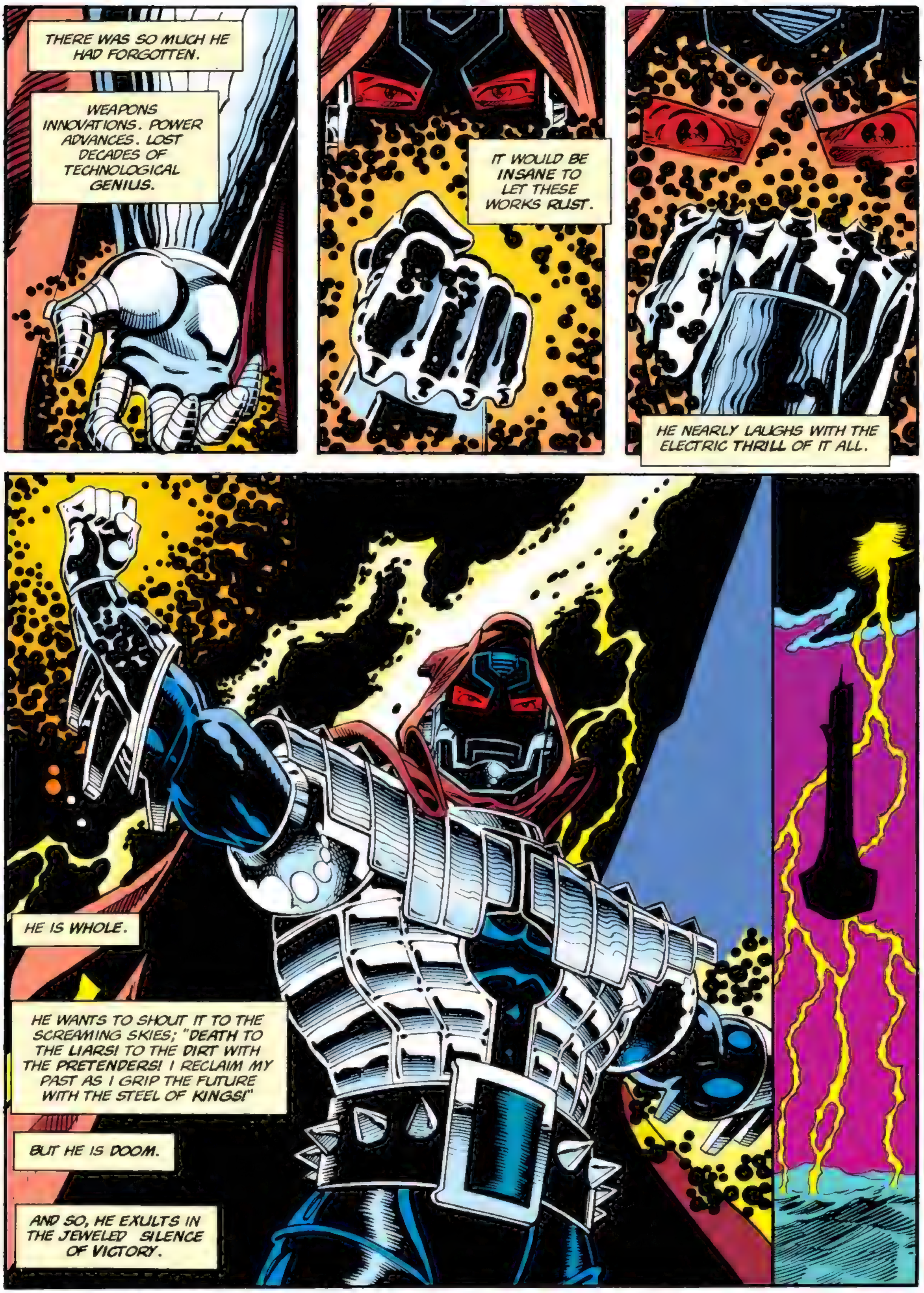
DOOM!

TIME TURNS BACK ON ITSELF LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL, LOOKING FOR THE BARB IN ITS FLESH.

WITHIN THE FORTRESS, UNDER THE STRESS OF PRIMAL FORCES MISHANDLED BY THE PSYCHOTIC TIME PLATFORM, REALITY SHATTERS LIKE CHEAP GLASS.

ERASURE SNAPS AT DOOM'S AIRBORNE HEELS, AS IT BOILS OUT OF THE PLACE IN A SHOCK WAVE.

A GASH IN THE WORLD TEARS OPEN, AND THE ISLAND IS SUCKED AWAY... REALITY HEALS, TIME SET TO RIGHTS, AND IT IS AS IF THE PLACE HAD NEVER EXISTED...



"Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith..."

1 Timothy 1:4

REFLECTIONS OF A FALLING STAR

THE SKY IS FALLING!

UNNAUGH!

JO DUFFY : WRITER	LEO DURAÑONA : ARTIST	H. FORMENTO : LETTERER
MIKE THOMAS : COLORIST	JOEY CAVALIERI : EDITOR	TOM DE FALCO : EDITOR IN CHIEF

A GOOD OMEN!

ONE OF THE HOLY SIGNS!

YOU MUST TELL OUR REVERED LEADER!

AT ONCE!

CLOPCLOP

CLOP

CLOPP

THEY SAY STARS IN THEIR COURSES MARK PASSAGES IN THE LIVES...

...OF GREAT LEADERS...

...THAT THE FALLING OF ONE...

...MAY SIGNAL THE DEATH OF THE OTHER.

FALLING STARS ARE ALSO SEEN WHEN LEADERS HAVE ARRIVED...

POK

CLAAANG

...BY BIRTH...

...OR VIA LESS TRADITIONAL MEANS.

THANK ALL SPIRITS AND SCIENTISTS MY ESCAPE POD WAS SOUND!

I WONDERED IF I WOULD EVER AGAIN WALK THE HILLS OF MY NATIVE *CHINA*...

...OR ANYPLACE ELSE ON EARTH!

I LIVE, BUT I AM HURT...

...IN MY BODY AND MY WEALTH...

...AND INJURED MOST GRAVELY IN MY PRIDE.

"*DOOM, THAT LATVERIAN INSECT! HE SHAMED ME! HE THWARTED ME!*

"*IN MY SATELLITE WE FOUGHT--*

"*--FOR THE ARMOR OF A DEAD ALIEN, WITH ALL THE SECRETS IT MAY HAVE HELD!*

"*CERTAIN I COULD DEFEAT HIM, I FORCED A CRISIS...*

AAOOOGA AAOOOGA

"*ACTIVATED THE AUTODESTRUCT CODE...*

"*AND THE UPSTART BEAT ME! HE FLED MY SATELLITE, THE TREASURE WAS LEFT INSIDE...*

"*...AND I BARELY ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE!*

"*ONE DAY, DOOM WILL PAY!*"

BUT NOT TODAY.

CLOPCLOP CLOP CLOP

EH...?

HERE, REVERED LEADER! THE STAR FELL HERE, JUST AS *KUANTAI* SAID!

BARBARIANS! ARMED! AT LEAST A DOZEN!

LOOK THERE!

A CREATURE FROM THE STARS?

THIS IS NO CELESTIAL PRESENCE!

IT IS THE DICTATOR *FENG HUANG!*

SLAVE TO TECHNOLOGY! OPPRESSOR OF THE PEOPLE!

THE GODS THEMSELVES HAD DELIVERED THE WARLORD TO OUR VENGEANCE!

OF WHAT CRIME DO YOU PEASANTS ACCUSE ME?

YOU ARE UNNATURAL! AN ABOMINATION! A THING GROWN IN A LABORATORY!

YOU EMBRACE THE DEVIL SCIENCES, BETRAYING OUR CULTURE AND YOUR OWN ANCESTORS!

FOOL! I HAVE NO ANCESTORS! I SHALL BE THE FIRST OF ALL ANCESTORS!

MY CULTURE WAS A CELL CULTURE, MY HOMELAND THE INCUBATION CHAMBER OF THE *CRECHE!*

I AM THE GREATEST MONARCH THE WORLD WILL EVER KNOW! YOUR CHILDREN WILL FIGHT TO CLAIM ME AS AN ANCESTOR!

ARE YOU SO CERTAIN? OF YOUR FUTURE?

YOUR...

>GASP!<

... UNIQUENESS?

YOU SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT WHERE SCIENTISTS COULD GROW ONE OF US...

...ANOTHER WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY.

YOU LOOK INTO THE FACE OF DEATH, ***FENG HUANG!***

AN ENEMY WITH ALL YOUR SKILL. AN ' ENEMY WHO WILL DESTROY THE DEVIL WAYS THAT BIRTHED US! WHO HONORS TRADITION AND FAMILY!

AN ENEMY LOVED BY HER PEOPLE!

SENTIMENTAL...

...FOOL!!

NEEIGH

YOU ARE IMBECILES... *CLOWNS!*

WITHOUT COURAGE...

...OR STRATEGY.

SCARCELY WORTHY OF DEATH AT MY HAND!

A LEADER IS NOT TECHNOLOGY OR RELIGION...

...BUT ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO ACT!

AAAiEEEE

DEMON! MONSTER!!

YOU SHALL NOT LIVE!

CLUMSY!

AND CARELESS!

IT SEEMS I'VE MASTERED SOME TRADITIONS MORE FULLY THAN YOURSELF!

I FIND YOU REDUNDANT.

CAN YOU KILL YOURSELF?

YOU ARE NOT ME!

IT IS WELL I INCINERATED THOSE BODIES BEFORE MY MEN COULD SEE... AND SPEAK OF IT.!

QUEEN OF HEAVEN, ARE YOU WELL?

PERFECTLY!

LIGHTING THE FIRE WAS A MASTERSTROKE! IT SHOWED US WHERE YOUR CAPSULE FELL.

IT... SERVED ANOTHER PURPOSE, AS WELL.

TO WARM YOU?

WATCHING IT HAS WARMED MY HEART.

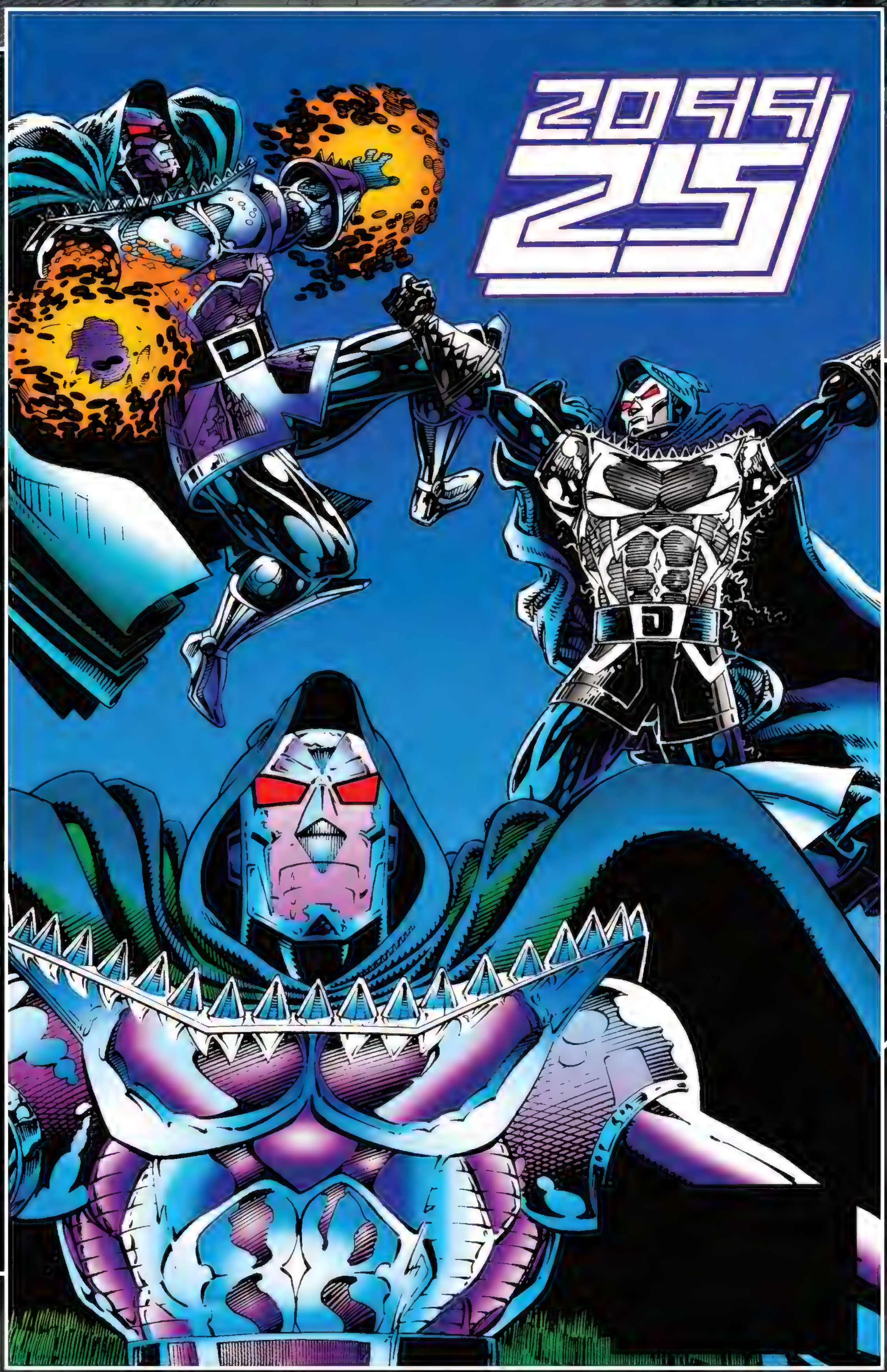
OUR PEOPLE WILL FEAST FOR THREE DAYS WHEN THEY HEAR THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN IS SAFELY RETURNED.

EXCELLENT. I WANT TIME ALONE, FIRST, TO PRIVATELY THANK THE GODS.

I WISH YOU COULD SPEAK AND WARN ME. WHAT OTHER SURPRISES, HAVE YOU LAIN IN MY PATH...

...O HONORED MOTHER?

FIN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FEATURING THE HULK 2099™

AND MORE ALL-OUT ACTION WITH HAZZARD 2099™

AND THE LEGENDARY DUKE STRATOSPHERE!™

DUKE STRATOSPHERE?

USED TO BE A *REGULAR*-- THAT IS--*BEFORE* HE SAVED CYBERSPACE FROM THE DOMINO.

NOW THIS JOINT'S TOO *DOWNBEAT* FOR A *UPTEMPO* CELEB LIKE HIM.

WHAT CAN I *SAY*, MONKEY BOY? OL' STRAT *DEFINED* THE GLIDE.

I SAW HIM ONCE AT THE SILICON FETISH CROSSROADS ON THE NET. HE'S A *GOD!*

I MUST *KILL* THE DUKE SO I CAN *BECOME* THE DUKE.

THAT *CRIMINAL*? HE AND HIS KIND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE *COLLAPSE* OF ORDER IN THIS COUNTRY.

AND WHY DO *YOU* WANT TO KNOW, CITIZEN? LET ME SEE SOME *IDENTIFICATION*.

STRATOSPHERE IS ONE OF THREE *BIOMECH CONSTRUCTS* LEFT HERE BY THE SHI'AR TO UNDERMINE EARTH STABILITY.

I HAVE DOCUMENTATION SUPRESSED BY THE MEGACORP-MEDIA CONSPIRACY.

DON'T GET ME STARTED.

I USED TO GO *OUT* WITH HIM.

WHAT A JERK.

<I DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH.>*

*TRANSLATED FROM LATVERIAN.

MR. STRATOSPHERE REFUSED MY COMPANY'S *GENEROUS* OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT IN OUR INTELLIGENCE GATHERING DIVISION.

HE MUST BE *CRAZY*. WE HAVE AN *EXCELLENT* DENTAL PLAN.

YEAH, ME AND DUKE GO *WAAAY* BACK. HE SAVED MY BUTT IN THE '93 JERSEY SHORE CONFLAG.

NO. *WAIT*. I'M THINKIN' OF SOME *OTHER* DUDE...

AW, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME WITH THOSE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

IF YOU WANT THE *REAL* DIRT, YOU GOTTA TALK TO THE ONLY CAT WHO CAN TELL YOU...

EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT

DUKE STRATOSPHERE

BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK!

AS EXPLAINED BY THAT SULTAN OF SCOOP, THAT LORD OF LOW DOWN, THE GURU OF GOSSIP

MR. BONGO!

THAT'S ME!

BY
JOHN MOORE
AND
KYLE BAKER

A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

YES, I, *MR. BONGO*, WILL NOW DISPEL THE MYTHS AND MISINFORMATION SURROUNDING THE DUKE...

...AND REVEAL TO YOU THE *TRUE* CIRCUMSTANCE OF HIS *ASTONISHING* ORIGIN!

OUR STORY BEGINS *YEARS* AGO, IN THE OFFICES OF *TRANS-NATIONAL TECHNOLOGIES*...

...THE DUKE WAS MERELY ANOTHER PROGRAMMER LIVING A LIFE *DICTATED* BY THE COMPANY.

WORK. WORK. WORK.

BRILLIANT THOUGH HE WAS, THE ADMINISTRATION KNEW HE NEEDED A PARTNER TO *FOCUS* HIS WORK.

KID, SAY HELLO TO *CYDNEY MARQUEZ*, A HARDWARE ACE FROM THE COAST.

SHE'S GOING TO WORK WITH YOU ON YOUR NEUROTECH INTERFACE PROJECT.

UM...HI.

HER FUNCTIONAL DESIGN SENSE *COMPLEMENTED* AND *REALIZED* HIS THEORETICAL PROGRAMMING.

IN A *FRENZY* OF INSPIRATION, THEY SPENT EVERY WAKING HOUR IN THE LAB--

--UNAWARE THEIR PASSION FOR THE WORK WAS BECOMING A PASSION FOR *EACH OTHER.*

ZAP! ZAP!

TOGETHER THEY CREATED THE BASIS OF EVERY CYBERSPACE INTERFACE USED TODAY--

--A CHIP THAT TRANSLATED THE *ELECTRONIC PULSE* OF CYBERSPACE INTO DIRECT CEREBRAL *STIMULATION.*

PLAYING IN A CYBERSPACE MADE MORE SENSUOUSLY *RESOLVED* THANKS TO THEIR *BREAKTHROUGH* TECH--

--THEY FELL IN *LOVE.*

AUG 5

HONEY, I'M HOME!

YOUNG, SUCCESSFUL, AND *HOPELESSLY* SMITTEN, THEIR LIFE TOGETHER SEEMED *PERFECT*...

BABY, YOU'RE THE *GREATEST!*

...UNTIL THE DAY CYD *VANISHED* INTO THIN AIR..

NOV 10

THE DUKE WAS *DEVASTATED.*

SORRY, KID, IT LOOKS LIKE CYD WAS GRABBED BY A COMPETITOR IN A *HEAD HUNTING* RAID.

BUT I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER.

GET *OVER* IT, SON. BE GLAD THEY DIDN'T GET *YOU.* NOW GO BACK TO WORK.

BUT THE LAB OFFERED *NO* SOLACE, ONLY THE CONSTANT REMINDER OF CYD'S ABSENCE.

DOGGEDLY SEARCHING THE NET, HE LOOKED FOR *ANY* CLUE TO HER WHEREABOUTS, BUT FOUND *NOTHING.*

CYD!

HE PLUNGED INTO A DEEP *DEPRESSION,* LOSING INTEREST IN WORK AND IN PERSONAL HYGIENE.

BELIEVING THE TRANS-NASH ADMIN DIDN'T WANT HIM TO FIND CYD--

--HE DECIDED TO *LEAVE* THE COMPANY, KNOWING HE HAD ONLY *ONE* MEANS OF BREAKING HIS *LIFETIME* CONTRACT--

--HIS OWN *DEATH.*

WITH A STYLISH DUPLICITY, HE ENGINEERED HIS OWN "*DISAPPEARANCE*,"

AT GREAT RISK AND COST, HE OBLITERATED ALL *PHYSICAL* AND *ELECTRONIC* EVIDENCE OF HIS CORPORATE EXISTENCE.

DELETE ALL

HIS MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT DEPARTURE SENT THE TRANS-NASH ADMIN INTO AN *UPROAR*.

OOOOH. IF I GET MY HANDS ON THAT NO- GOOD, *UNGRATEFUL* KID...

BEFORE THEY COULD FIND THE DUKE, THE COMPANY SUFFERED A *HOSTILE TAKEOVER*, ENDING THEIR PURSUIT.

MEANWHILE, LIVING IN THE *SHADOWS* OF CORPORATE CULTURE, THE DUKE SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR HIS LOST LOVE.

AFTER YEARS OF *CRISSCROSSING* THE GLOBE, HE RELUCTANTLY *ABANDONED* HIS QUEST--

--SEQUESTERING HIMSELF IN A NOWHERESVILLE *'BURB* IN THE SOUTHWEST.

RESIGNED TO A LIFE *ALONE*, HE THREW HIMSELF BACK INTO HIS NEUROTECH RESEARCH --

--EVENTUALLY GOING *BEYOND* THE WORK HE AND CYD HAD BEGUN AT TRANS-NASH.

NOW THERE ARE CERTAIN *PHYSICAL* LIMITATIONS *ALL* GLIDERS FACE--

--NO MATTER HOW *BIG* AND *BAD* THEIR CYBERSPACE PROGRAM ARCHETYPES MAY BE.

BY PLUGGING INTO THE NET, A GLIDER SWITCHES *OFF* SENSORY INPUT FROM THE REAL WORLD--

AND GOES INTO WHAT'S CALLED A *CYBER TRANCE*.

IN HIS SELF IMPOSED EXILE, THE DUKE CREATED A NEUROTECH *IMPLANT* THAT ALLOWS HIM TO OPERATE *BICAMERALLY*.

HE CAN FUNCTION IN CYBERSPACE AND THE REAL WORLD *SIMULTANEOUSLY*.

INSTEAD OF LYING DEAD TO THE WORLD IN A C-TRANCE, HE MOVES FREELY IN THE *MATERIAL* WORLD--

--WHILE STILL *GLIDING* THROUGH THE CYBERSPACE ETHER.

REAL WORLD

Cyber Spac

HE'S LIKE A *SPLIT PERSONALITY* WORKING *TWO* JOBS AT THE SAME TIME.

AFTER DISCARDING HIS *OLD* LIFE AFTER CYD'S DISAPPEARANCE, HE FOUND A *NEW* ONE IN THE NET AS...

...DUKE STRATOSPHERE!

WORD OF THE DUKE'S EXPLOITS QUICKLY SPREAD ACROSS EVERY BOARD ON THE NET.

I'M SURE YOU'VE ACCESSED *SOME* OF THE STORIES...

AS AN OUTLAW HACKER HE RAIDED THE *STARK-FUJIKAWA* COREPROG.

NO ONE KNOWS HOW MUCH OF THAT SYSTEM WAS *COMPROMISED* WHEN HE GHOSTED PAST THEIR DEFENSES.

ABLE TO CIRCUMVENT THE MANY *BORDERS* AND *FENCES* IN THE ELECTRONIC LANDSCAPE--

--HE EXPLORED AND CHARTED MUCH OF THE DANGEROUSLY UNSTABLE *WASTELANDS*.

INEVITABLY HE CROSSED PATHS WITH OTHER *EDGE GLIDERS*--

--SOME OF WHOM, LIKE THE VIRAL *FEVER*, REGARDED THE DUKE AS A *THREAT*.

WHEN THE FABRIC OF CYBERSPACE WAS THREATENED BY THE *DOMINO CRASH*--

--HE JOINED FORCES WITH *SHIVA BLUE*, *DOT 33*, *BROKEN HAIKU*, AND *FIRELIGHT* TO PREVENT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE NET.

HIS ONLY KNOWN DEFEAT CAME WHEN HE CRACKED THE *CHROMOSOME VAULT*--

--THE *GORDIAN KNOT* OF CYBERSPACE, SUPPOSEDLY *IMPENETRABLE*--

--AND RUMORED TO CONTAIN THE *DNA SEQUENCES* OF FOUR OF THE LAST CENTURY'S MOST *POWERFUL* BEINGS.

IT TOOK A FULL *YEAR* TO DECIPHER AND BREAK THE MOBIUS LOOP SECURITY CODES--

--BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO BE THE *FIRST* TO SOLVE THIS CYBERSPACE PUZZLE.

HE WAS THE *SECOND.*

NOT SO FAST.

I WAS HERE FIRST.

CYD???

IT'S BEEN A *LONG* TIME, BABY.

KIND OF FIGURED YOU *WERE* THE ENGIMATIC DUKE STRATOSPHERE.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE *DEAD*--OR *WORSE.*

SORRY ABOUT THAT. PART OF MY *JOB.*

ALCHEMAX WANTED *YOUR* RESEARCH, AND DECIDED TO PUT ME ON THE *INSIDE* INSTEAD OF TAKING YOU OUT.

YOU WORK FOR *ALCHEMAX?*

I *FREELANCED* FOR THEM. I'M A HIRED GUN.

THEN EVERYTHING WE HAD WAS A *LIE?*

CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT THIS *DOUBLE HELIX DYNAMITE.*

WHAP!

DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY. YOU'RE *STILL* THE GREATEST, BABY.

NOT EVERYTHING, WHICH IS WHY IT'S HARD FOR ME TO DO *THIS*-

CYD'S RETURN WAS THE *ONE* THING THAT COULD THROW THE OTHERWISE *IMPERTURBABLE* DUKE OFF TRACK.

HE GAVE CHASE, *ANGRY, HUMILIATED*, AND-- HE HATED HIMSELF FOR THIS--STILL IN *LOVE*.

BUT SHE ELUDED HIM ONCE AGAIN.

SLAM!

CYD.

THE TRUTH IS THAT, IN SPITE OF HIS REPUTATION AS THE NET'S MOST DARING GLIDER--

--THE FLASHY, HEROIC ARCHETYPE CONCEALS A *HEARTBROKEN* MAN, COMPENSATING FOR THE LOSS OF...

AHEM.

DUKE?

I SWEAR, I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT YOU. I *SWEAR.*

BONGO, YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GO SHOOTING YOUR MOUTH OFF IN PUBLIC.

I'M *SORRY.* I'LL *NEVER* DO IT AGAIN. PUH-*LEEZ* DON'T...

PROGRAM OFF.

AW NUTS!

POP!

HEY, DARLIN', GOT A *PROBLEM*?

YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU WRITE A PROGRAM AND IT TAKES ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN?

WHAT WAS HE SAYING *THIS* TIME, BABY?

WHO *KNOWS*? HE NEVER GETS IT RIGHT.

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU NEVER *DID* TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH THE DNA FROM THE VAULT.

I'LL TELL *YOU* WHEN YOU TELL *ME* WHAT YOU ACED FROM STARK-FUJIKAWA...

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO EAT TONIGHT...

FIN.

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AUG

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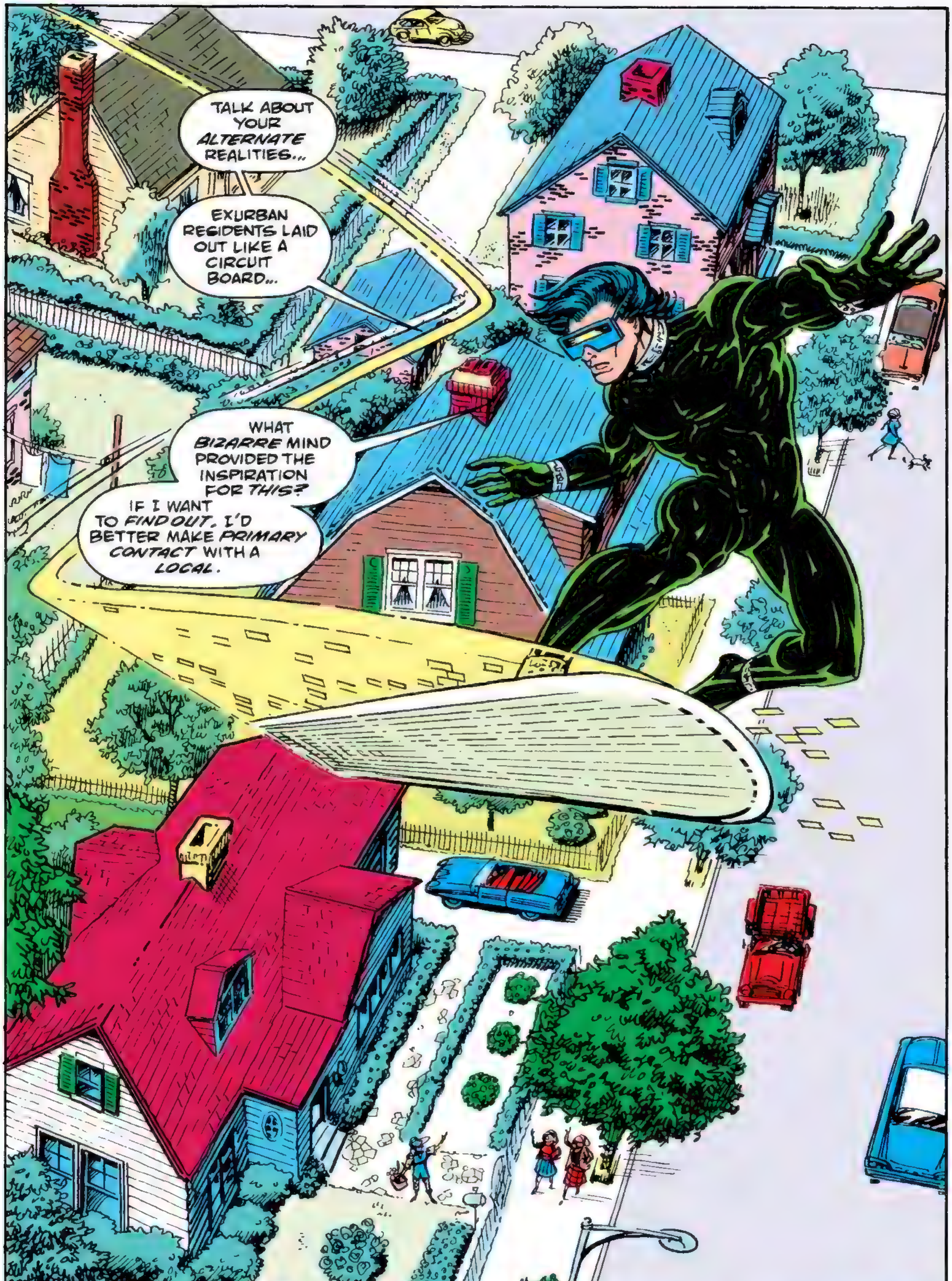
HULK 2099

DOOM...

AND INTRODUCING Galahad 2099™



"THE MOST FATEFUL TRIP"

MICHAEL JAN FRIEDMAN, WRITER MARIE SEVERIN, ARTIST
ROD OLLERENSHAW, LETTERER JOEY CAVALIERI, EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO, DESPOT

UH...EXCUSE ME, MISS...BUT CAN YOU POINT ME TO THIS REALITY'S HEAD OF THE POWER STRUCT-- I MEAN, THE PERSON IN *CHARGE* HERE? MY *FRIENDS* ARE IN *TROUBLE*!

WHOA! I'VE DOWNLOADED PROTECTIVE COLORATION!

YOU...YOU... YOU'RE LOADING DOWN ON MY LAWN!

BELIEVE ME, MA'AM, I DON'T *WANT* TO BE HERE. I JUST NEED TO SEE THE GUY IN *CHARGE*!

THAT WOULD BE MISTER *MONEY*. BUT HE'S A VERY *BUSY* MAN, MUCH *TOO* BUSY TO *SEE* ANYONE...

US MAIL

STEVENS

...MUCH LESS A LEATHER-JACKETED *HOODLUM* LIKE YOU!

:TINKLE!:

:TINKLE!:

NOW GO *AWAY*-- AND I MEAN *NOW*!

:ping!:

HOSTILE RECEPTION FROM THE NATIVES ACKNOWLEDGED!

WINDS ARE TOO STRONG!... CAN'T GLIDE OUT OF 'EM...GONNA WIPE OUT BIG TIME!

KRASH!

WHAT IN THE...? WHO ARE YOU?

CHILL, LADY... I CAN EXPLAIN!

YOU'D BETTER! YOU JUST LANDED ON MY HUSBAND'S DINNER!

HE'S VERY BIG-- AND VERY JEALOUS! IF HE FINDS US HERE LIKE THIS, HE'S LIABLE TO--

HONEY, I'M-- HUH? WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

ER...PUBLIC EYE INSPECTOR, CITIZEN! THERE WAS A DISTURBANCE, BUT EVERY-THING CHECKS!

FLOUR SUGAR TEA

INSPECTOR, EH? WELL, INSPECTOR *THIS*, WISE GUY!

ALPH... *DON'T!* IT'S ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING!

LU-LU! LU-LU!

NOT *ANOTHER* SLEEPWALKER!

LU-*LU!*

THOUGHT YOU'D GET *AWAY* WITH IT, DIDJA? WELL, I'LL TEACH YA TO MESS AROUND WITH MY *WIFE!*

UH, OH!

LU-LU?

BANG... ZOOM... TO THE *MOON!*

WHOMP!

YOW! MAJOR SYSTEM CRASH!

IF I GET MYSELF *EXXED* IN THIS REALITY...

I'LL FLAT-LINE FOR *REAL!*

GOTTA GET IT TOGETHER...

...*SLOW* MY DESCENT...

...AND *ACCELERATE!!*

STILL NO CLOSER TO THIS REALITY'S *C.E.O.*...

MAYBE I'LL GET AN ANSWER FROM THOSE *TECHNO-PEASANTS.*

THINK WE SHOULD GET ONE O'THEM STRETCH LIMOUSINES, PA? THEY SURE LOOK PURTY!

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS *BEFORE*, JELLIE MAE. I *KNOW* YA WANT MORE SPACE FER YER *CRITTERS*...

CBS 62

BUT YA CAIN'T BE PICKIN' UP EVERY *TOMCAT* YA TAKE A SHINE TO!

THUNK!

WHAT IN TARNATION WAS *THAT*?

IT'S A *MAN*, GRAMMY! AND HE MUST BE SOMETHIN' *SPECIAL* 'COS HE'S A-*SPARKIN'* LIKE CRAZY!

SPEAKIN' OF *SPARKIN'*... HE'S PURTY *CUTE*, AIN'T HE?

POTATOES

FLOUR XXXX

ALL PURPOSE FL

CAN I *KEEP* HIM, GRAMMY? CAN I?

ACTUALLY, I'VE GOT TO *BOOK*. THERE'S SOMETHING *IMPORTANT* I'VE GOT TO DO...

OH, YEAH?

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN *COURTIN'* MY GRAN' DAUGHTER?

JED'S EGGS

POTATOES

YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND*. I'VE GOT TO FIND THE MAN IN *CHARGE* HERE, MY FRIENDS --

I WOULDN'T RILE OL' *GRAMMY*, YOUNG FELLER. SHE FELL IN THE CEE-MENT POND THIS MORNING AND SHE'S ORN'RIER THAN A HOUND DOG AT A FLEA CIRCUS.

BUT I'M NOT *FROM* HERE! I'M FROM A PLACE *OUTSIDE* THIS REALITY!

GOOD BUDDY, YOU HEAR THAT GUY IN THE *TRUCK*? AND YOUR DAD SAYS *I'M* WEIRD!

DON'T *WORRY*, YOUNG FELLER! AIN'T NUTHIN' WRONG WITH YA THAT A MESS O' *HOG JOWLS* WON'T CURE!

AND THEN AFTER LUNCH, I'LL SHOW YA *MY CRITTERS*. YER GONNA *LIKE* MY CRITTERS!

HOUSEWIVES WITH TWITCHING NOSES? JEALOUS BUS DRIVERS? *HOG JOWLS*?

HOW DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS?

IS *THIS* THE ISLAND, DOOM?

CORRECT, FORTUNE. EIGHT MILES OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST-- HERE, I'LL FIND MY *AMBIENT ENERGY* COLLECTOR--

--A DEVICE MY *SCIENTISTS* DEVELOPED A CENTURY AGO... WHICH IN *MINIATURIZED* FORM CAN MAKE THE ZEFIRO GYPSIES' VEHICLES AND WEAPONS *INSTANTLY* SELF-CHARGING,

SELF-CHARGING? YOU MEAN THIS THING CAN *ELIMINATE* THE NEED FOR *POWER* SOURCES?

COMPLETELY-- BY FEEDING OFF ENERGY WAVES IN THE *ATMOSPHERE.*

I'VE TRACED IT HERE BY VIRTUE OF A RARE *ALLOY* USED IN ITS MANUFACTURE. UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE I DIDN'T *DEVELOP* THE DEVICE MYSELF, I COULDN'T *RECREATE* IT FROM SCRATCH.

NONE OF OUR INSTRUMENTS SHOWS ANY EVIDENCE OF *A CORPORATE* PRESENCE ON THE ISLAND -- BUT WE MUST BE ON OUR *GUARD* NONETHELESS. *NO* INSTRUMENT IS *FOOLPROOF.*

I'LL *SECOND* THAT NOTION!

LOOK! PEOPLE!

SOME SORT OF *PRIMITIVE* TRIBE... LIVING ON WHAT SUSTENANCE THE ISLAND PROVIDES.

ISOLATED FROM THE MAINLAND, *IGNORED* BY THE CORPORATIONS, THEY MUST HAVE LOST THEIR *GRIP* ON CIVILIZATION.

BUT THAT'S *GOOD*, ISN'T IT? IF THE CORPS HAVE BEEN *IGNORING* THEM, IT'LL BE *CAKE* TO RECOVER THE DEVICE!

NOT NECESSARILY, WIRE. THIS MIGHT NOT BE AS *EASY* AS IT LOOKS. THERE'S MORE TO THESE PEOPLE THAN MEETS THE *EYE*--THOUGH I CAN'T *IMAGINE* WHAT IT MIGHT BE.

UNNGGH!

A FORCE FIELD. HOW *INTRIGUING.*

AS I *SAID*, DOOM... MORE THAN MEETS THE *EYE.*

STAND *BACK*. LET'S SEE WHICH IS THE STRONGER--THIS *FIELD* OR MY ARMOR'S *ENERGY!*

SKZZZT!

THE *FIELD* WINS!

AND IF I TURN UP THE BLAST TO *FULL* STRENGTH?

SKZZZTT!

HMM... *STILL* NO SIGN OF IT YIELDING! OBVIOUSLY, THERE'S A TECHNOLOGICAL *PRESENCE* ON THE ISLAND AFTER ALL...

I AGREE THERE'S SOMETHING *STRANGE* HERE--BUT NOT OF *HIGH-TECH* ORIGIN.

IT COMES FROM... I DUNNO, FROM SOMEWHERE *ELSE.*

THE QUESTION IS...FROM *WHENCE?* AND MORE IMPORTANTLY... *WHY?*

WHERE ARE THEY *GOING?*

YEAH... AND WHAT ARE *WE* SUPPOSED TO DO 'TIL THEY COME *BACK?*

HEY! THE *FIELD* IS MOVING *WITH* THEM-- LIKE SOME KIND OF *PET!*

IT APPEARS WE'RE TO *FOLLOW* THEM. SINCE IT SUITS *OUR* PURPOSE AS WELL AS *THEIRS*, FOLLOW WE *WILL*.

EVENTUALLY, AN OPPORTUNITY FOR *ESCAPE* WILL PRESENT ITSELF. WE MUST BE READY TO *GRASP* IT.

YEAH... THEN WE'LL BOLT, RIGHT?

I THINK *NOT!* I CAME FOR THE AMBIENT *ENERGY* COLLECTOR, REMEMBER? AND I *ALWAYS* GET WHAT I COME FOR.

LISTEN, IT'S YOUR-- WHOA, *CHILL!* WHAT IN THE GRID IS *THAT?*

A LARGER GROUP OF PRIMITIVES... GATHERED AS IF IN WORSHIP!

AND LOOK WHAT IT IS THEY'RE WORSHIPPING...

"A COLLECTION OF LAST-CENTURY, FLAT-VID TELEVISION SETS!"

THEY'RE UP AND RUNNING... EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE NOT PLUGGED INTO ANY POWER SOURCE!

ON THE CONTRARY, WIRE-- THERE IS A POWER SOURCE, UP THERE.

IT'S THE AMBIENT ENERGY COLLECTOR.

APPARENTLY, IT'S BEING USED TO DRAW ENERGY FROM SOMEWHERE.

IF THAT'S SO, THE COLLECTOR COULD BE PROVIDING ENERGY NOT JUST FOR THE TELEVISIONS, BUT FOR THE FORCE FIELD AS WELL.

"I DON'T GET IT. I'VE NEVER SCOPED VIDS LIKE THESE BEFORE.

"WHY ARE THESE PEOPLE SO FASCINATED?"

THE FORCE FIELD... IT'S BEGINNING TO *DISSIPATE.*

BUT SOMETHING *ELSE* IS TAKING ITS PLACE...A FORM OF *LETHARGY...*

WE'RE FALLING *ASLEEP* ON OUR FEET! *FIGHT IT!*

SUCH *POWER*... LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS...

THE BROADCAST BYPASSES THE OPTIC NERVE AND HEADS RIGHT TO THE *NERVOUS SYSTEM!*

MAYBE IF I JACK INTO THE AMBIENT BROAD-CAST BAND'S NEURO-LINE IN MY *OWN* MIND-- I CAN *SURF* IT!

THAT'S WHEN I FOUND MYSELF IN THIS REALITY--THE ONE DISPLAYED ON ALL THE PRIMITIVES' TV SCREENS.

SUDDENLY FREE. IF JUST HERE AND NOWHERE ELSE. I REALIZED THAT ONLY I COULD SAVE US FROM THESE COUCH POTATOES.

BUT FIRST, I HAD TO FIND AN ESCAPE ROUTE WHICH WOULD LET ME REGAIN CONTROL OF MY PHYSICAL FORM.

AND THAT MEANT FINDING SOMEONE IN CHARGE... SOMEONE WHO COULD SHOW ME THE WAY OUT OF HERE.

WHICH IS WHAT LED ME TO DROP IN ON THAT FLOWER-PLANTING WITCH.

FOR NOW, THOUGH, MY *MAIN* CONCERN IS *LOSING* THESE CRAZY *HILL-BILLIES.*

WHOA, THERE! MY TRIBE'S INTO COMMUNAL BONDING, BUT SOME *AUTHORITY FIGURE* COULD ARRANGE OUR CONNUBIALITY!

I DON'T *COTTON* NONE TA THAT THERE *CITY* TALK, LESS'N YOU MEAN MR. MONEY, YOUNG FELLER. BUT IF YE KEEP ON *A-SQUIRMIN'* LIKE YERE FIXIN' TO *GO* SOME-PLACE...

...YE'RE GONNA LOSE *MORE* THAN THEM TWO DANGED *FINGERS.*

SHE DOESN'T GROK. I'LL NEED SOME KIND OF *DIVERSION.*

WATCH WHERE YE'RE *GOIN'*, MISTER! YE'LL GIT YERSELF *KILLED* DRIVIN' LIKE THAT!

SKREEECH!

HONK!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, FOLKS.

I WOULD'VE *NOTICED* THAT RED LIGHT, BUT I WAS *CONCENTRATING* ON KEEPING THE WORLD *SAFE* FOR CITIZENS LIKE YOURSELVES.

THAT'S RIGHT, NINETY-EIGHT-- EXTRA CHEESE *AND* PEPPERONI, I LIKE TO LIVE *DANGEROUSLY.*

YE LOW-DOWN *VARMINT!* I'LL TEACH YE TO DRIVE AROUND HOLDIN' YER DANG *SHOE* TO YOUR EAR! EVEN OUR *PIG* KNOWS BETTER THAN TO DO *THAT!*

HEY! CUT THAT OUT!

I'VE GOT AN ENTIRE *ARSENAL* IN THIS CAR AND I'M *LICENSED* TO USE IT!

KAPOW!!

YOU DON'T SCARE *ME* NONE! I KIN OUTSHOOT YE *TEN* WAYS TO *SUNDAY*!

AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING *LEFT* O' YE, I KIN *OUT-WRASSLE* YE TOO!

THEY'RE TOO BUSY TRYING TO SCRAG EACH *OTHER* TO SCOPE *ME*. HERE'S MY CHANCE TO BLOW THIS HAYSTACK!

GRAMMY... MUH *FELLER*! HE'S GITTIN' *AWAY*!

NOT IF *AH* KIN HELP IT, HE AIN'T.

ZIIIING!

OKAY, MAYBE NOT AN *ARSENAL*, WOULDJA BELIEVE A SAWED-OFF *SHOTGUN*?

HOW ABOUT A RUBBER BAND AND SOME *PAPER CLIPS*?

MADE IT. NOW TO FIND A WAY *OUT* OF THIS MODALITY.

DANG DANG DANG!

DON'T *LOOK*, JELLIE MAE. I THINK THAT FELLER O' YOURN JUST WENT *NEKKID*!

NOW *THESE* SPECS I *LIKE*. A DUDE AND HIS *HORSE*. LIKE DUKE STRATOSPHERE OR KID CURRENT!

SO THEN I SAID, "*MY* BROOD MARE? I THOUGHT SHE WAS *YOUR* BROOD MARE!"

EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THE HORSE CAN *TALK*. BUT THEN, I SHOULD HAVE *EXPECTED* THAT.

HUH? WHERE DID *YOU* COME FROM? AND WHO *ARE* YOU ANYWAY?

IF HE'S WITH THE *GLUE* FACTORY, TELL HIM TO GO AWAY?

I'M *NEW* IN TOWN. I'VE BEEN SCOPING AROUND FOR A GUY NAMED MISTER *MONEY*. SEEMS HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME *DOWNLOAD* OUTTA HERE.

MISTER *MONEY*? GEE, I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD SAY. HE REALLY PREFERS TO BE LEFT *ALONE*, YOU KNOW?

STAY RIGHT *THERE*, COWPOKE.

HERE YOU GO. MAKE A LEFT AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, A RIGHT AT THE GAS STATION AND LOOK FOR THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

IT'S *LOUSY* WITH COPS. YOU CAN'T *MISS* IT.

uh... THANKS.

CITY MAP

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

THIS MAY BE HARDER THAN I *THOUGHT*. BUT IT'S THE *ONLY* OPTION ON MY MENU, SO...

CAN I HELP YOU, SON?

I'M HERE TO TALK TO MISTER *MONEY*.

POLICE

COME ON IN. WE WOULDN'T WANT TO KEEP MISTER MONEY *WAITING*, NOW WOULD WE?

ER... THERE'S A MISTER *WIRE* HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.

WIRE? OH, THANK HEAVENS. FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT IT WAS THAT *CRAZY* REDHEAD!

BY ALL MEANS, SEND HIM *IN*.

MR MONEY

HELLO, YOUNG MAN. WHAT CAN I *DO* FOR YOU? OPEN A NEW *ACCOUNT*, PERHAPS?

WE OFFER *FREE* CHECKING, YOU KNOW -- PROVIDED YOU MAINTAIN A *SUFFICIENT* DAILY BALANCE. AND CALENDARS, AND --

NOT *INTER-ESTED!*

TV

I JUST WANT *OUT* OF THIS REALITY, AND FROM WHAT I'VE SCOPED OUT, *YOU'RE* THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN *SPRING* ME.

OH, I'M *VERY* SORRY, SIR.

AS YOU CAN SEE, THAT WOULD BE A *VIOLATION* OF OUR *POLICY!*

OUR POLICY: ABSOLUTELY NO WITHDRAWALS, NONE

SHALL I RESORT TO THE *BRUTE FORCE* METHOD?

YOU'RE HOLDING *ME* AND ALL THOSE PRIMITIVES OUT THERE *HOSTAGE!*

OUR POLICY: ABSOLUTELY NO WITHDRAWLS, NONE.

NO! IT WAS THE PRIMITIVES WHO WORSHIPPED US... WHO MADE ME *CUSTODIAN* OF THIS REALITY IN THE FIRST PLACE!

AFTER ALL WE'VE *DONE* FOR THESE PEOPLE, AFTER ALL THE *IDEALS* WITH WHICH WE'VE IMBUED THEM... DON'T *WE* HAVE A RIGHT TO SOME SORT OF *EXISTENCE* AS WELL?

WHERE WOULD WE *BE* IF YOU WERE TO ESCAPE AND PULL THE *PLUG* ON US? WHERE WOULD WE GO?

THIS IS ALL WE *HAVE*... ALL WE *ARE*.

THAT'S *YOUR* PROBLEM. *MINE* IS TO MIGRATE OUT OF THIS NET AND HELP MY *FRIENDS*.

NOW ARE YOU GOING TO *TELL* ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW...OR DO I HAVE TO *WRING* IT OUT OF YOU?

YOU'RE *INSANE!* HELP, *POLICE!*

uhh... uhh... NO WITHDRAWLS... OUR POLICY...

GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE *WITHOUT* HIM...

WAIT-- I'VE *GOT* IT!

OUR POLICY: ABSOLUTELY NO WITHDRAWLS, NONE.

IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING *VALUABLE*, WHERE DO YOU *HIDE* IT? IN A *VAULT!*

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND THE *ENTRY CODE* TO THE NEXT LEVEL AND PUNCH IT UP!

WHAT'S GOING *ON* IN HERE?

OO! OO! WHAT'S THAT GUY TRYING TA DO... CRACK THE *SAFE?*

WATCH OUT! I NEED *PERFECT* SILENCE IF I'M TO ACCESS THE CODE NUMBER!

YOU *HEARD* THE MAN. HE NEEDS *PERFECT* SILENCE.

uh... HANG ON A SECOND, FRANCIS, WE DON'T *WANT* HIM TA CRACK THE COM-BINATION!

SUCCESS! MANUAL *OVERRIDE!*

NOW I'LL EITHER HANG TEN OR HANG *HERE* FOREVER!

OH, NO. THIS FELLOW IS *WORSE* THAN THAT REDHEAD!

TING!

CHING

PEOW!

PA-KING!

I'M BACK WHERE I *STARTED*!

AND NOBODY'S *MOVED*. THEY'RE STILL CAUGHT UP IN THEIR *DREAM-REALITY*!

BUT NOT FOR *LONG*. I'LL SOON SUCCUMB TO THE SAME REM-SLEEP UNLESS I DO SOMETHING *FIRST*...

LIKE *BLOW* AWAY DOOM'S AMBIENT ENERGY *GIZMO*!

SKREE-AKKT!

AIEE! THE *DREAM*....!

OUR LEADERS! WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WHERE... WHERE AM I?

WE WERE TRAPPED IN ANOTHER FRAME OF REFERENCE-- THE ONE WE SAW ON THE SCREENS. THANKS TO WIRE, WE'RE BACK NOW.

CLANG

BRING BACK OUR LEADERS!

RETURN OUR SPIRITUAL GUIDES!

OSNIR

WHEAT GERM

FOOLS! WE HAVE DONE YOU A FAVOR. WE'VE FREED YOU FROM YOUR CHAINS OF SELF-DELUSION.

AND THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY US?

TONI

COME. OUR BUSINESS HERE IS *CONCLUDED.*

GOOD THING, TOO. WE'RE NOT *ALL* WEARING ARMOR.

I WONDER WHERE ALL THOSE DREAM-IMAGES *CAME* FROM, ANYWAY. I MEAN, IF THOSE PROGRAMS WERE ON A HUNDRED *YEARS* AGO...

APPARENTLY, THE AMBIENT ENERGY COLLECTOR TOOK IN *MORE* THAN JUST RAW POWER. IT COLLECTED TELEVISION SIGNALS *TRAPPED* IN THE ATMOSPHERE A CENTURY AGO.

BUT WHICH CAME *FIRST?* THE DEVELOPMENT OF A *COLLECTIVE* MIND POWER OR THE TELEVISION-BASED *DREAMTIME?*

DIFFICULT TO SAY. BUT THEN, IT IS *NOT* OUR CONCERN *IS* IT? WITH THE COLLECTOR *DESTROYED*, THE REST IS ACADEMIC.

I JUST WISH I COULD HAVE *SALVAGED* THE COLLECTOR SOMEHOW...

NO NEED FOR *APOLOGY*, WIRE, THERE WILL BE *OTHER* DEVICES, OTHER WEAPONS.

IN FACT, WE MAY HAVE STUMBLED ON THE *GREATEST* WEAPON OF ALL-- THE HUMBLE *TELEVISION.* IF I CAN SOMEHOW *USE* IT TO CONTROL THE MINDS OF THE *LATVERIANS...*

I HOPE YOU'RE JESTING, DOOM. *DOOM!*

BLISTORINE

"Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale,
a tale of a fateful trip..."
--Homer, *The Odyssey*

the END.

MARVEL COMICS

7 NOV

2099 UNLIMITED

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Can DOOM™ save the Fantastic Four?

PERRYMAN - RIGGS

MIRROR

EVEN THE SUREST AND MOST CONFIDENT OF MEN WHO WALK THIS EARTH MUST TAKE TIME FOR...

...REFLECTION.

"...Human understanding is like a false mirror, which... distorts and discolors the nature of things by mingling its own nature with it."

—Francis Bacon

TERRY KAVANAGH - WRITER
EDMUND PERRYMAN - PENCILER
STEVE MONCUSE - INKER
LOIS BUHALIS - LETTERER
MIKE THOMAS - COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO - DOOMSAYER

WHAT BETTER PLACE TO GAIN A NEW PERSPECTIVE... THAN ABOARD MY AIRBORNE CITY OF VALHALLA.

PERHAPS AT SOME JUNCTURE I'LL PICK A MORE SUITABLE, EUPHONIOUS *LATVERIAN* NAME FOR THIS STRUCTURE.

BUT FOR NOW, I'M CONTENT TO USE THIS AERIE TO CONTEMPLATE MY NEXT INSURGENCE, THE WAY A GRANDMASTER CALCULATES HIS NEXT CHESS MOVE.

MY PAWNS ARE ALL IN PLACE. MY ROOKS LINED UP IN POSITION. THEY ADVANCE TO THE FINAL RANK.

CAN THE ENDGAME BE FAR AHEAD?

UNLIKE A CHESS GAME, MY QUEST TO UNITE THE WORLD UNDER A SINGLE BANNER HAS NOT BEEN PLAYED OUT A MILLION TIMES IN RECORDED VARIATIONS, DEFENSES AND OPENINGS.

THERE'S STILL ROOM FOR CREATIVITY...

...STILL ROOM FOR...

...DISCOVERY.

WHAT IS THIS? AND WHY HAS ALCHEMAX SEEN FIT TO EQUIP VALHALLA WITH IT?

THIS IS THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY GATE.

DESPITE YOUR BRAVADO, I KNOW THAT THERE ARE STILL QUESTIONS THAT GNAW AT YOUR VITALS, DOOM.

QUESTIONS OF IDENTITY, SHALL WE SAY?

HE'S *FOUND* IT, Mr. STONE. HE'S ESTABLISHED CONTACT!

GOOD. GOOD.

GO ON.

THE KAPPA-ALPHA VECTOR GATE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED AT A COORDINATE OF POINT-TWO-OH AT A RATE OF 99 PER CENT.

NEAR PERFECT. I *CHERISH* THE DAY I APPROVED THE INSTALLATION OF AN EXPERIMENTAL VIRTUAL UNREALITY GATE ABOARD VALHALLA.

IT *HAD* TO PIQUE DOOM'S CURIOSITY.

DO YOU THINK HE'LL *ENTER* IT?

I THINK THIS MOVE CAN WIN BACK MY FLOATING CITY! AND MAYBE HIS HOME TURF INTO THE BARGAIN!

THE CURRENT THINKING IS THAT DOOM'S SOME KIND OF OFF-WORLD ANOMALY. IF I CAN GET HIM TO GO BACK WHERE HE *CAME FROM*...

K-A .20 99%

...I CAN HAVE AN INSURGENCY FORCE IN LATVERIA WITHIN THE HOUR!

OH, HE'LL *PAY* FOR STEALING *VALHALLA* FROM ME!

"HE'LL PAY WITH HIS *COUNTRY*... THEN WITH HIS *SOUL*."

SO... YOU'RE SOMETHING OF AN AUTOMATED ORACLE.

MORE THAN A MERE SEER.

THE GATE IS A VECTOR TO INFINITE WORLDS OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN... WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN.

PERHAPS YOU CAN FIND YOUR PAST WITHIN.

I SENSE AN *ENTITY* BEHIND THIS... "GATE."

WHY CAN YOU NOT JOIN *ME*?

THE KAPPA-ALPHA FREQUENCY HAS ONLY AN EFFICIENCY OF 99 PER CENT.

NOT ENOUGH FOR ME TO PASS THROUGH COMPLETELY...

...BUT ENOUGH FOR THIS!

TOUCH MY HAND, DOOM! I WILL TAKE YOU ON A JOURNEY TO DISCOVER WHAT YOUR PAST MAY HAVE BEEN LIKE!

I THINK HE'S GONNA GO FOR IT, SIR!

I *KNEW* HE COULDN'T RESIST THIS!

DOOM'S SUPERSTITIOUS LATVERIAN BACKWATER CURIOSITY WOULD GET THE BETTER OF HIM! WHAT CAN YOU *SAY* ABOUT A MAN WHO KEEPS A *FORTUNE TELLER* IN HIS *CABINET*?

ARE WE FEEDING THE COMPUTER PROJECTION OF DOOM'S PAST THROUGH THE GATE?

Er, Mr. STONE,.. THE PORTAL SEEMS TO BE ACTING ON ITS OWN ACCORD.

"WHAAAAT?"

"I'M AFRAID SO, SIR. ALL WE CAN DO IS *WAIT*."

DOOM TRUSTS *NO* ONE.

THIS DEVICE WILL ENABLE ME TO MAKE CONTACT... WITHOUT YOUR "TOUCHING" THE ROYAL PRESENCE DIRECTLY!

SPEAK, ORACLE!

COME CLOSER...

EYYAARRGH!

LEARN WHAT I HAVE TO IMPART!

AND REMEMBER... KNOWLEDGE...CAN BE PAINFUL!

I AM VICTOR VON DOOM.

MILLIONAIRE.

I OWN A MANSION AND A YACHT.

INDUSTRIALIST. INVENTOR. PATRIOT.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE DEPEND ON ME FOR THEIR DAILY BREAD.

STILL MORE DEPEND ON ME... FOR THE PLENITUDE OF DECISIONS I MUST MAKE ON A DAILY BASIS.

PANAM

NOK NOK!

DOCTOR VON DOOM! IT'S TIME!

YOUR BRAIN TRUST AWAITS!

SHOW THEM IN!

Dr. OCTAVIUS, BIONICS.

THE *IMPROVEMENTS* YOU MADE IN THE ARTIFICIAL LIMB DESIGN WILL SET US AHEAD OF--

PROFESSOR LEE, SOCIOLOGY.

THIS NEW FORMAT YOU INVENTED TO RECORD MY LECTURES IS FAR *SUPERIOR* TO THE *TAPES* I--

Dr. PARKER, BIOLOGIST.

YOUR INSIGHTS INTO THE EFFECTS OF RADIATION ON THE LOWER ORDERS OF INSECTS ARE AMAZING.

SHOULD AN IRRADIATED SPIDER, FOR EXAMPLE, COME IN CONTACT WITH--

FORGIVE ME. YOU ARE...

Ms. BOUVIER. FROM YOUR COMMUNICATIONS STAFF.

I WAS ASKED TO DELIVER THIS TELEGRAM.

Dr. VON DOOM, I--

Dr. VON DOOM, THIS IS VITAL TO--

IF I COULD JUST GET A MOMENT--

YOU COULD GET MY ATTENTION... *WITHOUT* A TELEGRAM, Ms. BOUVIER.

...IT'S FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

I WAS HOPING I COULD GET YOUR ATTENTION.

NOW WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT JACK CAN'T...

GOOD LORD.

PLEASE...ALL OF YOU...

LEAVE ME FOR A MINUTE.

YES, I AM VICTOR VON DOOM, HEAD OF VON DOOM INTERNATIONAL.

BUT NONE OF IT, THE FAME, THE MONEY, EVEN THE SERVICE TO MY BELOVED ADOPTED COUNTRY...

...MEANS *ANYTHING* IF I CANNOT HELP MY FELLOW MAN.

...IF I CANNOT AID THE *REAL* ADVANCEMENTS IN SCIENCE THAT MY NEW COUNTRY IS MAKING GIANT STRIDES IN.

AND THAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS SECRET LAUNCH PAD...

...AND THIS *ARMOR.*

IT WILL ALLOW ME TO BREATHE IN OUTER SPACE... BUT ONLY FOR A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME.

I PRAY THAT IT WILL BE TIME ENOUGH... TO DO AS THE PRESIDENT WISHED...

USA

FRIENDSHIP 4

...TO DIVERT THE COURSE OF THE MERCURY ASTRONAUTS...

...TO MAKE THIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT...

... BEFORE THEY FLY INTO THE PATH OF THESE DREADED COSMIC RAYS!

THEY ARE BRAVE... REED RICHARDS... BEN GRIMM... JOHN AND SUSAN STORM...

...BUT WERE THEIR NASA MISSION ABORTED. IT WOULD JEOPARDIZE THE FUTURE OF THE SPACE RACE... AND EMBARRASS US IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD!

I WOULD ONLY TRUST MYSELF TO TAKE THIS CHANCE...

...TO FLY THIS EXPERIMENTAL EXOSKELETON...

...AND RIGHT THEIR CRAFT'S ERRANT GUIDANCE SYSTEM!

I CREATED THIS ARMOR... THEREFORE... I MUST CHANCE... AND ACCEPT... IT'S RISKS!

A COOL, CRISP MORNING IN DALLAS. WHAT COULD BE NICER?

IF AN ELECTION WERE HELD *TOMORROW*, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THIS CROWD VOTED YOU FOR *PRESIDENT*.

ALAS, THE CONSTITUTION STIPULATES THAT SINCE I AM FOREIGN-BORN, I AM INELIGIBLE.

BESIDES, THE PUBLIC LIFE IS NOT FOR ME.

THERE ARE TOO MANY UNSCRUPULOUS INDIVIDUALS WHO WOULD PREFER THAT MY ADVANCE BE HALTED... BY ANY MEANS AT THEIR DISPOSAL!

BLAMMMM

VICTOR!

THE BULLET GRAZED MY FACE...

I'M IN PAIN... LOSING BLOOD...

WHY DOES NO ONE TRY TO FIND MY ASSASSIN?

VON DOOM! STAY PUT! WE'LL GET AN *AMBULANCE!*

NO! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

THIS IS *BIGGER* THAN ME!

AMERICA'S FOES...SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO GO *FREE*...

...FREE TO STRIKE AGAIN...

FREE TO...

...COMPROMISE...

...OUR LIBERTY...

KAANNG!

...Ohhhh...

I SEE MY MEN DIDN'T SCAR YOU QUITE ENOUGH.

LET ME FINISH THE JOB.

ZINNNG!

TELL YOUR PRESIDENT THAT GAUDEAMUS WILL STRIKE AGAIN.

PERHAPS YOU FOILED MY SABOTAGE OF THE MERCURY CAPSULE THIS TIME...

...BUT THE SPACE RACE DOES NOT BELONG TO YOUR DECADENT NATION!

NOW THANK ME... THANK ME FOR LETTING YOU *LIVE*... TO CONVEY THE NEWS TO THE WHITE HOUSE!

THANK-- THANK YOU...

CARRY THAT MESSAGE BACK TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF... WITH YOUR TAIL BETWEEN YOUR LEGS...

SEE WHAT YOUR PRECIOUS PRESIDENT DOES... WHEN OUR FORCES TOTALLY OVERRUN YOUR NATIVE LATVERIA!

NIGHT. MANHATTAN...

JUST KEEP THOSE HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE 'EM!

WE'VE GOT THE CARGO!

GET THEM TO OPEN THE CRATE! NOW!

WHAT IS IT, GAUDEAMUS?

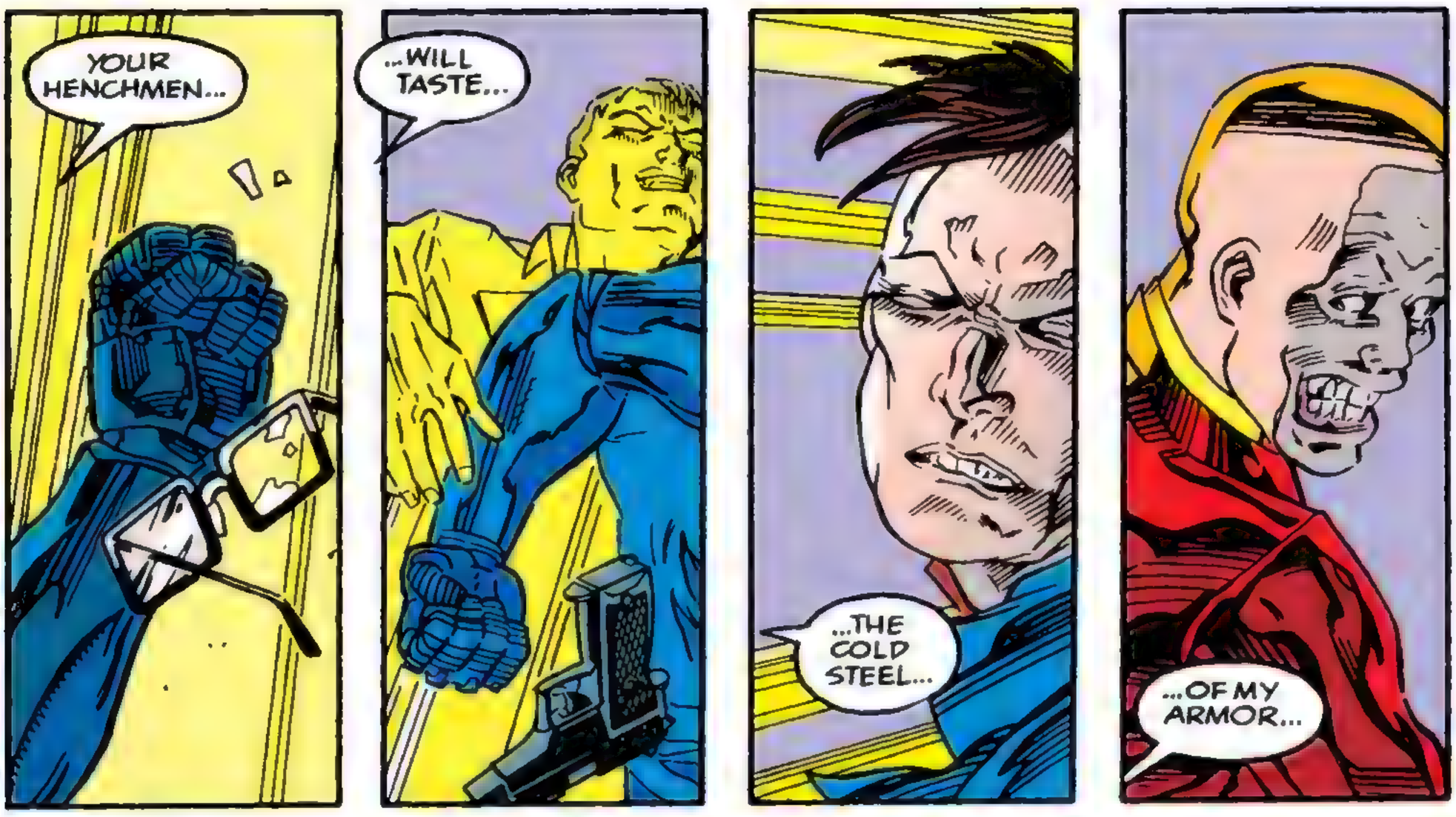
SOME KIND OF TORPEDO... OR BOMB?

AN ATOMIC BOMB, TO BE EXACT.

IF EVERY NATION HAS THE SECRET OF THIS WEAPON, AMERICA WILL LOSE ITS SUPERIORITY!

THE OTHER COUNTRIES WILL PAY ME A HIGH PRICE TO GET IT, TOO! MY FORTUNE IS ASSURED!

NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!


YOUR HENCHMEN...
...WILL TASTE...
...THE COLD STEEL...
...OF MY ARMOR...

BUT FOR YOU, GAUDEAMUS...
...I RESERVE...
...A SPECIAL FATE!
NO! NOOOOOOOOO

SAY "THANK YOU."

I MUST ALWAYS REMAIN HIDDEN...

...BUT I CAN STILL WREAK A TERRIBLE REVENGE AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF PEACE AND JUSTICE.

NO MATTER WHERE I AM... I CAN ALWAYS BE SUMMONED... BY THIS SIGNAL!

YOU SEE... IN THE TIME PERIOD WHERE I AM FROM... THIS IS WHAT YOU WERE.

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS? HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

WHO ARE YOU?

I? I AM WHAT YOU ONE DAY WILL BECOME!

NEVER! YOU LIE!

AM I TO BELIEVE THAT I COULD EVER BE OBSESSED WITH THE AFFAIRS OF A COUNTRY NOT MY OWN, OR THE PETTY PROBLEMS OF A PEOPLE WHO SWEAR NO LOYALTY TO ME...

I AM NOT HERE TO SOLVE THEIR DEFICIENCIES OF DIPLOMACY OR CODDLE THEIR CRIME PROBLEM!

I AM DOOM!

I AM FIT ONLY TO RULE!

N.G.

THE WHOLE KAPPA-ALPHA GATE ATTEMPT IS NO GOOD.

SHUT IT DOWN.

YES, Mr. STONE.

THE NEXT TIME I TRY TO RETAKE VALHALLA FOR ALCHEMAX, I WILL NOT DO SO BY SUCH COVERT MEANS.

I'LL BE A LOT LESS... SUBTLE ABOUT IT.

K-A 20 99%

IN BUSINESS, AS IN WAR, SUBTLETY DOESN'T PAY.

K-A NG 20 99%

MARVEL COMICS

8
APR

2099 UNLIMITED

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SPIDER-MAN 2099™

DOOM 2099™

AND FEATURING...

THE PUBLIC ENEMY™

THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE!

I *REFUSE* TO BELIEVE THIS!

DR. DOOM'S

RUMORS OF WAR

ERNIE COLÓN
STORY & ART
JANICE CHIANG
LETTERER
MIKE THOMAS
COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI
EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE
CHIEF

DR VICTOR VON DOOM PHD
LATVERIA

ASAP!

I AM *LOVED* BY MY PEOPLE! *LOVED!* DO YOU HEAR?

I DID NOT MEAN TO SUGGEST OTHERWISE...

BUT MY INTELLIGENCE REPORTS FROM THE FIELD...

...THAT THOSE AMONG THE ZEFIRO GYPSIES SPEAK OF A *LIBERATOR*...ONE WHO WILL COME TO DELIVER THEM TO A *GOLDEN AGE*...

...ONE *FREE* OF REPRESSION AND PERSECUTION!

THEIR FREEDOM HAS BEEN THREATENED CONSTANTLY BY THE INFLUX OF *STRANGERS*... CRIMINALS AND MISCREANTS WHO WERE BROUGHT IN BY TIGER WYLDE. THEY--

I AM WELL AWARE OF THE TRIALS OF THE ZEFIRO.

"THEIR FREEDOM" IS *MINE* TO GRANT. IF IT IS FREEDOM *FROM* ME THEY WISH...

...THEN SOMEONE WILL *PAY*.

I CANNOT LEAVE THIS MATTER TO THE DIVINATIONS OF *FORTUNE*.

I MUST SEE TO IT MYSELF.

THIS DEVICE WILL CLOAK ME...

...FOR A *BRIEF* PERIOD...

...ALLOWING ME TO PASS AMONGST THE ZEFIRO CLAN AS BROTHER AND TRIBESMAN.

I WILL GAIN MY OWN INTELLIGENCE... FIRSTHAND!

AH! THE AROMA OF FOOD COOKED OVER AN OPEN FIRE! THE LULLING STRAINS OF MUSIC PLAYED UNDER THE STARS!

HERE... I WILL GAIN THEIR TRUST.

HERE... I WILL BE *WELCOME.*

BROTHERS...CAN YOU SPARE FOOD AND COMPANY FOR A WEARY TRAVELER?

WE'RE ONLY TOO GLAD TO ADD TO OUR RANKS.

THESE ARE HARD TIMES FOR ZEFIRO... BUT YOU CAN MAKE THIS YOUR *HOME.*

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HARD TIMES FOR ZEFIRO.

NOT LIKE NOW.

FACTIONS WITHIN OUR OWN LATVERIAN ARMY THREATEN US.

AN AMBITIOUS GENERAL SEES US AS CLINGING TO THE OLD WAYS. HE CANNOT WIN OUR LOYALTY, SO HE PREFERS TO OPPRESS US.

BUT I TELL YOU, A NEW DAWN FOR US IS RISING.

A NEW *LIBERATOR* WILL BRING US TO *SALVATION.*

WE HAVE A CHAMPION IN TRANQUE THE TERRIBLE.

THE RUMOR IS THAT HE HAS *RISEN* FROM HIS *CRYPT*...

"... TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE TO GLORY ONCE AGAIN!"

"HE WILL CHASE THE OPPRESSOR FROM OUR BELOVED LAND!"

WHO IS THIS... TRANQUE?

HOW CAN YOU BE OF ZEFIRO BLOOD AND NOT KNOW OF TRANQUE THE TERRIBLE?

IT WAS HE WHO ROUTED THE THIEVES FROM THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR RODO SOME NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO!

AND IT WILL BE HE WHO COUNTERS THIS NEW THREAT FROM GENERAL VERBRAGGE!

VERBRAGGE?

IF WE ZEFIRO CLING TO OUR WAYS OF MAGIC... OUR TIGHT-KNIT BONDS... OUR CULTURE... HIS RISE TO POWER IN LATVERIA IS *HALTED*.

HE MUST CRUSH THE ZEFIRO TO SUCCEED.

BUT WE WILL DISCUSS THIS MORE IN THE MORNING. THE HOUR GROWS LATE.

IN THE MORNING I WILL NO LONGER HAVE THEIR CONFIDENCE. SINCE THIS FACADE WILL FADE.

ARE YOU THERE?

I HEAR AND OBEY, YOUR GRACE.

CHECK THE MAUSOLEUM BEHIND CASTLE DOOM.

I REALIZE THIS WILL SOUND ODD, BUT I WANT YOU TO INSPECT THE CRYPT OF TRANQUE THE TERRIBLE.

YOUR PURPOSE IS MINE, EMPEROR.

THERE ARE NO REMAINS... AND THE ARMOR ABOVE THE CRYPT IS *GONE.*

CAN IT BE AS I HAVE FEARED?

IS ZEFIRO MAGIC AT WORK HERE?

ZEFIRO GYPSIES... KILLED TO SET AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF THEIR WOEBEGONE TRIBE!

THIS MAN VERBRAGGE IS A TRAITOR TO THE LATVERIAN PEOPLE... AND MUST BE PUT DOWN AT ONCE!

WHERE CAN I FIND GENERAL VERBRAGGE?

WHO WANTS TO KNOW, YOU SORRY LOOKING GYPSY?

SORRY?

WHO'S SORRY NOW?

HEY!

WE TOOK CARE OF THOSE OTHER GYPSY SLOBS... AND WE'LL TAKE CARE OF *YOU!*

IF YOU'VE SPILLED ZEFIRO BLOOD...

...I WILL DO SOME BLOOD SPILLING OF MY OWN.

AH. I SEE YOU ARE MORE *WILLING* NOW TO POINT ME IN THE DIRECTION OF VERBRAGGE...WITH BROKEN FINGERS!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND COUNSEL... GENTLEMEN.

VERBRAGGE!

FACE ME!

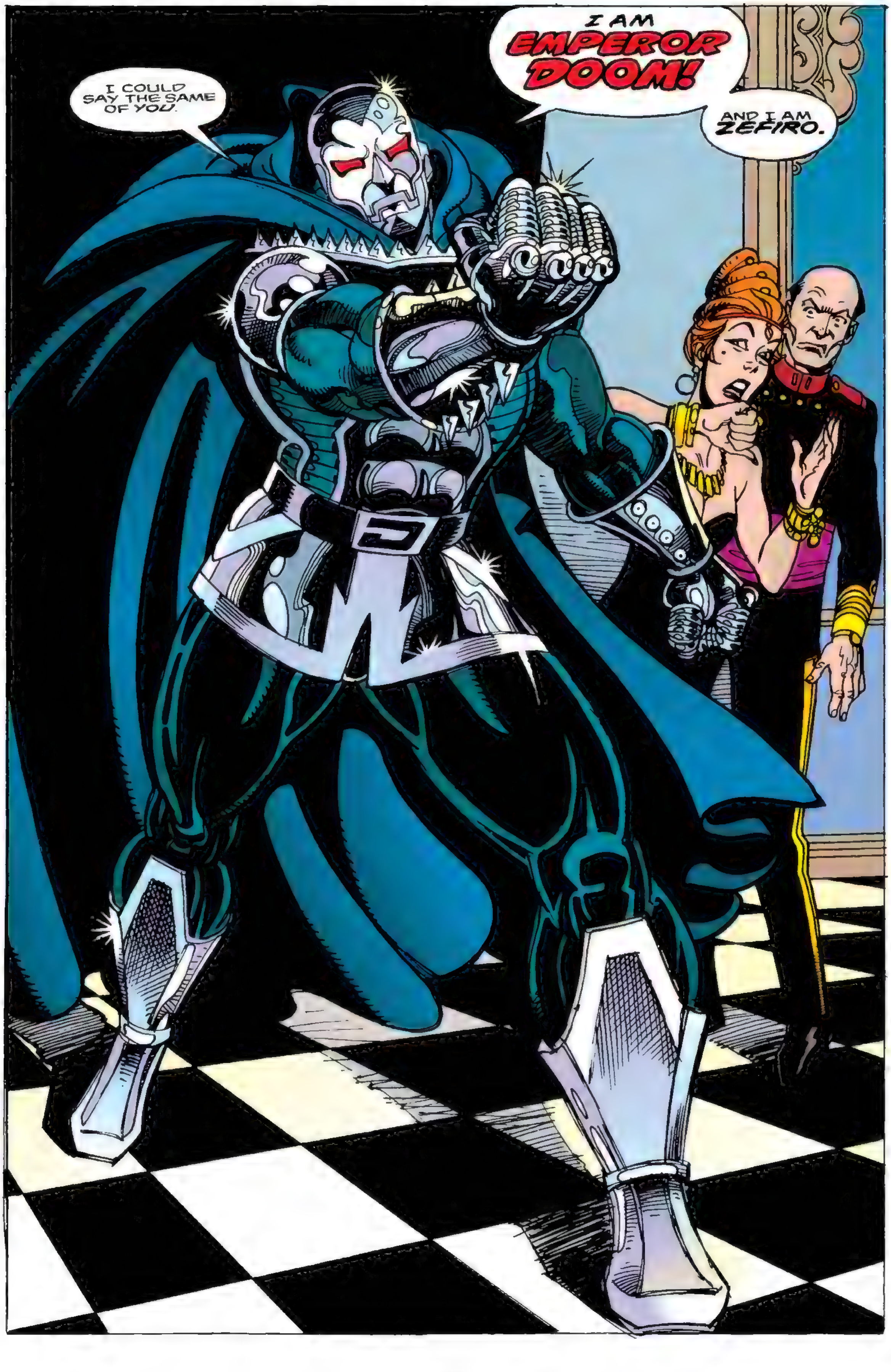
YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES AGAINST THE ZEFIRO!

INDEED?

AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

SOME GARLIC-EATING, MOTH-INFESTED ZEFIRO PAUPER?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT AUTHORITY YOU CONFRONT!


I COULD SAY THE SAME OF YOU.
I AM EMPEROR DOOM!
AND I AM ZEFIRO.

ZEFIRO GYPSY BLOOD COURSES THROUGH MY VEINS.

WHAT SORT OF BLOOD IS IN YOURS?

TELL YOU WHAT. LET'S SEE IT.

THAT'S AN ORDER.

BUT...BUT... I AM LOYAL!

MY RECORD SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!

SO DOES A PISTOL, VERBRAGGE. *ELOQUENTLY.*

BLAM.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.

THUS TO ALL ENEMIES OF THE ZEFIRO CLAN.

EMPEROR, FORGIVE ME FOR SPEAKING OUT OF TURN...

...BUT VERBRAGGE WAS REACTING TO INTELLIGENCE BROUGHT TO HIM BY HIS SPIES...

...THEY HAD HEARD RUMORS THAT THE ONE CALLED TRANQUE THE TERRIBLE WOULD LEAD THE ZEFIRO IN AN INSURRECTION...

"...AGAINST YOU.

"HE WAS PROTECTING THE THRONE!"

THE DAY I NEED PROTECTION BY WEASELS LIKE VERBRAGGE WILL BE A SAD DAY FOR LATVERIA INDEED.

STILL...

THESE RUMORS GROW OUT OF HAND.

AGAIN, I WILL SEE THEIR BASIS FOR MYSELF.

WHAT NOW?

GREAT EMPEROR!

THE DAY OF OUR SALVATION IS AT HAND!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR VILLAGE?

IT IS IN ASHES!

IT IS A JOY TO BEHOLD! A SMALL SACRIFICE, IF IT EARNS OUR FREEDOM FOREVER!

I WILL DECIDE WHO'S FREE AROUND HERE.

THE RUMORS FROM THE FRONT BRING US THE GREAT TIDINGS!

TRANQUE THE TERRIBLE HAS RETURNED TO US AT LAST!

"EVEN NOW, HE IS REPELLING OUR ENEMIES THAT OVERWHELM OUR BORDERS...AND DEFEATING VERBRAGGE'S FACTION IN THE LATVERIAN ARMY!!"

RUMORS!

HAS ANYONE ACTUALLY *SEEN* THIS TRANQUE?

SHE HAS.

SHE WAS WITH TWO OF HER FRIENDS, WHEN SUDDENLY SHE SAW A MAN IN ARMOR WITH A BROADSWORD BECKONING TO HER.

WHEN SHE TOLD SOME ADULTS, THEY IMMEDIATELY SET OFF BONFIRES, KNOWING THAT THEIR SAVIOR HAD RETURNED.

OF COURSE, THE BONFIRES SPREAD TO THE *VILLAGE*--

THE GIRL. IS SHE--?

SHE SUFFERED FROM BREATHING THE SMOKE. BUT SHE'LL LIVE.

I WISH I COULD FIND HER TWO PLAYMATES, HOWEVER.

I SENSE YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.

IS IT TRUE?

HAS TRANQUE RETURNED?

"CAN LATVERIA AFFORD TO HAVE A SELF-APPOINTED CRUSADER--"

--PROVOKING WAR AT OUR WELL-GUARDED, WELL-NEGOTIATED BORDERS?

CLEARLY, THIS MUST CEASE.

WHAT ROUGH BEAST. ITS HOUR COME ROUND AT LAST, LURCHES FROM LATVERIA...

...HAVING BEEN BORN OF FOLK LEGEND AND HEARSAY?

LOOK! THE EMPEROR JOINS OUR SAVIOR AT THE BORDER!

JOINS? NO? THEY'RE GONNA *FIGHT!*

AND DOOM WILL TEAR APART HIS FOE WITH ONE BLAST!

WAIT'LL I TELL EVERYONE!

SO THIS IS THE SAVIOR OF THE LATVERIAN PEOPLE--

--HEADED FOR THE BORDER WITH AN ARMY OF PEASANTS ARMED WITH PITCHFORKS!

EVEN IN THE FIRST HEROIC AGE, THIS BATTLE WOULD BE SEEN FOR WHAT IT IS... A LOST CAUSE!

BUT INNUENDO AND GOSSIP HAVE BUILT IT INTO MORE THAN THAT!

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!

PLEASE! WE MEANT NO HARM!

THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE DONE SO MUCH OF IT!

I DO NOT KNOW WHO IS MORE RESPONSIBLE...

...THESE PEOPLE WITH THEIR ILLUSIONS AND TRUST IN SOME CRUSADER FROM THE PAST...

...OR *YOU* WHO HAVE EXPLOITED THEM.

LATVERIA'S HISTORY IS A *BLOODY* ONE.

AND YOU TWO CAME CLOSE TO *EXTENDING* THAT TRADITION.

BUT, EMPEROR...

...ALL WE DID WAS PUT ON THE ARMOR AND TAKE IT OUTSIDE!

THE *ADULTS* THOUGHT WE WERE TRANQUE.

THEY'RE THE ONES WHO THOUGHT A CENTURY-OLD SOLDIER WAS BACK FROM THE *DEAD*.

ARE YOU CALLING US STUPID?

YOU DON'T NEED SUCH AN ACCUSATION.

GO BACK HOME. *REBUILD* YOUR VILLAGE.

I WILL DEAL WITH THE ISSUE AT HAND.

YOU WHO HAVE SUCH A KEEN INTEREST IN LATVERIA'S HISTORY... AND ITS LONG-FORGOTTEN, LONG-DECEASED LEADERS...

"... I WILL INSURE THAT YOU SPEND A GREAT DEAL OF TIME AMONG THEM!"

"I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCE THAT SOME TRAITORS WILL ESCAPE DETECTION THAN SPREAD ABROAD A SPIRIT OF GENERAL SUSPICION AND DISTRUST, WHICH ACCEPTS RUMOR AND GOSSIP IN PLACE OF UNDISMAYED AND UNINTIMIDATED INQUIRY."

--LEARNED HAND

EDWOLF

CAVALIERI III

MARVEL COMICS

DOOM 2099®

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

26 FEB

PAT BRODERICK 94

TORN FROM HISTORY, FIRED INTO THE FROSTED ELECTRIC AIR OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY'S END...

FORCED TO RECLAIM HIS COUNTRY FROM AMERICAN HANDS, JUST AS, WHEN A 1900'S GYPSY CLANSMAN. HE FREED IT FROM DEAD-EYED ARISTOCRATS...

TECHNOLOGIST. EXECUTIONER. REVOLUTIONARY.

DOOM.

RAMPARTS

WARREN ELLIS- WRITER • PAT BRODERICK AND JOHN NYBERG- ARTISTS • JOHN COSTANZA- LETTERER • JOE ANDREANI- COLORIST • JOEY CAVALIERI- EDITOR • BOBBIE CHASE- EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE TINY CENTRAL EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA;

INDEPENDENT FROM THE HUNGRY MORASS OF WORLD CORPORATIONS, SHIELDED BY A MOUNTAIN RANGE AND DOOM.

CASTLE DOOM STRADDLES THE DIVIDE BETWEEN THE LATVERIA OF HIS HEART, ANTIKVA VILLAGE, AND OF HIS MIND, STEELY GOJRADIA CITY.

HERE, FORTUNE SLEEPS UNCOMFORTABLY.

SHE'S A GYPSY DAUGHTER, TAROT-ORACLE TO THE ZEFIRO CLAN THAT ONCE BORE DOOM HIMSELF.

NOW, AS ADVISOR TO DOOM, SHE INEVITABLY HAS TO SPEND SOME NIGHTS SLEEPING UNDER STONE.

IT FEELS VERY WRONG.

DZZ-ZZZ
DZZ-ZZZ

WHAT.

-CRITZ-
FORTUNE!

EITHER YOU OR YOUR LOUSY TIN WOODCUTTER BETTER GET THEIR TUCHIS OVER HERE NOW! -

IRONWINE? -YAWN- WHAT'S JUMPED UP *YOUR* BUTT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

DON'T YOU TALK TO *ME* LIKE THAT, YOU *NAFKEH!* DON'T YOU *DARE!*

I WANT YOU OVER AT *MY AIRPORT* THIS *MINUTE!* HOW *DARE* YOU DO THIS TO *ME*, YOU--

SORRY. YOU WOKE, ME. WHAT'S HAPPENING AT "YOUR AIRPORT"?

THIS BUNCHA FREAKS JUST CAME IN ON AN UNSCHEDULED COWBOY PASSENGE FLIGHT FROM THE UKRAINE--

-- AND THEY'VE ALL GOT ELECTRONIC CREDENTIALS *SUPPOSEDLY* SUPPLIED BY *DOOM!*

OH, LORD... HAVE YOU RUN THEM THROUGH *VERIFICATION?*

IS THIS THE FACE OF AN *IDIOT* YOU SEE? OF *COURSE!*

VF SAYS THEY'RE *CLEAN!* OPEN-ENDED *VISAS!* SECURITY ACCESS TO THE *CASTLE!* NET *CLEARANCES!*

I'M ON *MY WAY*. I WANT THEM AT *GUNPOINT* TILL I ARRIVE.

IS THIS THE FACE OF AN IDIOT? *HURRY*. -CRITZ-

FORTUNE COUGHS A BIT AS SHE MOUNTS A FLIER FOR GOJRADIA AIRPORT.

MAYBE, SHE WONDERS, THAT'S WHY HE RENAMED THE STOLEN FLOATING CITY VALHALLA.

THE CASTLE'S AIR INTAKE IS FLUSHED CLEAN. IT'S A SHOCK TO BREATHE IN THE GRITTY, CHEMICAL LATVERIA SHE GREW UP IN.

SHE WONDERS HOW BIG A SHOCK IT MUST'VE BEEN FOR DOOM, SPAT FROM THE FOREST AIR OF THE PAST INTO THE INDUSTRIAL PRESENT.

IT IS NOW LIBERA CIELO— LATVERIAN FOR CLEAR SKY.

THERE WILL BE DEATH.

OUR *BARGAIN*, PALOMA, *PRECLUDES* YOUR INVOLVEMENT EVEN IN *THIS* INSTANCE. *CORRECT?*

THE SMALL LOSS OF WETWARE YOU DESCRIBE HOLDS NO CONCERN FOR ME. I AM INTERESTED ONLY IN THE *NET*.

SUCH A *LATERAL* WORLD YOU INHABIT, PALOMA...

I AM A *MACHINE INTELLIGENCE*, DOOM. A LATERAL WORLD IS ALL I *HAVE*.

BUT I HAVE KNOWN *LESS*. SINCE YOU LIBERATED ME FROM THE CYBERSPACE *CAGE* MY CREATORS *PIXEL* SEALED ME INTO--

-- I HAVE WALKED FAR AND WIDE IN MY WORLD, THE *NET*, AND I *GUARD* IT *JEALOUSLY*.

EASILY DONE.

AND NOW YOU *ARE* PIXEL. I SHALL REQUIRE *FURTHER ACCESS* TO THE *WEALTH* OF THE COR-PORATION.

MY THANKS. THIS *CULMINATION* OF MY EFFORTS WOULD BE *IMPOSSIBLE* WITHOUT YOUR AID.

CONSERVE YOUR DIPLOMATIC PLATITUDES FOR THE *WETWARE*, DOOM.

I *APPROVE* OF YOUR PLANS. THEY WILL *ENRICH* YOUR WORLD. BUT STAND *ADVISED*--

-- SHOULD YOUR ACTS HARM THE *NET*, THERE *WILL* BE DEATH.

END TRANSMISSION.

-HHAAAAAH-

WORLD-BOARD--

-- SAVE PREVIOUS STUDY UNDER TITLE *AMERICAN POLITICAL STRUCTURE.*

NEW STUDY; *MAKHELASTAN*, ECONOMIC STATUS AND FOREIGN CORPORATE TIES. CROSSREFERENCE WITH AMERICAN TRANSNATIONAL *ANGEL'S BREATH.*

YES...

I CHOSE WELL.

IT *BEGINS.*

IF YOU'RE A LATVERIAN ON THE DISENFRANCHISED SIDE OF LIFE, IT ENDS HERE; THE RIVERFRONT.

UNDER THE PREVIOUS LATVERIAN REGIME, MURDEROUS GUARDSMEN REGULARLY SWEPT THE 'FRONT UP AND DROPPED THE BODIES IN THE RIVER CIRI.

UNDER DOOM, WITH THE GUARDSMEN AN IMPOTENT POLICE FORCE, THE HUMAN SLURRY AT THE 'FRONT HAS PILED HIGH.

SUIT TYPES CHEWED UP BY THE SYSTEM, WORKING GIRLS TOO OLD OR RAVAGED TO MAKE THE RENT, FRIENDLESS JUNKIES WITH A HEAD FULL OF COLLAPSED VEINS...

THEY'RE ALL HERE, WAITING BY THE POISON RIVER.

TAKE PARIO HERE. HIS PARENTS KNEW WHAT WAS COMING. PARIO IS LATVERIAN FOR PARIAH.

PARIO IS BANGING CHAIN THROUGH HIS SKIN; PROBABLY THE CHEAPEST AND NASTIEST SYNTHETIC DRUG IN THE WORLD TODAY.

PARIO IS IN LOVE WITH CHAIN.

DON'T GET HIGH ON YOUR OWN SUPPLY, SON.

UH...? OH. OH, *MAJICK*, HOW Y'DOING...?

NOT WELL, MY SMALL STONED FRIEND. SOME *SCABLICKER* ON THIS RIVERFRONT IS *CUTTING INTO MY TRADE*.

MY ASSOCIATE, *LOSS*, WOULD REALLY *LIKE* TO MEET THE ONE WHO THINKS THAT HE, TOO, CAN *DEAL CHAIN* HERE.

WELL, *HEY*, THAT GUY'D HAVE TO BE *CRAZY*, RIGHT?

OH, YES.

I'LL ASK *AROUND* FOR YOU. WE'LL *GET* THIS GUY, RIGHT?

OH, YES.

EEEEEE

WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED BURNING OFF HIS FACE AND OTHER IDENTIFIABLE AREAS, LOSS, TOSS HIM IN THE CIRI.

SILLY, REALLY. HE *MADE* THE OBVIOUS MISTAKE-- WHEN HE STARTED USING HIS OWN *SALES STOCK*, HE STOPPED BUYING HIS FIX FROM *ME*.

HEH. HE'S FLYING HIGH AS IT GETS NOW.

OH, YES.

HE'S FLYING NOW.

THE CARGO JET POWERS DOWN, LOCKS INTO THE SPIDER WEB OF COMPUTERIZED DESCENT CONTROL AT GOJRADIA INTERNATIONAL, LATVERIA'S SINGLE AIRPORT.

LOCALLY, IT'S KNOWN AS STRIP THREE; THE OTHER TWO AIRPORTS HAD SHORT AND VIOLENTLY-CONCLUDED WORKING LIVES.

STRIP THREE HAS BEEN RUN FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS BY KEN IRONWINE.

THE THING ABOUT KEN IRONWINE IS THAT NOBODY LIKES HIM.

BUT EVERYBODY LISTENS TO HIM.

GET THESE FILTHY WIREFACED BOTTOMFEEDING SOAPDODGING FREAKS THE @#&!!! OFF MY AIRPORT--

IRONWINE, WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST SHUT UP OR DIE OR SOMETHING?

THESE ARE THE THREE? WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

THEY'RE PRAYING, MA'AM.

NET-GLIDER RELIGIONS ARE POPPING UP ALL OVER.

I THINK THESE THREE 'GLIDERS BELONG TO THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE.

NETGLIDERS? LET'S SEE THEIR CREDENTIALS.

HERE. THIS IS FOR THE TATTOOED ONE--- COMMUNION JACK.

LET'S SEE...

BLESSED MOTHER.

WHAT IS DOOM PLAYING AT?

THESE PEOPLE'S CREDENTIALS ARE IN *ORDER*. SUPPLIED BY *DOOM HIMSELF*.

GET THEM TRANSPORT TO THE *CASTLE*. THEY STAY THERE BEFORE *TRANSFERRING* TO *LIBERA CIELO*.

I'M GOING BACK TO BED.

NETGLIDERS. ROGUE CYBERSPACE JOCKEYS, SURFING THE SIGNAL-TO-NOISE CLAMOR OF THE ELECTRONIC WORLD.

HOW, FORTUNE WONDERS, DID DOOM *FIND* THEM? WHAT DOES HE *WANT* FROM THEM?

WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE MOTHER IS DOOM *PLAYING* AT?

-- MAKHELASTAN ERUPTS INTO REBELLION WITHIN HOURS OF A CURRENCY CRASH. ALSO IN THIS NEWS HOUR, FOOTAGE OF THE "HULK" FROM CALIFORNIA--

-- MAUVAIS? EST-IL UNE *GUERRE* DE LA *LIBERATION* DANS *MAKHELASTAN*? MAIS--

-- MAKHELASTAN, SEPARATED FROM THE VOLATILE STATE OF *LATVERIA* BY THE *MAHELA MOUNTAINS*. COULD THIS SEEMING *REVOLUTION* HAVE ITS ROOTS IN--

CASTLE DOOM.

AT LAST.

OH, FOR A TENT OR A CARAVAN, OR A DISTANCE OF AT LEAST A HUNDRED MILES BETWEEN ME AND THAT MAN...

THE TEN OF SWORDS. LOVING TO OVERTHROW THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.

THE FIVE OF WANDS. VIOLENT STRIFE. FIGHTING.

THE EMPEROR. AMBITION. CONQUEST.

FORTUNE KNOWS THIS WAS AN ACCIDENT. SHE JUST KNOCKED THEM OVER, IS ALL.

SHE CAN'T HELP BUT PUT THE THREE CARDS TOGETHER INTO ONE INEXORABLE DIVINATION;

WAR.

MORNINGS IN LATVERIA COME IN TWO KINDS.

COLD AND BRIGHT--- DIFFUSION OF SUNLIGHT FROM AIR POLLUTION NOTWITHSTANDING--OR COLD AND RAINING.

WHUMPF

UHHH

COLD AND BLOODY NOISY IS A NEW ONE ON FORTUNE.

WHUMPF

WHATEVER THE THING IS, IT BANGS OFF FROM THE CASTLE COURTYARD LIKE A MISSILE---

--- BUT DRIFTS UP INTO THE BITTER AIR LIKE A BALLOON.

THE BANGS HAVE THEIR ECHOES ALL OVER ANTIKVA TO THE SOUTH, GOJRADIA TO THE NORTH...

THERE NOW FOLLOWS, ON ALL CHANNELS, A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM CASTLE DOOM.

THE DAMAGED WORLD OUTSIDE OUR BORDERS *SQUANDERS* THE MIRACLES OF TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE THIS AGE HAS TO OFFER.

LATVERIA DOES *NOT*. *DOOM* DOES NOT.

PUBLIKA SERVO ANONCO

THIS MORNING, I HAVE HURLED A NETWORK OF *ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS* INTO OUR SKIES.

THESE DEVICES SHALL *SCOUR* OUR AIR CLEAN OF *POLLUTION*, *BUFFER* THE LOCAL *OZONE* LAYER, AND *MODULATE* OUR CLIMATE.

VARIANT DEVICES SHALL BE LAUNCHED INTO THE *CIRI*, AND TO *FIRE LAKE*.

I GIVE YOU A *NEW* LATVERIA, A COUNTRY OF CLEAN AIR, CLEAR WATERS, AND FINE RAINS. A *STRONG* COUNTRY.

DOOM! WAIT UP A SECOND!

GOOD MORNING, FORTUNE. DID YOU SEE THE *LAUNCHING?*

WE *SPOKE*, ONCE, OF THE MAGICAL QUALITY OF THE AIR OF MY *YOUTH*. IT *PLEASES* ME THAT YOU, *TOO*, SHALL SOON KNOW ITS TASTE.

WONDERFUL. LISTEN, WE NEED TO *TALK*--

-- ABOUT THOSE *PEOPLE* WITH YOU.

YES. PLEASE INFORM MR. *IRONWINE* THAT *FURTHER* INDIVIDUALS BEARING MY *SEAL* WILL BE ARRIVING *SOON*--

-- AND THAT THEY *ARE NOT* TO BE GREETED WITH *GUNS* AND *CURSES.*

WE SHALL BE IN *CONFERENCE* ON *LIBERA CIELO* FOR SOME TIME, AND *ARE NOT* TO BE DISTURBED.

IN MY ABSENCE, YOU SHALL ATTEND TO THE MOST PRESSING MATTERS OF *STATE.*

IN WHICH REGARD, I BELIEVE THERE IS AN OFFICER OF THE *GUARD* AWAITING YOU IN THE COURT *ANTECHAMBER.*

FORTUNE! HOW GOES?

FORTUNE?

DON'T ASK.

POET, THIS IS KOMONDANTO *JOSEF AFUSTO*, CHIEF OF THE GUARD-- AS YOU KNOW, THE CLOSEST THING WE HAVE TO *POLICE*.

SO YOU WERE *TIGER WYLDE'S* STRONG ARM, BACK IN THE OLD DAYS?

NO. I WAS A COURT-MARTIALLED GUARD CAPTAIN, IN *PRISON* FOR *DISSENT*.

I DON'T *WISH* FOR THE OLD DAYS, FORTUNE. *YOU* KNOW THAT.

BUT EVERYONE WAS *IN HOUSING* OR *DEAD*, AND THE *DRUGS* TRADE WAS UNDER *CONTROL*.

LOOK AT THAT.

THE CORPSE WAS FULL OF *CHAIN*; SO CHEAP AND EASY A DRUG THAT YOU COULD MIX IT IN YOUR *BATHTUB*.

SHOT WITH A *SHOCKFLINGER*; SO EXPENSIVE AND FLASHY A GUN THAT IT APPEALS TO THE TASTE OF DRUGLORDS EVERYWHERE.

TODAY'S STIFF IS THE TIP OF THE *ICEBERG*. THE *RIVERFRONT* IS *ALIVE* WITH SCUM, I SMELL *DRUG WAR* AROUND THE CORNER--

-- THERE ARE *THOUSANDS* LIVING IN GOJRADIA'S *SEWER SYSTEM*... AND *THEY* DUMP *THEIR* DEAD *ON THE* STREET *NEXT TO MAN-HOLES*...

THAT'LL BE ALL. I'LL BE IN *TOUCH*.

CHAIN.

CHAIN. THERE'S CHAIN IN LATVERIA.

POET? YOU OKAY?

SO?

D'YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT CHAIN? NO? I DO.

IT'S A CHEAP, DIRTY SIMULACRUM OF DMT, A PSYCHEDELIC THAT BONDS DIRECTLY INTO SPECIFIC SITES OF THE BRAIN.

CHAIN IS ADDICTIVE NIGHT-MARES.

I SPENT THREE YEARS ON CHAIN AND BAD RICE. CAUGHT DERMATITIS FROM SLEEPING ON THE CORPSE OF ANOTHER DEAD JUNKIE.

BLESSED MOTHER. I NEVER KNEW.

NEVER ASKED.

HOW OLD WERE YOU?

I KICKED WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN.

A KIND LADY PICKED ME UP AND TOOK ME EAST, TO A MONASTERY THAT RAN A CURE SYSTEM FOR OCCIDENTALS.

IT STARTS BY DRINKING A BOWL FULL OF NICOTINE AND WATER.

YOU THROW UP FOR FIVE HOURS. IT GETS WORSE FROM THERE.

THE CURE TAKES TEN YEARS OFF YOUR LIFE EXPECTANCY.

"BUT AT LEAST YOU HAVE A LIFE EXPECTANCY.

THE STRETCHING DEAD BODY

"THE THINGS I SAW BEFORE I WENT TO THE MONASTERY, FORTUNE...

"... A MOTHER SHOOTING CHAIN THROUGH THE EYE OF HER TEENAGED DAUGHTER, SO THE GIRL'D BE TOO DEPENDENT ON HER TO EVER LEAVE HOME...

"... THE DAUGHTER GOING ON THE GAME, GETTING BITTER, GETTING EVEN BY DOSING HER CUSTOMERS WITH CHAIN...

"... A CUSTOMER BEING THE GUY WHO PUSHED CHAIN ON THE OTHER IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND HE UPS HIS SELLING PRICE TO HER..."

"I'VE BEEN KILLING CHAIN DEALERS SINCE BEFORE I STARTED SHAVING.

"TELL YOUR COMMANDER TO BE AT THE RIVERFRONT AT THREE A.M."

STAY PUT AND IT COMES PAIN-LESS.

FORTUNE, PLEASE... WE WERE ONE MINUTE LATE...
ONE MINUTE.
"Time and Love have marked her with her claws, and cruelly taught her that every instant, every kiss, steal something of youth and freshness."
—Charles Baudelaire

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES OF DOOM 2099

MARVEL

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

27 MAR

BRODERICK 94

BARRICADES

IN THIS NEWS HOUR, FURTHER REPORTS FROM RIOT-TORN *MAKHELASTAN*, IN THE POLITICALLY VOLATILE CENTRAL EUROPEAN REGION SHARED BY *LATVERIA*--

-- ASTAN CEO, *JANOS RADESCU*, HAS GONE INTO *HIDING* FOLLOWING REVELATIONS THAT THE STATE *AND* ITS *POPULATION* ARE *FULLY OWNED* BY *AMERICAN* CORP *ANGEL'S BREATH*--

-- BBC WORLD SERVICE. YESTERDAY'S *CURRENCY CRASH* IN MAKHELASTAN HAS DRIVEN THAT STATE'S ALREADY IMPOVERISHED WORKERS INTO *REVOLUTION*--

WARREN ELLIS - WRITER
PAT BRODERICK AND JOHN NYBERG - ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER
JOE ANDREANI - COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE - EDITOR IN CHIEF

LATVERIA, ANTIKVA VILLAGE

MAN WANDERING ON HIS ROAD MUST BEAR THE TRIBULATION... OF FIRE AND WATER, EARTH AND AIR'S PROBATION.

IF HE PREVAILS AGAINST THE LURE OF EVIL'S MIGHT... HE SOON WILL KNOW THE JOYS OF HEAVEN'S DELIGHT.

ENLIGHTENED, HE WILL HIMSELF NOW PREPARE... THE HOLY MYSTERIES OF THE DEITY ALL TO SHARE.

POET
2064 - 2099

FORTUNE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY.

POET DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GOD.

HE BELIEVED IN HIMSELF. AND GUNS.

AND THAT'S PROBABLY WHY HE'S DEAD.

THE FUNERAL TAKES TOO LONG TO END. A STATE FUNCTION, FORTUNE THINKS -- POMP AND JABBERING.

I APPRECIATE THIS, DOOM... BUT WHY DIDN'T WE DO IT THE ZEFIRO WAY?

I KNOW POET WASN'T ZEFIRO, BUT HE WAS A GYPSY, IN HIS WAY.

I CONSIDERED THIS.

BUT I WISHED THE WORLD TO KNOW THAT DOOM HAS LOST AN ALLY THIS DAY, AND THAT LATVERIA RECOGNIZES THAT LOSS.

WELL... I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO--

DOOM. YOU WISHED TO SPEAK.

OF COURSE. FORTUNE. THIS IS THE TSARINA, AN EXCELLENT PROBABILITY BROKER FROM RIGA.

WE SHALL TALK LATER, FORTUNE.

TSARINA, WE SHALL TAKE A LIFTER TO LIBERA CIELO, WHERE WE WILL JOIN IN CONFERENCE WITH QUEEN OKUSANA AND OTHERS...

ALL THOSE RICH STRANGERS FROM ABROAD AT POET'S FUNERAL.

WERE THEY ALL INFOBROKERS AND DATAPIRATES -- THE SORT OF PEOPLE POET USED TO WORK FOR?

IT'S CLEAR AS MURDER TO FORTUNE --THIS FOND STATE FUNERAL WAS A FRONT FOR DOOM TO MEET THEM ALL.

CYBERSPACE:

CALIFORNIA AND SIDEWAYS STANDS THE WHOLE EARTH GATE, KEYHOLE INTO SAFE HEADSPACE FOR DISSIDENT NETGLIDERS.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GATE STANDS DUKE STRATOSPHERE, KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE NET.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, DUKE STRATOSPHERE IS SCARED DOWN TO HIS MEAT.

HIS WIDE EYES FILL WITH SOMETHING ALMOST APOCALYPTICALLY ALIEN TO THE FREESTYLE AND ANARCHY OF CYBERSPACE.

SIX NETGLIDERS DROPPING FROM THE TOP OF THE WORLD...

... IN FORMATION.

LIKE SOLDIERS.

THE NARCODEMOCRACY OF COLOMBIA:

SINCE THE NECROTOXIFICATION OF BOGOTA, THE WESTERN CITY OF CALI HAS BEEN COLOMBIA'S CAPITAL.

IN THE STREETS, THE CABINET-IN-HIDING AND THEIR TROOPS FIGHT THE TRAFICANTES, CAUSING NOTHING BUT CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.

ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE, THE NARCOPRESIDENTE AND HIS CARTELS RELAX BEHIND THEIR SHIELDFIELD AND DO NOTHING BUT LAUGH.

COLOMBIA HAS ANOTHER CLAIM TO FAME. UNKNOWN TO BUT A FEW, THE MAN CALLED "A MENGELE FOR THE 21ST CENTURY" IS IN TOWN.

HE IS SOMETHING OF AN INNOVATOR IN CYBERNETICS. HIS NAME IS DR. JOSÉ FLEISCHMANN.

AND HE LIKES IT HERE.

AAAAH... NO ONE LOVES YOU WHEN YOU'RE FROTHING AT THE MOUTH.

NOW *NOW*, JUST LET THE *SEDATIVE* TAKE HOLD.

INCOMING; 0694-4135 999

VICTOR DZZZ

THE *PHONE?* WHAT BLOODY *PHILISTINE* IS *THIS* TO CALL ME *NOW?*

- CRITZ- THIS IS *INDIGO ESHUN*, CALLING FROM *LIBERA CIELO, LATVERIA.*

YES. I PICKED UP MY *CONSTRUCTION MATTER* FROM THE *STREET*. I TRUST THE PAYMENT WILL BE ROUTED FROM *PIXEL?*

MY PEOPLE WILL MOMENTARILY DOWNLOAD THE MATERIAL INTO YOUR COMPUTER, DIRECT FROM CYBERSPACE. HAVE YOU ALL YOU *NEED?*

THEN I SHALL COMMENCE TO *RAISE THE DEAD WITH LOVING FLESH.*

I *KNOW* YOU'RE *UPSET*. PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO CATCH A WOUND WHILE FIGHTING TRAFI-CANTES, EH?

LUCKY I FOUND YOU. ALL I WANT TO DO IS STRIP OFF YOUR FLESH AND BONE ENAMEL. COULD'VE BEEN *WORSE*.

... GHOUL... MOTHERLESS CORPSELOVER...

NOOOO

LATVERIA: FLOATING LIBERA CIELO IN THE SKIES ABOVE...

-- TO RAISE THE DEAD. - CRITZ -

MADMAN.

'PHONE, GET ME KEN IRONWINE AT GOJRADIA AIRPORT.

OUTGOING 0166-776508

WORLDBOARD — OPEN NEW FILE.

RESULTS OF SECONDARY PHASE CONFERENCES.

THE REACTION I HAVE ENCOUNTERED *MOST* IN THE LAST SEVERAL HOURS, UPON RELATING MY INTENTIONS, IS *SHOCK*.

I SHOULD NOT DISCOUNT THE REACTION OF *JOHN WAY*, WHO HAS BUILT HIS FORTUNE UPON POLITICAL LIAISON BETWEEN THE AMERICAN MEGACORPS.

HE LEFT THIS SUITE *WEEPING*.

HOWEVER, IN GENERAL, MY STRATAGEM WAS SOUND. THE PLAYERS MADE AVAILABLE TO ME BY POET'S DEMISE WERE OF GREAT HELP.

QUEEN *OKUSANA* OF *WAKANDA*, AND THE OTHER *MONARCHS* AND *CEOS* WITH WHOM I SHARE *SUPERFICIAL* SYMPATHIES, WERE *SUPPORTIVE*.

THE TIME OF THE *GREAT LEAP FORWARD* COMES CLOSER, AND I FEEL...

... *EXCITED*.

STRIP THREE (GOJRADIA AIRPORT):

POWER DOWN AND GIVE IT UP TO *PORT SPIDERWEB* FOR *DESCENT CONTROL*...

RECEIVED, STRIP THREE. HAVE MANAGER *IRONWINE* WAITING FOR US UPON DEPLANING.

A HALF-HOUR LATER, *IRONWINE* IS NO CLOSER TO THE TARMAC FOR A COURTEOUS MEETING WITH THE JET'S PASSENGERS.

THIS IS BECAUSE IRONWINE IS A TOAD.

AAAAA

YOU WERE *SUPPOSED* TO *MEET* ME.

L-*LISTEN*, NAFKEH, I CAN HAVE YOU SHOT JUST BY BLINKING--

YOU STILL OPERATE IN *AIRPORT ADMIN LANGUAGE*? HOW QUAINT.

IF YOU *EVER* SHOOT ME, AND I FIND OUT ABOUT IT--

... I WILL BE... *UPSET*.

AND, AS THE *GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE'S* NEW *DELEGATE* TO *CASTLE DOOM* -- HERE, MY *ACCREDITATION*--

-- A WHOLE *WORLD* OF *VERY* UNPLEASANT PEOPLE WOULD BE, UPSET *TOO*.

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SO MUCH CHUTZPAH IF YOU WEREN'T ON *STILTS*, NAFKEH.

I'M A *TRIPLOID*. THE *THIRD STRING* OF *CHROMOSOMES* MAKES *ALL* THE DIFFERENCE.

I HAVE SOME *ORDERS* FOR YOU, KENNETH.

ONE: THERE IS VITAL *EQUIPMENT* ON MY PLANE THAT MUST BE INSTALLED HERE AT STRIP THREE. *SEE* TO IT.

TWO; MANY, MANY GUILD ELITE ARE GOING TO ARRIVE HERE SOON. IT'S HEALTHIER *NOT* TO OBSTRUCT THEIR ENTRY.

GEVALT. BETWEEN YOU AND THE *NETGLIDERS*, I SHOULD JUST *QUIT* AND LET YOU MAKE AN *OPEN HOUSE* OF MY POOR AIRPORT.

DON'T *TEMPT* US.

A NEWS SPECIAL ON THE COLLAPSE OF AUTHORITY IN MAKHELASTAN.

REVOLUTIONARIES ARE SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYING ALL EMBLEMS AND TOOLS OF THE RULING CABINET--

--MAKING PROCLAMATIONS TO INTERNATIONAL NEWS TEAMS OF A NEW DAWN, FREE OF AMERICAN OWNERSHIP.

MAKHELASTAN IS AN INDUSTRIAL STATE, PRODUCING CHEAP CYBER-INTERFACE HARDWARE IN APPALLING WORKING CONDITIONS.

EURO DATABROKERAGE PIXEL CANCELLED SEVERAL MASSIVE ORDERS OF MAKHELASTANI TECH, PRECIPITATING THE CURRENCY CRASH THAT IGNITED THESE TROUBLES.

--REVEALING THAT BOTH STATE AND POPULATION WERE OWNED BY U.S. CORP ANGEL'S BREATH.

WITHIN HOURS, DATA WAS DUMPED IN ALL MAJOR WORLD NEWS SERVICE NETS--PRESUMABLY BY ROGUE NET-GLIDERS--

THE CORP ALLEGEDLY INTENDED, IN LEAKED INTERNAL MEMOS, TO SELL MAKHELASTANI CHILDREN IN ORDER TO SHORE UP THE ECONOMY.

THE KUWAITI PHEROMONE FARMS, THE CHILDREN'S INTENDED DESTINATION, HAVE REMAINED SILENT.

AS HAS CASTLE DOOM, LATVERIA, LEAVING US WITH THE MYSTERY OF THESE IMAGES, NOW COVERING CENTRAL MAKHELASTAN.

SENDEPENDA VIVO

THE SLOGAN, IN THE LANGUAGE SHARED BY THE TWO NATIONS, MEANS "INDEPENDENT LIFE."

COLOMBIA:

LET OUR NECROMANCE COMMENCE.

FLOOD THE ROOM'S ATMOSPHERE WITH *NANOIDS.*

RELEASE THE *PACKAGE* OUR NETGLIDERS BROUGHT US INTO THE WALL'S *MINDTRACKS.*

AAAH... TO BREATHE IN *MONOMOLECULAR* STEEL LIFE IS A *WONDROUS* THING.

TO FEEL ROBOTS, TINY GRAY MIRACLES, SURFING THE TIDAL AIR IN MY LUNGS...

AHA! OUR *RAW MATERIALS* ARE BEING PROVIDED!

CAN YOU *SEE* THIS, PACKAGE, FROM YOUR SPARKING ROADWAY IN MY WALL?

MY NANOIDS ARE *UNDRESSING* THIS LOST SOUL TO PROVIDE *YOUR* WARD-ROBE!

LIGHTNING!

NANOIDS HAVE *EMOTION* AND *CULTURE*, DID YOU KNOW THAT?

LIGHTNING IS NANOID *LAUGHTER.*

THEY'RE HAPPY FOR YOU!

I'M HAPPY! EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!

EXCEPT THE LORD ABOVE BECAUSE HE'S DEAD BECAUSE I KILLED HIM AND I LOVED IT!

AND NOW I'M THE LORD, ME, JOSÉ FLEISCH-MANN--

-- AND I ALONE HOLD THE TERRIBLE GIFT OF LIFE AND DEATH! OOOOH YAS THAT'S WHY THEY PAY ME THE PRIMO BUCKS--

-- SO LIVE!

THERE IS AN AGONIZING CHORAL SCREAM, LIKE THE LAST WORD SPOKEN BY HIROSHIMA BEFORE THE BOMB.

A TERRIBLE MORNING BREAKS IN THE STEEL AIR.

IN THE SHRIEKING HEART OF IT, NANOIDS JOIN HANDS AND GIVE UP THEIR FREEDOM WITH SMALL BINARY SONGS.

THEY SKETCH BONES. ENAMEL, STOLEN FROM THE MAN ON THE RACK, DRENCHES THEM IN WAVES.

THE MIND, FIRED FROM THE TRACKS OF CYBERCIRCUITRY IN THE WALL, SEEPS INTO THE POSTHUMAN SKELETON.

IT CAN ONLY WATCH, WITH A SINGLE FORMED EYE, AS FLESH WRAPS LIKE FABRIC AROUND HIM.

DDDDD

IT FALLS BACKWARDS THROUGH ITS EYE INTO A NEW BRAIN, A VAST MEATSCAPE OF GATES AND HIGHWAYS.

IT TRIES TO ADJUST FROM CYBERSPACE TO HEADSPACE AS MEMORIES ARRANGE THEMSELVES LIKE FLOWERS IN HIS SYNAPSES.

ONE MEMORY IS BLACK AND REEKING, A POISON BLOOM IN HIS SKULL.

HE GROPES FOR ITS NAME.

DDDD...
DDDD...

DH...
DDHH-
UUUU...

WELCOME BACK TO THE MEAT, WIRE.

DOOM!

THE STRETCHING DEAD BODY

THE

LATVERIA; THE RIVERFRONT.

HERE, POET DIED IN A BLAZE OF VIOLENT ELECTRICITY, TRYING TO KILL THE 'FRONT'S KING PUSHER OF THE DRUG CALLED CHAIN.

THE PUSHER'S NAME IS MAJICK, AND HE'S HAVING A GOOD NIGHT.

HE OWNS THE 'FRONT NOW. MURDER IS WORTH STATUS WHEN THE MURDERED IS ONE OF DOOM'S PEOPLE.

HE DREAMS OF TIGHTENING HIS GRIP ON THE SCUM UP AND DOWN THE CIRI, BUILDING A JUNK KINGDOM.

GETTING THE GOJRADIA WAGEDRONES ADDICTED, RUNNING THE BLOOD GYPSIES OUT OF THE COUNTRY...

...BECOMING PRESIDENT OF THE NARCODEMOCRACY OF LATVERIA...

BEING THE LAW.

I HAVE BEEN KILLING PEOPLE ALL NIGHT.

IT GROWS *DULL.*

THIS COMMUNITY OF COPROPHAGIC TICKS AND MORAL MUTANTS HAS CONSIDERED ITSELF A SEPARATE WORLD FOR FAR TOO LONG.

THIS RIVERFRONT IS *LATVERIA.*

I AM LATVERIA.

AND IF YOU DO NOT PROVIDE ME WITH *MAJICK*, THE *MURDERER* OF *POET*, *IMMEDIATELY*--

-- I SHALL SCATTER YOUR THIN, RUINED *ASHES* ACROSS LATVERIAN *SOIL.*

KCHOW!
KCHOW!

KCHOW

YAHHHHH

KCHOW

I AM DOOM.

HARM MY SUBJECTS, AND YOU HARM ME.

AND THEN I HARM YOU.

IF YOU WISH TO BECOME MY SUBJECTS, THEN COME WITH ME.

PUBLIKA SERVO ANONCO.

THE OLD *TIGER WYLDE BUILDING* IN CENTRAL GOJRADIA, AS OF NOW, BECOMES THE *CENTRAL REFUGE HOSTEL.*

GUARDSMEN HAVE BEGUN THE RELOCATION OF THE RIVERFRONT POPULACE TO THE REFUGE.

ROOM AND BOARD SHALL BE GRANTED FREE TO ALL COMERS WITHOUT STATE-RECOGNIZED HOUSING OR MORAL INCOME.

WORLDBOARD; VERBAL *UPDATE.*

COLOMBIA; WIRE EXTRACTED FROM CYBERSPACE FOLLOWING BODYDEATH

WAKANDA; ASSEMBLY OF PANTHER'S RAGE COMMENCED

MAKHELASTAN; CURRENCY CRASH ACHIEVED THROUGH PIXEL COOPERATION / INDIGO ESHUN AND TEAM ACHIEVED THEFT OF ANGEL'S BREATH DATA

SECRET COMMUNICATION WITH REVOLUTIONARY LEADER / FULL CONTROL OF MAKHELASTANI REVOLUTION ACHIEVED

"Instead of inanely repeating the old formula 'respect the law,' we say, 'Despise law and all its attributes!' In place of the cowardly phrase 'Obey the law,' our cry is 'Revolt against all laws!'"
—Peter Kropotkin

MARVEL COMICS®

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28 APR

2099™

PATRICK R. BRODERICK 94.

IN MAKHELASTAN, A VIOLENT WORKERS' REVOLUTION PEAKS IN FIRE, AS THE SEATS OF COLD GOVERNANCE CHAR AND FALL...

IN COLOMBIA, THE POSTHUMAN NETSURFER, TORN FROM THE RATTLE AND HUM OF CYBERSPACE, FLEXES STOLEN MUSCLES...

IN AMERICA, WAR ENGINES THUNDER INTO LIFE UNDER WASHINGTON CLOAKING FIELDS...

ALL OVER THE WORLD, SOMETHING BLACK AND TERRIBLE IS STAMPING ITS HOOVES ON THE LAND...

BORDERLINES

WARREN ELLIS - WRITER, PAT BRODERICK - PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG - INKER, JOHN COSTANZA LETTERER, JOE ANDREANI - COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR, BOBBIE CHASE - CHIEF, A STAN LEE PRESENTATION.

AND IN LATVERIA; AT STRIP THREE...

POWER DOWN AND GIVE IT UP TO *PORT* SPIDERWEB FOR *DESCENT CONTROL*...

OH YES! *OH YES! VERY* SPECIAL PASSENGER HAVE US YES!

WILL AIRPORT MANAGER IRONWINE PLEASE PROCEED TO IMMIGRATION TO SIGN A GREEN FORM...

MISTER *IRONWINE*--- WHY'D YOU NEED US TO SIGN A PAPER?

"SIGN A GREEN FORM" IS *AIRPORT DEFENSE LANGUAGE*, YUTZ!

MEANS I HAVE TO ARRANGE THE POSSIBLE ARMED ARREST OF AN UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT.

WHY I STILL ALLOW LANDING FOR COLUMBIAN FLIGHTS IS *BEYOND* ME...

EMIGRADO IMMIGRATION

C'MON, MOVE YOUR BUTTS, LET THE DOG SEE THE RABBIT...

OY.

YOU'RE THE IMMIGRANT?

HELLO, IRONWINE. THERE'S A METAL PLATE IN YOUR HEAD THAT KIND OF HUMS WHEN YOU GET ANGRY.

I'M *WIRE*. USED TO BE. *AM*. TO THINK WE *KNOW* YOU. OR ALL YOU KNOW *ME*.

SOMETHING.

BUT- *WE* HEARD YOU *DIED* IN THE *PACIFIC*--

WE ARE ON THE CUSP OF THE *22ND CENTURY*, MR. IRONWINE. *DEATH* HAS LESS PERMANENCE THAN *TELEVISION*, NOW.

DOOM--

WELCOME BACK TO LATVERIA, WIRE. WE LEAVE FOR LIBERA CIELO.

THANKS. WHAT DO I *CALL* YOU? VICTOR? ERIK? NATE? JOHN?

DOOM WILL SUFFICE. *COME*.

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT, SIR? NEVER SEEN *DOOM* HERE BEFORE--

WILL AIRPORT MANAGER IRONWINE PLEASE ATTEND *AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL* TO SIGN AN ARRIVALS FORM?

GEVALT.

OKAY, I'M *HERE*, KRYSTINE-- WHO'S THE *UNAUTHORIZED LANDING* YOU CALLED ME IN FOR?

WELL, THE *MACHINERY* THAT *GUILD* WOMAN, *SHARP BLUE*, HAD US LINK INTO THE *GUIDANCE WEB SYSTEMS*, STARTED WORKING--

-- BEFORE WE KNOW IT, PORT SPIDERWEB WAS LEAKING IN PLANES ON ITS *OWN*--

LET ME SEE.

IT GETS WORSE-- THE AIR TRAFFIC COMPUTER STARTED SHUFFLING OTHER FLIGHTS AROUND TO MAKE SPACE, AND--

-- AND SOME *PILOTS* HAVE COMPLAINED OF *STEALTH FEEDBACK* DISRUPTING THEIR *RADIOS* WHICH MEANS WE'RE PUTTING OUT A *FIELD*, AND--

-- AND THEN THE GUILD OF *MERCENARY ELITE FIGHTERPLANES* DECLOAKED.

OUT ON STRIP THREE; THE LIFTER HAS NO ENGINES. FIRST OF A NEW BREED. IT IS DRIVEN BY LEVITATION--

-- ONE OF THE CLEAN-POWER VEHICLES BRED BY DOOM FROM LIBERA CIELO'S FLOATING TECHNOLOGY...

WHAT ARE THOSE? BUG MIRACLES HANGING IN THE SKY.

ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS. FROM *WAKANDA*. DON'T YOU *RECALL*?

WIRE; WHEN YOUR *BODY DIED*, AND YOU BECAME A *LIVE MIND* IN CYBERSPACE... WHAT DID YOU DO?

PALOMA. REMEMBER HER? SHE'S A *GODDESS*. THE *NET* IS *HERS* TO MAKE OR BREAK NOW. *CYBERDEITY*.

I... I WAS HER *LOVER*, DOOM.

I'M THERE *NOW*. STILL THERE. I'M *MAKING LOVE* TO HER.

THEN I WAS *CORRECT*.

RESURRECTED, YOUR *CONSCIOUSNESS* EXISTS *SIMULTANEOUSLY* IN BOTH CYBERSPACE *AND* THE REAL WORLD.

YOU WILL BE OF GREAT USE IN MY NEW WORLD, WIRE.

A PITY THAT YOU ARE QUITE *MAD*.

WIRE, THIS IS *INDIGO ESHUN*, A *NETGLIDER* LIKE *YOURSELF*.

DOOM. IS THIS GOING TO TAKE *LONG?* I'VE GOT PEOPLE SURFING WITHOUT BACKUP UPSTAIRS.

OH, YOU'RE THE BOY RACER WE PICKED OUT OF THOSE OLD *PIXEL* FILES. NICE *KIT* YOU'RE SHOWING ON THOSE TEMPLES, SONNY.

WHO'S SHE? HOW DOES SHE *KNOW* ME?

INDIGO AND HER CADRE CARRIED YOU FROM *PALOMA'S* PRESUMED *BOUDOIR* TO *COLOMBIAN* C-SPACE FOR YOUR *RE-BIRTHING*.

YOU ARRANGED FOR ME TO BE PUT BACK IN MEAT?

NO BIG THING.

YOU **SLAG!**

KILLKILLKILL.

URFFF

UNGRATEFUL LITTLE *TOERAG*.

BE QUIET, *WIRE*.

NUH

I HOPE YOU PUT THE *MENTAL* LITTLE *SCAB* OUT OF HIS *MISERY*.

A LOW CONCUSSION-BURST ONLY.

IT WOULD BE *IDIOCY* TO EXTERMINATE SUCH AN *ASSET* OUT OF MERE *IRRITATION*.

YOU CALL THIS GRAY *STRING-WART* OF A MAN AN *ASSET*?

CERTAINLY. HAVE YOU HEARD OF *DUKE STRATO-SPHERE*?

SURE. THE *RUMOR* IS THAT HE'S GOT A SECRET *SYSTEM* THAT LETS HIM MOVE IN C-SPACE *AND* REALSPACE AT THE SAME *TIME*.

MY SOURCES INFORM ME THAT STRATOSPHERE APPENDED A *SIMILAR* PROGRAM TO WIRE, BEFORE HIS BODYDEATH.

THIS IS HOW HE *SURVIVED* THAT DEATH AS PURE MIND IN C-SPACE.

AND NOW, THAT SIMULTANEOUS EXISTENCE WILL SERVE *US*, INDIGO.

IN AMERICA (AND SIDEWAYS); THE CYBERSPATIAL CONFERENCE ROOM FOR THE DIRECTORATE OF THE ANGEL'S BREATH CORPORATION, WASHINGTON D.C.

THIS WHOLE MAKHELASTAN THING IS A FLASH IN THE *PAN*. NOT WORTH US *BOTHERING* ABOUT.

THAT KIND OF THINKING WILL SEE US ALL ON SKID ROW.

WE'RE A *MEGACORP* WITH *THREATENED ASSETS*. CAN'T *WE* START *ACTING* LIKE IT?

WHAT WE'RE SEEING IS A *PREDICTABLE* REACTION TO BAD *LOCAL MANAGEMENT* BY THE *WORKFORCE*.

PIXEL CANCELLED THAT HUGE *WORKORDER* FOR A *REASON*, RIGHT? AND *THAT* COLLAPSED THE LOCAL *ECONOMY*.

THE *IMPORTANT* THING IS THE *DATA LEAK*.

FOWLER. EXACTLY *HOW* DID OUR *OWNERSHIP* OF BOTH *COUNTRY* AND *POPULATION* OF MAKHELASTAN BECOME PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE?

I CAN HAZARD ONLY ONE GUESS, MR. SHAPIRO.

A MASSIVE, ORGANIZED HACK ON OUR MOST SECURE DATABASES BY A CADRE OF *NETGLIDERS*. NO LESS THAN *SIX*, I'D SAY.

WHAT UTTER TRASH.

NETGLIDERS ARE ANARCHIC, *SOLO* OPERATORS. *EVERYONE* KNOWS *THAT*.

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT *MAKHELASTAN*? WE HAVE *MACHINERY* THERE! *HARD ASSETS*!

I SAY WE DO TO THE RIOTERS WHAT THE *NARCO-PRESIDENTE* DID TO *BOGOTÁ*!

THE DIRECT SOLUTION I'D *EXPECT* OF A PERSONNEL *MANAGER*, MRS. OLIN...

ORGANISED NETGLIDERS...

THIS *MAKHELASTAN* THING REALLY HAS YOU *RATTLED*, DOESN'T IT, FOWLER?

IGNORANT COLONIAL WRETCHES.

SMOKE ME A KIPPER, INDIGO-- I'M HEADING BACK HOME.

OPERATOR: COMMUNION JACK REF CYBERDIVE CADRE

RUNNING HAVEAWAY / FAST ESCAPE PROGRAMS CROSS UNLOCK CODES

DIVE DIVE DIVE

UNLOCK UNLOCK; CLEAR OF TRANSATLANTIC NET; SPLASHTHRU EUROFENCES; LATVERIAN CYBERSTATIONS FOUND

RETRACED BASE SIGNAL AT CADRE NETBARRACKS, LIBERA CIELO.

SPLENDID.

THAT WAS A FAST EXIT, JACK. YOU JUST GET *BETTER*. NO *KIPPERS*, BUT HOW'S A CUP OF *EARL GREY?*

SIMPLY *TOP HOLE*, OLD GIRL.

THE ANGEL'S BREATH *DIRECTORATE* SIMPLY DON'T *BELIEVE* WE *DID* WHAT WE *DID*, INDIGO.

THEN THEY ARE FOOLS, AND DESERVE TO BE CRUSHED LIKE THE PLAGUE RATS THEY ARE.

HA! JUST *CHARMING*, DOOM. AND *WHO'S* GONNA CRUSH 'EM? A BUNCH OF *NET-SURFERS?*

I DID NOT SEARCH YOU ALL *OUT*, BRING YOU TO *LATVERIA* AND GIVE YOU THE *FIRST JOBS* OF YOUR LIVES *MERELY* TO GADFLY *AMERICAN* MEGACORPS.

I HAVE *PLANS* FOR YOU *ALL.*

INDIGO, PLEASE ATTEND THE WORLDBOARD ROOM THIS EVENING.

THERE WAS *SOMETHING ELSE* AT ANGEL'S BREATH... ONE OF THEM SAID THEY *SHOULD* DO TO *MAKHELASTAN* "WHAT THE NARCO-PRESIDENTE DID TO *BOGOTÁ.*" *MAKE ANY SENSE?*

TYPICAL.

WORLDBOARD UPDATE:

MAKHELASTAN: PUBLIC EXECUTION OF FORMER CEO JANOS RADESCU BY REVOLUTIONARY FORCES

FORMATION OF INTERIM WORKER'S GOVERNMENT / INDEPENDENCE DECLARED / OVERTURES TO LATVERIA MADE

AMERICA: WASHINGTON D.C.-BASED MEGACORP ANGEL'S BREATH HAS INCREASED STEALTHFIELD COVERAGE.

LEAKS FROM U. S. SENATE INDICATE WAR POWERS PAPERWORK HAS BEEN LODGED

REF: SENATE: WHERE MEGACORPS REPRESENTATIVES VIE FOR POWER AND EXPANSION UNDER ARBITRATION OF THE "PRESIDENT"

LATVERIA: WAKANDAN CRACKTROOP SQUAD ARRIVAL PANTHERS RAGE TO BE BARRACKED AT LIBERA CIELO

GUILD OF ELITE AIR STRIKEFORCE STAGED AT STRIP THREE UNDER STEALTHFIELDS

CYBERDIVE CADRE UNDER INDIGO ESHUN NOW AT FULL STRENGTH

I AM NKRUMAH.

I COMMAND THE PANTHER'S RAGE.

I BRING QUEEN OKUSANA'S COMPLIMENTS, AND COMMEND MY RAGE'S LOYALTY TO YOU FOR AS LONG AS THE MONEY LASTS.

AN... INTERESTING ATTITUDE FOR A ROYAL TROOPER TO EVINCE.

LET US NOT MINCE WORDS, MY EMPLOYER. THIS IS NOT A DUTY OF HONOR.

YOU ARE PAYING FOR OUR GENIUS IN THE ARTS OF VIOLENCE.

I APPRECIATE YOUR CANDOR. IN WAR, HONESTY IS INVARIABLY THE FIRST CASUALTY.

DOOM. I HAVE YOUR FINAL GUEST.

IS HE WELL?

WRAPPED IN COTTON WOOL FROM THE FIRST SECOND MY GUILD BOYS STOLE HIM OUT OF TRANSVERSE CITY.

DON'T SCUFF YOUR HEELS IN THE CORRIDOR. COME THROUGH.

SO YOU'RE THE KIDNAPPER.

VEGAS. EVERYONE KNOWS THE TROUBLE THEY HAD WITH MUTANT DISSENT.

BUT NO. IT'S THE TIN CAN GUY FROM THE NEW YORK CAPER.

MY NAME'S MORPHINE SOMERS. HANDS UP WHO WANTS TO DIE.

CHARLIE

IF THE LITTLE AMERICAN BOY WISHES TO BE SHOWN HIS OWN GIBLETS, LET HIM COME.

NO. THERE WILL BE NO DEATH HERE UNLESS I PERFORM IT.

MR. SOMERS IS A MAN OF HONOR, NKRUMAH.

MY INVESTIGATIONS SAY THAT MR. SOMERS HAS STOOD UP FOR HIS SUBSPECIES' RIGHTS FOR YEARS, AGAINST ALL ODDS.

THIS IS WHY I HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE.

YOUR SHIRT BEARS THE IMAGE OF CHARLES XAVIER. I KNEW HIM.

HE WAS A *FASCINATING* MAN.

DESPITE PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SUPERNATURE, HE EMBODIED THE MOST WORTHY TRAITS OF *HUMANITY*.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE FLAWS IN HIS THINKING, I STILL FEEL PRIVILIGED TO HAVE SPOKEN WITH SUCH A MAN.

MUTANTS AIN'T BIG ON *RHETORIC*, DOOM.

NO. YOUR RACE CRAVES *ACTION* AND *RESULT*.

PLEASE SHOW OUR PANTHER THE *ACTION* YOU ARE *CAPABLE* OF.

SUPERANNUATION.

YOUR CHAIR THERE IS NOW ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

HOPE YOU KEPT THE RECEIPT.

FINALLY.

UPLINK TO PIXEL *INTELLIGENCE SATELLITES* FOR REALTIME *VISUAL COVERAGE.*

ALERT

ALERT - UPDATE, MAKHELASTAN SITUATION CRITICAL --

REALTIME VISUAL:

REFERENCE AIRCRAFT SEEN HERE AS **COMMERCIAL ENFORCEMENT WARFLIGHT** OF **ANGEL'S BREATH** MEGACORP, U. S. A.

SO BRUTAL. SO CALLOUS. SO *PREDICTABLE.*

WHAT THE *NARCO-PRESIDENTE* DID TO *BOGOTÁ.*

BLANKETING THE WHOLE PLACE IN *NECROTOXINS.*

REDUCING THE POPULACE TO A PROTEIN-RICH *SLUDGE.*

LEAVING ALL *TECHNOLOGY* AND *PRODUCTION* MATERIALS *INTACT.*

LATER *ADAPTING* THE SLUDGE FOR *FOODSTUFFS.*

I AM REMINDED OF A SENTENCE BY A PHILOSOPHER FROM MY ORIGINAL TIME.

HIS NAME WAS NOAM CHOMSKY, AND THE SIMPLICITY AND POWER OF HIS STATEMENT HAS FOREVER AFTER HAUNTED ME.

"U. S. FOREIGN POLICY IS, IN FACT, BASED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT HUMAN RIGHTS ARE IRRELEVANT."

DOOM, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE LATE, AND--

-- BLESSED MOTHER.

DOOM... WHAT *IS* THIS?

THIS IS THE CHOSEN *ENDING*, OF THE *TWO* POSSIBLE, FOR THE *REVOLUTION* THAT *I* INSTIGATED IN *MAKHELASTAN*.

YOU INSTIGATED?

INDEED. I ORCHESTRATED THE CURRENCY CRASH. I ADVISED THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS.

TO HAVE IT END LIKE *THIS*? *WHY*?

NKRUMAH...

... PLEASE *RESTRAIN* THIS WOMAN, WITH A VIEW TO SEVERING HER *WINDPIPE*.

WHAAT? WHAT *IS* THIS?

THAT *IS* THE TRADITIONAL GIFT FOR *TREASON* IN WAKANDA, NO?

INDEED, MY EMPLOYER.

FORTUNE, YOU OFFERED YOURSELF IN SLAVERY TO A WOMAN NAMED *THE NEON ANGEL*, IN RETURN FOR *RESTORATION* OF YOUR MAD BROTHER *KAZ*.

CORRECT?

YOU.

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT I HAVE RECENTLY *REGAINED* PART OF MY LOST MEMORY, FORTUNE.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, "NEON ANGEL" HAS BEEN THE *ALIAS* OF ONE *MARGARETTA VON GEISTERSTADT.*

THAT WOMAN IS NOW DEAD.

NO.

MY POOR KAZ... HOW... HOW DID YOU *KNOW?*

I AM DOOM. LATVERIA HOLDS NO SECRETS FROM ME.

YOU GAVE YOUR FEALTY TO ANOTHER, FORTUNE. I AM *DISPLEASED.* CAN I *LEAVE* MY HEARTLAND IN YOUR HANDS?

LEAVE?

YES. MY EXPERIMENT IS CONCLUDED.

THE *AMERICANS* ARE AS *DULL,* AS *VICIOUS,* AS *SHORTSIGHTED* AS EVER BEFORE. THIS EVENT HAS *PROVED* IT.

ONCE, I TOLD YOU I INTENDED TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM ITSELF.

THE GREATEST THREAT TO THIS WORLD IS *AMERICA.*

THEREFORE, I MUST BEGIN BY SAVING *AMERICA FROM ITSELF.*

I HAVE PLANNED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY FOR THIS MOMENT SINCE MY RETURN. FORTUNE, MEET MY BLACK CABINET:

INDIGO ESHUN, HEAD OF CYBERDIVE CADRE, THIS WORLD'S FIRST TEAM OF COMBAT NETGLIDERS. I MAKE HER MINISTER OF SIGNAL.

AND WIRE, WHOSE LINK BETWEEN CYBERSPACE AND REALSPACE ALLOWS INSTANT COMM BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE CADRE.

WIRE!? DOOM WOULD NEVER CONFIRM THE RUMORS, NEVER SAID IF YOU WERE DEAD OR ALIVE--

SILENCE!

NKRUMAH, YOU HAVE MET. HIS FINE ATTITUDE TOWARDS FOREIGNERS MAKES HIM MY MINISTER OF ENEMY RELATIONS.

MORPHINE SOMERS, SHOULD HE ACCEPT, BECOMES MINISTER FOR HUMANITY.

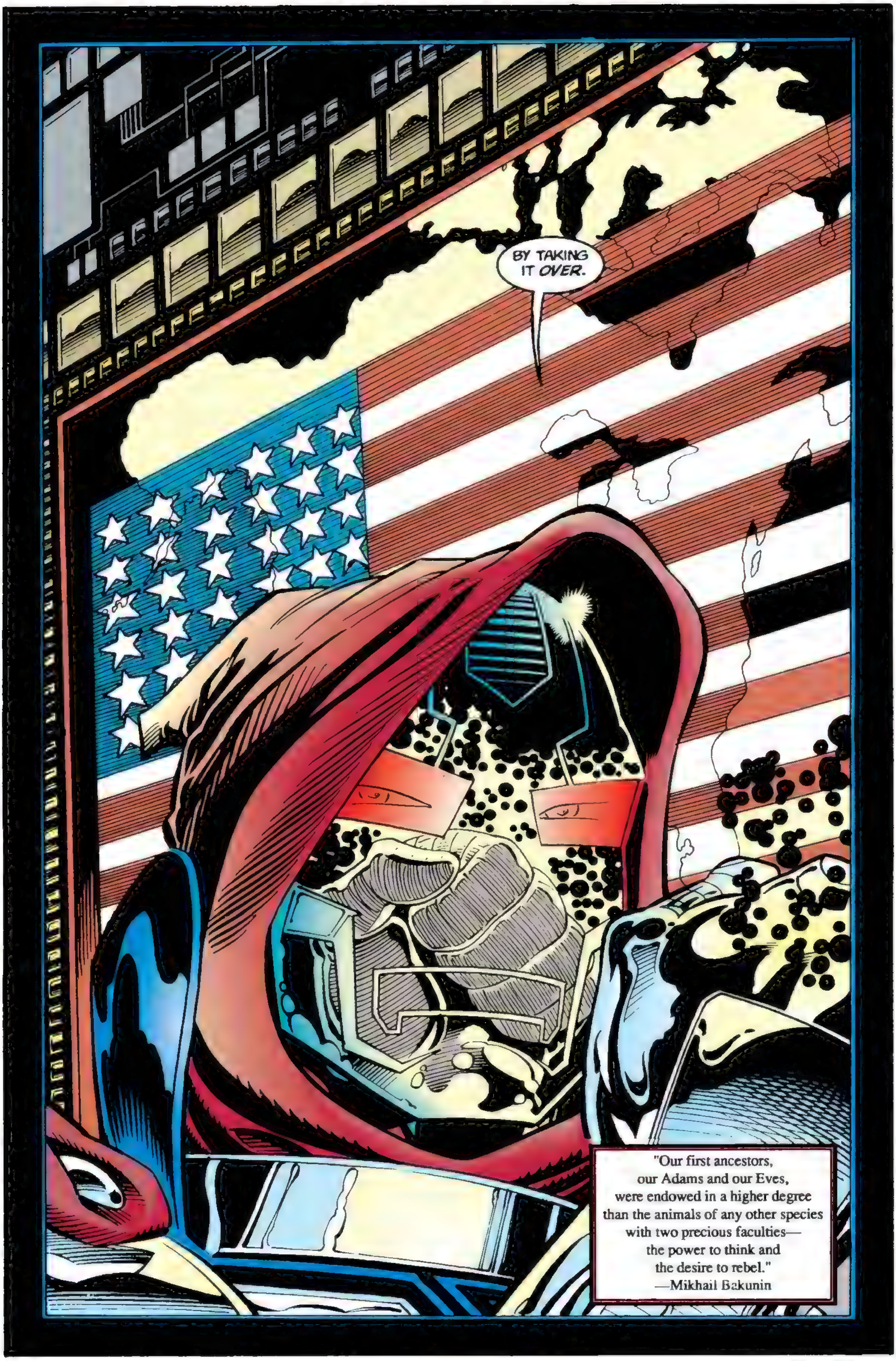
I CAN DEAL WITH THE RED MARKET? END DISCRIMINATION?

AND MORE.

AND SHARP BLUE, WHOSE IMAGINATION AND SENSE OF COMMERCE HAS ACHIEVED SO MUCH, BECOMES MY MINISTER OF ORDER.

OKAY... YOU'VE HIRED HALF THE GUILD ON THE PLANET. AND LEFT US KNEE-DEEP IN HINTS--

-- HOW D'YOU SAVE AMERICA FROM ITSELF?


BY TAKING IT OVER.
"Our first ancestors, our Adams and our Eves, were endowed in a higher degree than the animals of any other species with two precious faculties— the power to think and the desire to rebel."
—Mikhail Bakunin

2099
29
DOOM
2099 A.D.
PATRICK R. BRODERICK 94.

■ DOOM 2099 #29 INNER COVER ART, FEATURING DOOM'S CITY-SHIP

AMERICAN CAESAR

WARREN ELLIS - WRITER, PAT BRODERICK - PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG - INKER, JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER, JOE ANDREANI - COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR, BOBBIE CHASE - CHIEF

FROM: **DOOM** TO ALL MINISTERS AND AIDES
RE: BACKGROUND TO **THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD**

THE **AMERICAN PRESIDENCY** IS A **VESTIGIAL ORGAN.** PRESIDENT ACTS AS **ARBITRATOR** IN **DISPUTES** BETWEEN THE **MEGACORPS** THAT **TRULY** RULE AMERICA.

"PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS" ARE MERELY **CIRCUSES** DISGUISING THE INVESTITURE OF ONE SYMPATHETIC TO CERTAIN BUSINESS INTERESTS.

HOWEVER; PRESIDENTIAL **POWERS** WERE **NEVER REPEALED.** THEY SIMPLY BECAME **UNNECESSARY** AND HAVE BEEN **IGNORED.**

OUR TASK IS TO ENTER AMERICA, CUT OFF THE **SENATE**, TAKE OVER THE **WHITE HOUSE** AND **REPOWER** THE **PRESIDENCY**--

-- INVESTING **MYSELF** AS THE **PRESIDENT** OF WHAT REMAINS OF THOSE **UNITED STATES**.

END TRANSMISSION.

SHARP BLUE -- IT IS SOMEWHAT *DISCONCERTING* TO SEE A *PROFESSIONAL WARRIOR* LOOKING SO *PENSIVE*.

THINKING IS WHAT'S LET ME *SURVIVE* LONG ENOUGH TO *BECOME* PROFESSIONAL.

YOU KNOW, MY *ANCESTORS* WERE FIGHTERS. BUT *THEY* ONLY EVER FOUGHT FOR *CAUSES*. FOR *HONOR*, IF YOU LIKE.

I BECAME A GUILD OF ELITE *MERCENARY* BECAUSE I THOUGHT THERE WERE NO MORE "CAUSES" NOT INVOLVING *MONEY*.

I BECOME LIKE THE *WORLD*.

AND NOW, HERE I *AM*... AND I'D LIKE TO *THANK* YOU FOR GIVING ME AN HONEST *CAUSE*.

AND IF YOU TELL *ANYONE* I SAID ANY OF THAT, I'LL BOIL YOU IN YOUR ARMOR.

MY LIPS ARE SEALED. NOW, PLEASE REGARD THE *WORLD-BOARD*--

-- AS I ILLUSTRATE THE *WILD CARDS* IN OUR LITTLE GAME.

SUPER-HUMAN ADVENTURERS. *YES.*

THESE ARE PERSONS, FOR THE MOST PART, WITH *INFERIOR* ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT.

THEY MAY INTERFERE. THEY MAY IRRITATE. I KNOW ONLY THAT THEIR ACTIONS WILL BE *RANDOM* AND *UNINTELLIGENT.*

THE EPIDEMIC OF THE SUPERHUMAN SELF-RIGHTEOUS INCREASES *EXPONENTIALLY.*

WE SHOULD NOT DISCOUNT THOSE EXAMPLES *OUTSIDE* AMERICA, SUCH AS THE VAMPIRIC *LACHRYMA*, OR THE REVENANT SOLDIER *CHERNOBYL*.

EVEN THE EMERGING *MYSTICS*, LIKE THAT RECKLESS IDIOT *METALSCREAM*, MUST BE SCRUTINIZED.

CONVEY MY *CONCERNS* TO YOUR *TROOPS* -- *ANY* OF THESE CREATURES MAY POSE A *THREAT* TO THEM DURING OUR WORK.

FOR A COLD DICTATOR WITH IMPERIALIST TENDENCIES, THAT SOUNDED A LOT LIKE YOU *CARE*.

I AM A *REVOLUTIONARY*, SHARP BLUE. I HAVE *PASSION*. AND IF YOU TELL *ANYONE* I *SAID* THAT...

...*GO* NOW. THE *WORD* IS *GIVEN*.

THE WORD IS GIVEN.

AND MONOLITHIC **LIBERA CIELO** MOVES AWAY FROM CASTLE DOOM AND LATVERIA, TAKING ITS SCHOOL OF ALLOYED PIRAHNA, THE **WAR AIR ARM** OF THE **GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE**, WITH IT...

... AND THERE IS A SIGH OF ELECTRONICS AS THEY ALL WRAP THEMSELVES IN **STEALTH FIELDS**...

BELOW, WITHIN CASTLE DOOM;

AND SO, I LEAVE MY BELOVED LATVERIA IN YOUR HANDS, FORTUNE.
I GO TO MAKE THE WORLD A SAFER PLACE FOR THE MOTHERLAND. TEND IT WELL AND, SHOULD YOU AGAIN CONSIDER BETRAYING ME AS YOU DID TO THE NEON ANGEL CONSIDER: DOOM STANDS FOREVER ONLY A GUNSHOT AWAY FROM YOU.....

AS THE FLIGHT FROM LATVERIA GOES TRANSATLANTIC, STEALTH MACHINES CONFUSE SATELLITES INTO SEEING NOTHING BUT HEAVY WEATHER ON THE WAY...

WITHIN LIBERA CIELO; THE CYBERDIVE CHAMBER.

OKAY.

WE HAD A COUPLE OF LAST MINUTE ARRIVALS, SO THIS IS FOR *THEIR* BENEFIT AND THE FIRST *HECKLER* GETS A *SMACKING*.

MY NAME'S *INDIGO ESHUN* -- USED TO RIDE SIGNAL UP BY ICY EYE AND HIGH TREE'S PROTOCOL FIELDS, HACKED FOR *TERRORISTS*.

THIS IS *CYBERDIVE CADRE*, AND WE'RE LIKE THE *SPANISH INQUISITION*.

NO ONE EXPECTS US.

WE'RE THE *FIRST* REALLY ORGANIZED *TEAM OF NETGLIDERS* IN THE *WORLD*.

AFTER *THIS* LITTLE STUNT, NO ONE'S GOING TO TREAT NETGLIDERS WITH *CONTEMPT* OR *INDIFFERENCE* ANYMORE.

NOW, I KNOW SOME OF YOU ARE HERE FOR THE *MONEY* -- DOOM'S *PAYING* US LIKE MEGACORP *EXECS*, I *KNOW* --

-- BUT *I'M* HERE FOR THE *KICKS* AND THE *PROMISES* DOOM MADE.

FREEDOM OF *INFORMATION*. PUBLIC CYBERSPACE *JACKBOOTHS* ON *STREETCORNERS*. *TECH ADVANCES*.

I'M HERE FOR THE *FUTURE*.

END OF SERMON. LET'S GET SOME *NET* UNDER OUR FEET.

SMOKE ME A KIPPER, CAT ME DEARIE -- I'LL BE BACK FOR BREAKFAST.

YEAH, RIGHT BACK AFTER THESE MESSAGES...

CYBERDIVE CADRE; LAUNCH PROTOCOLS LODGED; RUNNING.

INDIGO ESHUN (MINISTER OF SIGNAL) LOGGED W/ CENTRAL COMM.

DIVE DIVE DIVE

MINDS UNZIP INTO THE ELECTRONIC WORLD, RECLOTHED IN COMPUTER-GRAPHIC ARCHETYPES...

... PLUNGING THROUGH SIGNAL TOWARDS AMERICAN NET AND THE VOLTAGE WAR THAT AWAITS...

SO THOSE ARE DOOM'S NETGLIDERS. HA. I CAN SEE WHY THE GREAT AND GOOD OF THE 20TH CENTURY WERE SO *TERRIFIED* OF HIM.

DO THEY KNOW OF THE *CHANGES* I HAVE WROUGHT UPON THE NET'S *OPERATING ENVIRON-MENT?*

NOT AS YET. BUT THEY *WILL.*

THE FIRST TIME ONE OF THEIR *ARCHETYPES* IS HIT *BADLY* ENOUGH TO *DERESOLVE* THE GRAPHIC...

POOR NETGLIDERS. *EH*, WIRE? UPON DERESOLUTION, THEY USED TO WAKE UP WITH A *HEADACHE* AND A *MELTED COMPUTER.*

NOW THEY SHALL *DIE* IN BOTH *WORLDS.*

PALOMA.

GODDESS IN CYBERSPACE.

WHY DO YOU *DO* THIS?

BECAUSE I *CAN.*

GO NOW, ELECTRIC POSTHUMAN LOVER. *JOIN YOUR* CYBERDIVE CADRE.

FONDLY AWAIT A GOOD SOLDIER'S REWARDS WHEN YOU RETURN TO ME.

LIBERA CIELO; OBSERVATION DECK.

CHARLIE DON'T SURF

I HAVE LEFT PALOMA... DEEP IN THE NET... I'M WITH THAT *ESHUN* SLAG AND THE *CADRE* NOW, RERIGGING *COMMUNICATION* SYSTEMS...

DOES HE *ALWAYS* JABBER LIKE A LONELY SPEED-FREAK?

WIRE ENJOYS A *SIMULTANEOUS EXISTENCE;* HIS *MIND* IS BOTH WITH *US,* AND RANGING *INDEPENDENTLY* IN *CYBERSPACE.*

THEREFORE, HE IS *ALLOWED.*

ARE YOU ALWAYS SO *MOROSE,* MORPHINE SOMERS?

I'M A *MUTANT.* I'M *ALLOWED.*

WE'VE TIED *UP* AMERICAN COMMUNICATIONS, DOOM. *ESHUN* ASKS IF YOU'LL WANT TO *CONTACT* ANYONE STATESIDE ONCE IT'S OVER.

AN *EXCELLENT* IDEA. *YES;* ONE *JACOB GALLOWS,* ATTACHED TO THE *PUBLIC EYE* IN *NEW YORK.*

I REQUIRE A *MINISTER OF PUNISHMENT.*

IN FLIGHT; THE STRIKE VEHICLE OF THE PANTHER'S RAGE, HEADED BY COMMANDER / MINISTER OF ENEMY RELATIONS NKRUMAH.

BE ADVISED, MY BEAUTIFUL KILLERS -- THE FORTHCOMING MURDER IS A MATTER OF REPUTATION. NOT HONOR.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE. THERE IS NOTHING REGAL ABOUT THIS WORK.

WE ARE BEING EMPLOYED AS GODS AND GODDESSES OF VIOLENCE. IF WE FAIL, WAKANDA AND THE QUEEN LOSE FACE.

BESIDES... WHO'D WANT TO MISS A CHANCE TO *KILL AMERICANS* AND GET *PAID* FOR IT?

NOW, THEN. IT IS TIME TO INGEST THE *SACRED HERB*. PLEASE SPEAK THE *HYMN* IN YOUR HEADS.

THIS *GIFT*, ONCE ONLY TAKEN BY THE *PANTHER KINGS* OF OUR SECRET HEAVEN, WAKANDA...

THIS *MIRACLE*, THAT WIDENS OUR EYES, MAKES STONE OF OUR FISTS AND BUILDS STORMS IN OUR MUSCLES...

TAKE THOSE *SHADES* OFF, XANDRA.

IN FLIGHT; THE CONFERENCE ROOM WITHIN HOLY SPOOK, C-IN-C AIRCRAFT FOR THE GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE.

I HOPE YOU BOYS HAVE DONE YOUR *RESEARCH*. THIS ONE'S GONNA BE TOUGH ENOUGH AS IT *IS*.

WE'VE *WORKED* WITH DOOM *BEFORE*. RESEARCH IS *ALWAYS* ADVISED WHEN *DOOM'S* INVOLVED.

DON'T YOU THINK USING RADIOACTIVE BULLETS IS A BIT *MUCH*, SHARP BLUE?

NOT FOR *THESE* LIZARDS, CHILL.

THE *AMERICAN CAPTAINS*, THE WHITE HOUSE'S *HONOR GUARD*.

CRUDE BUT EXTENSIVE *BIOENHANCEMENT*. WE'RE TALKING PROOFED SKINS, WIRED REFLEXES, BACK-UP NERVOUS SYSTEMS AND VITAL ORGAN SHUNTS...

THE *PANTHERS'LL* TAKE THE *EDGE* OFF THINGS, BUT THE *PROPERTY DAMAGE* AND THE *MEGADEATH* IS DOWN TO *US*.

AS *SQUAD LEADERS*, I'M EXPECTING YOU THREE TO KEEP THIS *SMOOTH* AND *MATHEMATICAL*.

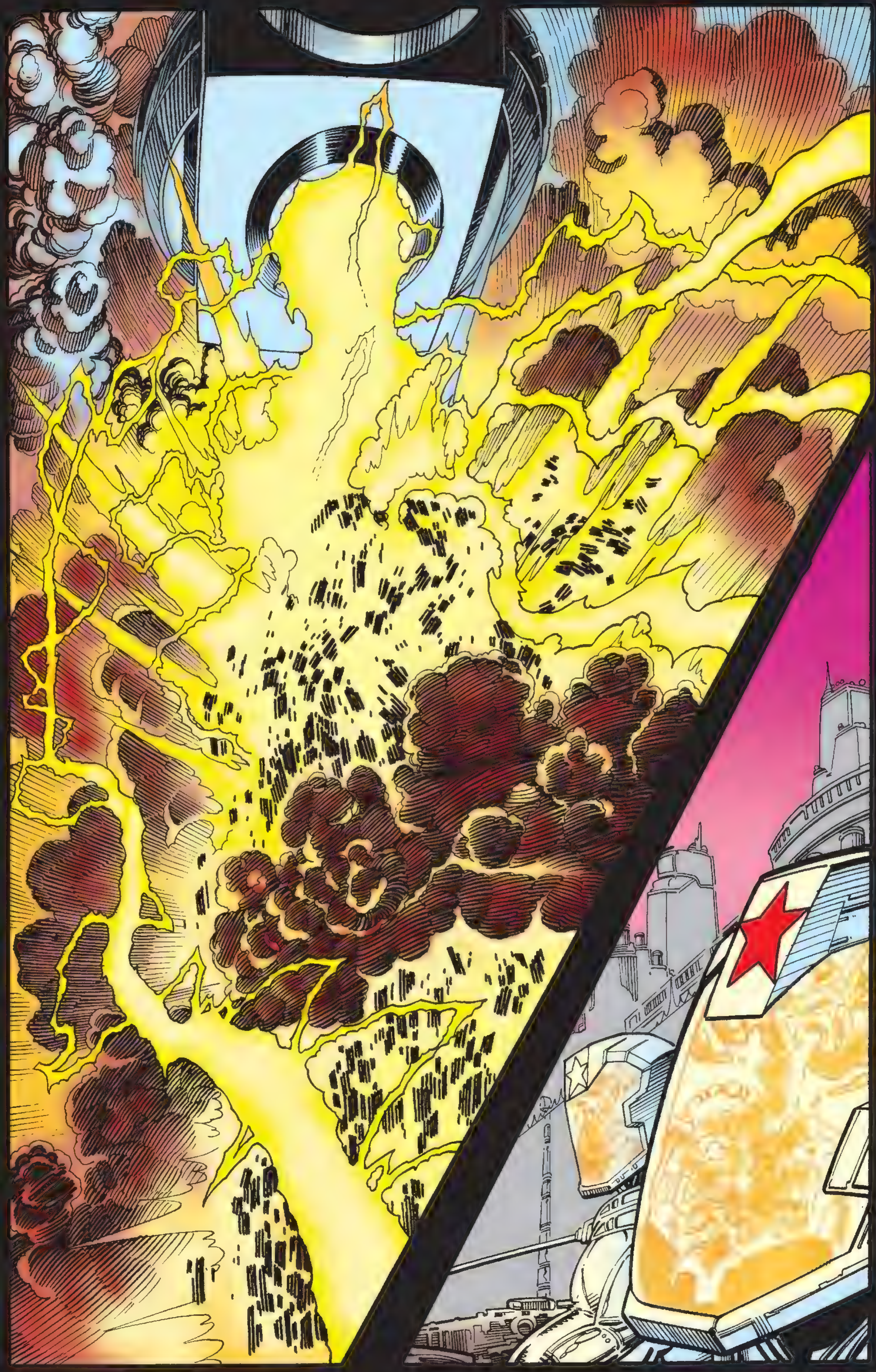
ONE MORE DRINK BEFORE THE WAR.

WASHINGTON D. C.; TO ONE SIDE, THE LIGHT EATING BLACK BOX OF THE SENATE; TO THE OTHER, THE BLINDING WHITE OF THE ANGEL'S BREATH CORP CENTRAL OFFICES...

ANGEL'S BREATH. THE MEGACORP THAT KILLED MAKHE-LASTAN.

THIS IS DOOM, ADDRESSING ALL POINTS;

IT BEGINS.



WE OUGHT TO BE PLAYING *RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES.*

"DOOM HAS NO NEED OF A SENATE FILLED WITH MEGACORP FLUNKIES."

"KILL IT."

WITHIN:

BOMB TERRORISTS BOMB

AAAA

PHONES ARE OUT

GET INTO *CYBERSPACE* -- ROUTE TO MAIN OFFICE AND GET *HELP!*

IN CYBERSPACE:

D'YOU THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO GET *OUT* YET? SCRABBLING AND BLEEDING AND SCREAMING AND WONDERING WHY LOCAL C-SPACE IS *LOCKED UP?*

TOLD YOU THIS'D BE FUN.

HEY, DID YOU *HEAR* THAT?

OH, I SEE... LOOKS LIKE DOOM'S *PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT* WE PLANTED HAS STARTED *PLAYING.*

HEADS *UP,* YOU UNWASHED NET-BUMS...

... LOOKS LIKE THE *CYBERSPACE SECURITY OPERATORS* FROM *STARK/FUJIKAWA* WANT TO BE THE FIRST TO MAKE A *COMPLAINT* TODAY.

I AM *DOOM.*

THIS IS *MY* STATEMENT TO THIS NATION AS A *WHOLE,* BUTCHERED AS IT MAY BE BY THE *ARTIFICIAL* BORDERS OF *COMMERCE.*

I AM MAKING USE OF *ALL* U. S. TV CHANNELS TO SPEAK TO YOU.

CONSIDER THIS THE FIRST PORTENT OF YOUR NEW LIVES--

-- FOR, AS OF *TODAY,* I AM CLAIMING THE *PRESIDENCY* OF THESE FRACTURED STATES AS *MY OWN.*

FROM WASHINGTON...F

"YOUR CURRENT PRESIDENT DOES NOT CONSIDER YOU HIS PROTECTORATE. HE DOESN'T CONSIDER YOU AT ALL.

"YOUR PRESIDENT, OWNED AS HE IS BY COMMERCE, OFFERS NO SOLUTION TO THE HORROR OF YOUR EXISTENCE.

"YOUR LIVES ARE INDENTURED TO CORPORATIONS, OR ELSE TREATED AS DISEASES TO BE STAMPED OUT.

"HE IS MERELY THE MOST OBVIOUS PUSTULE IN THE INFECTION OF AMERICA.

"I AM HERE TO CURE YOU.

"I INVEST MYSELF AS PRESIDENT BY RIGHT OF REVOLUTION. ALL PRESIDENTIAL POWERS GIFTED BY THE CONSTITUTION ARE HEREBY REACTIVATED.

"THE SENATE, EMPOWERED TO VETO THIS, ARE IN AGREEMENT, AS PROVEN BY THEIR SILENCE.

"MY FIRST ACT IS TO COMMAND THE MERGING OF ALL PAID POLICE FORCES, SUCH AS PUBLIC EYE AND CSS--

"-- INTO A SINGLE NATIONAL POLICE SERVICE. I SHALL ENTITLE THIS SERVICE S.H.I.E.L.D.

"THEIR FIRST ACT SHALL BE TO ENFORCE MARTIAL LAW, FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOURSELVES, THE CITIZENRY.

"THIS SHALL INVOLVE THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF ALL HEADS OF MEGACORPS AND TRANSNATS.

"NON-COMPLIANCE BY EITHER PAID POLICE FORCES OR MEGACORPS WILL BE CONSIDERED AN ACT OF WAR.

"THUS DOES DOOM TAKE HIS FIRST STRIDE TOWARDS SAVING YOU FROM THE RUTHLESS MACHINE OF AMERICAN COMMERCE."

WIRE.

EVERYTHING'S *HOLDING* IN C-SPACE. WE'RE UNDER *ATTACK*, BUT INDIGO SAYS WE CAN *HANDLE* IT.

BLUE'S LOOKING FOR YOU, DOOM. SAYS SHE'S GOT THE OPPOSITION IN *CHECK*.

IS THAT *GOOD?*

MERCENARY REPORTS HAVE A MONEYLENDER'S *EXACTITUDE*. IT MEANS WHAT IT *SAYS*.

INFORM THE *TRANSFER DECK* STAFF TO PREP A *DROP VEHICLE*.

CYBERDIVE CHAMBER:

MY *EMPLOYER*. I SHOULD *COMPLIMENT* YOU ON YOUR SHOCK TACTICS. THE AMERICANS NEVER REALLY FOUND THEIR FEET.

NKRUMAH.

CONSIDER THE STRIKE AREA *SECURE*.

THE HOUSE *ITSELF* IS ANOTHER *MATTER*. WE HAVE NO INTELLIGENCE ON ANY *INTERIOR* GUARD...

LEND YOUR PANTHERS' STRENGTH TO THE GUILD.

THE WHITE HOUSE IS *MINE*.

I MUST CONFESS TO THE SUDDEN GRIP OF A FIN-DE-SIÉCLE HUBRIS AS I ENTERED THE WHITE HOUSE.

I GOT CARRIED AWAY.

THIS PLACE; BESUITED, QUIVERING AMERICAN MONSTERS WHO STABBED THE WORLD WITH STICKS FOR DECADES, UNCHECKED--

-- FACING WITH BONELESS TERROR THE EMISSARY OF THE WORLD WHO HAS COME TO FIND THEM.

AND I HAVE A BIGGER STICK.

THIS PLACE DID IT TO ME. IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.

I INHALE BLOOD AND SMOKE, NOW, THE SCENT OF REVOLUTION, AND AM CALMED.

IT IS A TOKEN OF MY SERENITY THAT I GAVE THE CREATURE IN THIS ROOM A CHOICE.

I AM STILL MILDLY SHOCKED AT THE BRAVERY OF HIS DECISION.

STILL. THAT REACTION WAS AS **NOTHING** COMPARED TO THE SHOCK HE EXPERIENCED.

THE SHOCK OF THE **NEW.**

THAT SHOCK SHALL TRAVEL **AMERICA ROUND** BEFORE I AM DONE.

I INHALE **BLOOD** AND SMOKE, A REVOLUTIONARY AT THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN...

"Every country has the government it deserves."
—Joseph de Maistre

MARVEL
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DOOM 2099 A.D.
PATRICK BRODERICK 94.

AMERICAN WAY

A STAN LEE *Presentation*

WARREN ELLIS – WRITER, *PAT BRODERICK* AND *JOHN NYBERG* – ARTISTS, *JOHN COSTANZA* – LETTERER, *BEN SEAN* – COLORIST, *JOEY CAVALIERI* – EDITOR, *BOBBIE CHASE* – CHIEF

I AM DOOM.

I AM PRESIDENT OF THESE BROKEN STATES OF AMERICA, BY RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

I HAVE MADE THE DESPERATE NECESSITY TO CURTAIL THIS NATION'S MAD RAMPAGE THROUGH THE WORLD INTO AN ACT OF PASSION DESTINED TO REMAKE THE EARTH.

I HAVE WON THE WAR.

NOW I MUST WIN THE PEACE.

FUNDS TO BE ATTACHED FROM TRANSNATS TO FINANCE PRODUCTION OF PUBLIC CYBERSPACE PORTS-- DIVE BOOTHS. NEW NATIONAL COMPANY TO BE CALLED CYNEX. RESTRICTIONS ON PUBLIC ACCESS TO INFORMATION IN CYBERSPACE PROVISIONALLY LIFTED.

THERE ARE BODIES TO BE REMOVED FROM THE FIELD OF PLAY. THESE EARLY DAYS ARE TRIAGE GOVERNANCE.

I MUST TEND TO THE WOUNDS OF THE COUNTRY...

... DISEASES TO BE TREATED.

IN RE: DIVE BOOTHS; PROVISION OF C-SPACE **NEURAL JACKS** TO BE MADE **FREE** TO THE PUBLIC AT CYNEX FRANCHISES. NEW, EASY **NANOTECH** JACKS-- **QUIÑONES SLOTS**-- DEVELOPED BY **DOOM** CAN BE GIVEN BY **INJECTION**. FURTHER DATA; REF. INDIGO ESHUN, MINISTER OF SIGNAL.

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

SPEAK.

INDIGO. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I'M *ADJUSTING*. COMMUNION JACK *GOING* LIKE THAT WAS A *SHOCK*.

I'VE GOT TWO PROBABLE *BASKET CASES* HERE, *REFUSING* TO GO *BACK* INTO *CYBERSPACE*.

THE FACT THAT, ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE CAN NOW *DIE IN CYBER-SPACE*...

YES, I HAVE SPOKEN WITH *WIRE* ABOUT THIS. I FEEL HE IS *HIDING* SOMETHING.

REALLY. ANY *OBJECTION* TO MY HAVING A *PRIVATE TALK* WITH THE WEIRD LITTLE SOD?

NONE. NOW, ON TO *BUSINESS*.

WELL, CAT'S FIELDING A ROW WITH DIMONIX OVER *CYNEX* FUNDING--

-- AND I'VE GOT HARRY BELTANE AND PRETTY ANGIE KNEE-DEEP IN STARK/FUJIKAWA *SECURE ARCHIVES.*

THEY'RE FINDING A *LOT* OF STRANGE, UNRELEASED TECH.

EXCELLENT. BRING ME THAT DATA THIS AFTERNOON. HAVE YOURSELF GUARDED BY TWO PANTHERS WHEN YOU LEAVE.

UNDERSTOOD. CYBERDIVE CHAMBER OUT -CRITZ-

THE CHATTER OF WORKERS DIES IMMEDIATELY UPON MY EGRESS FROM THE OVAL OFFICE.

THESE AMERICANS, PAINTING OVER BLOODSTAINS AND REWIRING FOR THE MAJESTIC COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS I REQUIRE, ARE LEARNING TO FEAR ME.

IT IS TIME TO TEACH SOME OTHER AMERICANS THIS TALENT.

THE NIXON ROOM

SO HERE YOU ALL ARE.

THE *HEADS* OF EVERY LAST *TRANSNATIONAL* AND *MEGACORP.* THE *KINGS* OF *AMERICA.*

I EXPECTED *CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY,* YOU KNOW: *DYNAMIC* FIGURES, *CAPITALIST SUPER HEROES.*

YOU ARE *WORMS.*

JACOB GALLOWS. MY *GRATITUDE* FOR ENSURING THE *DELIVERY* OF *THESE CREATURES.*

WE MUST *SPEAK* LATER.

WELL. HOW TO BEGIN?

ALL CORPORATE ENTITIES ON AMERICAN SOIL ARE HEREBY *NATIONALIZED.*

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

IT SEEMS THOSE IDIOT ACCOUTREMENTS OVER *YOUR* EYES SERIOUSLY RESTRICT YOUR ABILITY TO SEE WHAT'S IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE, AVATARR.

YOU, *ALCHEMAX*, AND ALL *OTHER* CORPORATE ENTITIES ARE *NATIONALIZED.*

THEY ARE TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE STATE, AND THEIR FUNDS DIRECTLY ATTACHED TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

WHICH *MEANS*, HONORED RIVAL, THAT *STARK/FUJIKAWA'S* BLOCKING TACTICS AGAINST *CYNEX* FUNDING ARE *USELESS.*

I CAN JUST *TAKE* THE MONEY.

FURTHER; THE CURRENCY SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS THE *BLACK CARD* OF *UNLIMITED FUNDS* SHALL *END.*

ANYONE HOLDING FUNDS GREATER THAN *GOLD* RATING SHALL COMPULSORILY *GIFT* THE *SURPLUS* AMOUNT TO THE *GOVERNMENT.*

GOLD CARD BECOMES THE *HIGHEST* PERMITTED WEALTH RATING.

YOU-- YOU CAN'T *DO* THAT-- I'LL *STOP* YOU-- I'LL CLAIM MY *DRUGS* AS A *TAX RE-BATE* AND--

SIT OR *DIE*, TINY WHITE MAN.

I DOUBT THAT EVEN YOUR DRUGS BILL COULD BANKRUPT THIS ADMINISTRATION, PYNCHON.

BUT FEAR *NOT*; I SHALL BE *PAYING* YOU *SOME* OF THE TITHED MONEY.

THIS IS AN *ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORM.*

IT *SCOURS* THE AIR *CLEAN* OF *POLLUTION*, *BUFFERS* THE LOCAL *OZONE LAYER*, AND REGULATES *CLIMATE.*

I INTEND TO FLOAT A VAST *NETWORK* OF THEM *ACROSS AMERICA*, TO *REPAIR* THE DAMAGE *YOU* HAVE DONE.

YOU SHALL *CONSTRUCT* THEM, UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTRACT.

WELL, THIS IS *IDIOCY.*

THE COST IN LOST SALES OF ANTI-POLLUTION PHARMACEUTICALS *ALONE* WILL *ANNIHILATE* THE ECONOMY.

ALCHEMAX WILL *NOT* ENTERTAIN THIS FOLLY.

YOU HAVE NO *CHOICE.*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE, YOU ARE *DIRECTLY ACCOUNTABLE,* AVATARR. TO *ME.*

WE'LL *SEE.*

INDEED WE *WILL.*

I WANT YOU ALL TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR ACTIONS NOW HAVE *CONSEQUENCES.*

ANY ACT YOU PERPETRATE UPON THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WILL BE SCRUTINIZED *AND* PUNISHED BY *DOOM.*

IN THIS REGARD, LEARN YOUR FIRST *LESSON:*

I AM GOING TO KILL ONE PERSON IN THIS ROOM. *YOU* GET TO DECIDE *WHO.*

CROSS-COUNTRY:

THE NAME **HELLROCK** DOESN'T **BEGIN** TO DESCRIBE THE PLACE.

EVEN THROUGH THE SHIELDFIELD UNITS PROTECTING THEIR HEADS, **SHARP BLUE** AND HER ENTOURAGE CAN **SMELL** THE PLACE.

ROTTEN MEAT. MAGGOTS. CHEMICAL FUNGUS ENCRUSTING MUTROID CHILDREN. HUMAN BILE DISSOLVING ROCKS...

FEASIBILITY STUDIES FOR MASS-TRANSIT TELEPORTATION PROJECT (ORIGINATED AT LIBERA CIELO/WHITE HOUSE) TO BE MADE BY ALCHEMAX BY ORDER OF **SHARP BLUE**, MINISTER OF ORDER.

THEY *DON'T.* THAT'S THE *POINT* OF HELL-ROCK.

HOW DOES ANYONE *LIVE* HERE?

THEY JUST *EXIST.*

EVERYONE TRIES TO *FORGET* ABOUT THE PLACE. BUT THEY *CAN'T.* IT'S A *GASH* IN THE AMERICAN PSYCHE.

WE NEED TO CLEAN IT *UP*-- IT'S THE *CORNERSTONE* OF OUR ENVIRON-MENTAL POLICY.

BUT I CAN'T SEE HOW WE CAN *DO* THAT WITHOUT UTTERLY *DESTROYING* IT.

*THE FIRST-STAGE PROPOSAL IS TO CONSTRUCT THREE **GATING FIELDS**-- MILE-WIDE TELEPORT PLATFORMS LINKING NEW YORK, TRANSVERSE CITY AND LOS ANGELES-- FACILITATING CLEAN, INSTANTANEOUS MASS TRANSIT.*

THE WHITE HOUSE.

MORPHINE SOMERS, MUTANT, PONDERING THE SUPPOSED ROLE OF A *MINISTER OF HUMANITY*, TAKES A STROLL.

I BET YOU GUYS COULD REALLY USE A GUARANA CIGARETTE LIKE MINE RIGHT NOW, EH!

TOUGH.

NKRUMAH! HOW'S LIFE IN THE *GOD OF VIOLENCE* TRADE?

INTERESTING. I GET TO BE THREATENING AND UNPLEASANT TO A FAR *FINER* CLASS OF PEOPLE THESE DAYS.

I COULD USE AN *AMERICAN MIND* HERE, MR. SOMERS.

PERHAPS I AM NOT QUITE *INSANE* ENOUGH TO *UNDERSTAND* THIS.

HEH. YOU'RE *RIGHT*, YOU *AIN'T*.

THESE, NKRUMAH, ARE *THORITES.*

THEY WORSHIP AN ALLEGED *NORSE GOD*, RIGHT, WHO *APPARENTLY* FOUGHT IN THE MORE FAMOUS U.S. *BATTLES* DURING THE *HEROIC AGE.*

BASKET CASES.

AH. OF *COURSE.* THE JOURNALS OF *T'CHALLA*, THE *PANTHER KING* DURING THE HEROIC AGE, MAKE *MENTION* OF THOR.

I UNDERSTAND NOW. THESE CREATURES ARE IN *SHOCK.*

YOU *SEE*, MR. SOMERS, *DOOM WOULD BE A* SCRIPTURAL VILLAIN OF SATANIC PROPORTIONS TO THORITES.

IT ALSO EXPLAINS THE *SMELL* OF FIRESTAR, A CHEAP BUT HIGHLY EFFICIENT *FLAMMABLE--*

HA HA HA HA

THERE WILL BE *MORE* LIKE THIS.

NO, NO. THESE ARE *FANATICS*, MR. SOMERS, GRIPPED BY A RELIGION OF *DUBIOUS* PROVENANCE AND *SHOCKING WORTHLESSNESS*.

TO *THEM*, THE *DEVIL* IS IN THE *WHITE HOUSE*. THIS IS THEIR *PROTEST*.

YOU'RE *KIDDING*.

BRING THEM *ON*, THAT'S WHAT *I* SAY, MR. SOMERS.

WE SHALL BUILD A FINE ROAD UPON THEIR BONES.

*ALL BUSINESS CONTRACTS BETWEEN U.S. CORPORATE ENTITIES AND FOREIGN INTERESTS ARE HEREBY TEMPORARILY **FROZEN**, AWAITING INVESTIGATION ON ETHICAL GROUNDS. ANY CONTRACTS INVOLVING ACTS DEEMED UNETHICAL WILL BE SEVERED WITHOUT RECOMPENSE. BY ORDER **NKRUMAH/MINISTER, ENEMY RELATIONS.***

THIS ISN'T *FAIR*, DOOM!

WHAT ABOUT *KELLERMAN?* HE'S HERE BY *HOLOPROJECTION*, FOR SHOCK'S SAKE! HOW D'YOU KILL *HIM?*

MY *COLLEAGUE* HERE HAS TWO OF HIS *MEN* WITH THE... *INFIRM* MR. KELLERMAN AT HIS *TRUE* LOCATION.

SHOULD YOU *CHOOSE* MR. KELLERMAN, HE NEED ONLY GIVE THE *WORD* AND MR. KELLERMAN SHALL BE *INCINERATED.*

AND IN *FUTURE*, PYNCHON, YOU SHALL CALL ME *MISTER PRESIDENT!*

IN THE WORLDBOARD ROOM, GLOBAL REACTION TO THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD.

LONDON, ENGLAND; PAYCOPS FROM RULING MEGACORP ICY EYE INSTIGATE POGROMS AGAINST CIVILIAN NETGLIDERS.

CYBERDIVE CADRE HAS MADE CLEAR THE TRUE TALENT AND DANGER OF ROGUE NETGLIDING.

WAKANDA; QUEEN OKUSANA PRESIDES OVER THE STATE FUNERAL OF THE TWO PANTHER'S RAGE SOLDIERS FELLED AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

HER ENDORSEMENT OF THE DOOM REGIME IS DESCRIBED BY NEWS SERVICES AS "LUKEWARM."

LATVERIA; RADIO SILENCE.

LIBERA CIELO; THE SIGNAL PIT.

WIRE'S FAVORITE PLACE IN ALL THE FLOATING CITY.

HE LOVES THE SIGNAL PIT; LOVES CROUCHING WITHIN THE QUIET BABEL.

SOMETIMES HE CAN EVEN HEAR HIS **OWN** VOICE AMONGST THE WHISPERED CACOPHONY.

THAT'S BECAUSE WIRE EXISTS **SIMULTANEOUSLY** IN CYBERSPACE **AND** THE REAL WORLD.

SINCE THIS HAPPENED, LIFE HASN'T BEEN TOO GOOD TO OLD WIRE.

NOT THAT HE'S **NOTICED** MUCH, BECAUSE HE IS QUITE, QUITE MAD.

BUT **TODAY** IS **WORSE**. TODAY HE DISCOVERED THE **NAMES** OF THE TWO PANTHERS WHO **DIED** TAKING THE WHITE HOUSE.

ONE OF THEM WAS CALLED **XANDRA**.

AND WIRE DOESN'T INTEND TO COME OUT OF THE SIGNAL PIT EVER AGAIN.

THE BLANK WALLS QUIETLY REVERBERATE WITH EVERY CONVERSATION IN CYBERSPACE.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION?

VERY *NEARLY*, MR. PRESIDENT.

PLEASE ALLOW US A FEW MORE MOMENTS.

NOTE THIS *WELL*, GALLOWS. THAT ONE, *TYLER STONE*, IS A *TRUE* PARASITE.

I SEE HOW HE *RECOGNIZES* ME AS THE HEALTHIER, *STRONGER* HOST ORGANISM. *AVATARR* IS BUT A DIM *MEMORY* TO HIM NOW.

MANY SUCH AS HE WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE TO YOU FOR... *PUNISHMENT.*

REALLY.

WELL?

I PRESUME THAT, BY THIS *SUBHUMAN* DISPLAY OF QUIVERING AND PERSPIRATION, YOU HAVE *COMPLETED* YOUR TASK.

SPEAK.

AVATARR.

WHAT?

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

STONE. STONE, YOU MOTHERLESS REPTILE, COME BACK HERE!

ALL OF YOU, YOU CHEAP LITTLE RAPISTS, WHERE ARE YOU GOING--

WITH THEIR BLACK CARD RATING REMOVED, BUYING SUCH EXPENSIVE CLOTHES WILL BECOME MORE DIFFICULT.

I IMAGINE THEY WISH TO PROTECT THEIR GARMENTS FROM BLOODSTAINS.

YOU WON'T KILL ME.

YOU CAN'T.

IS THAT RIGHT?

YOU KNOW *NOTHING*. YOU'RE A *JOKE*, DOOM. I'M *LAUGHING* AT YOU.

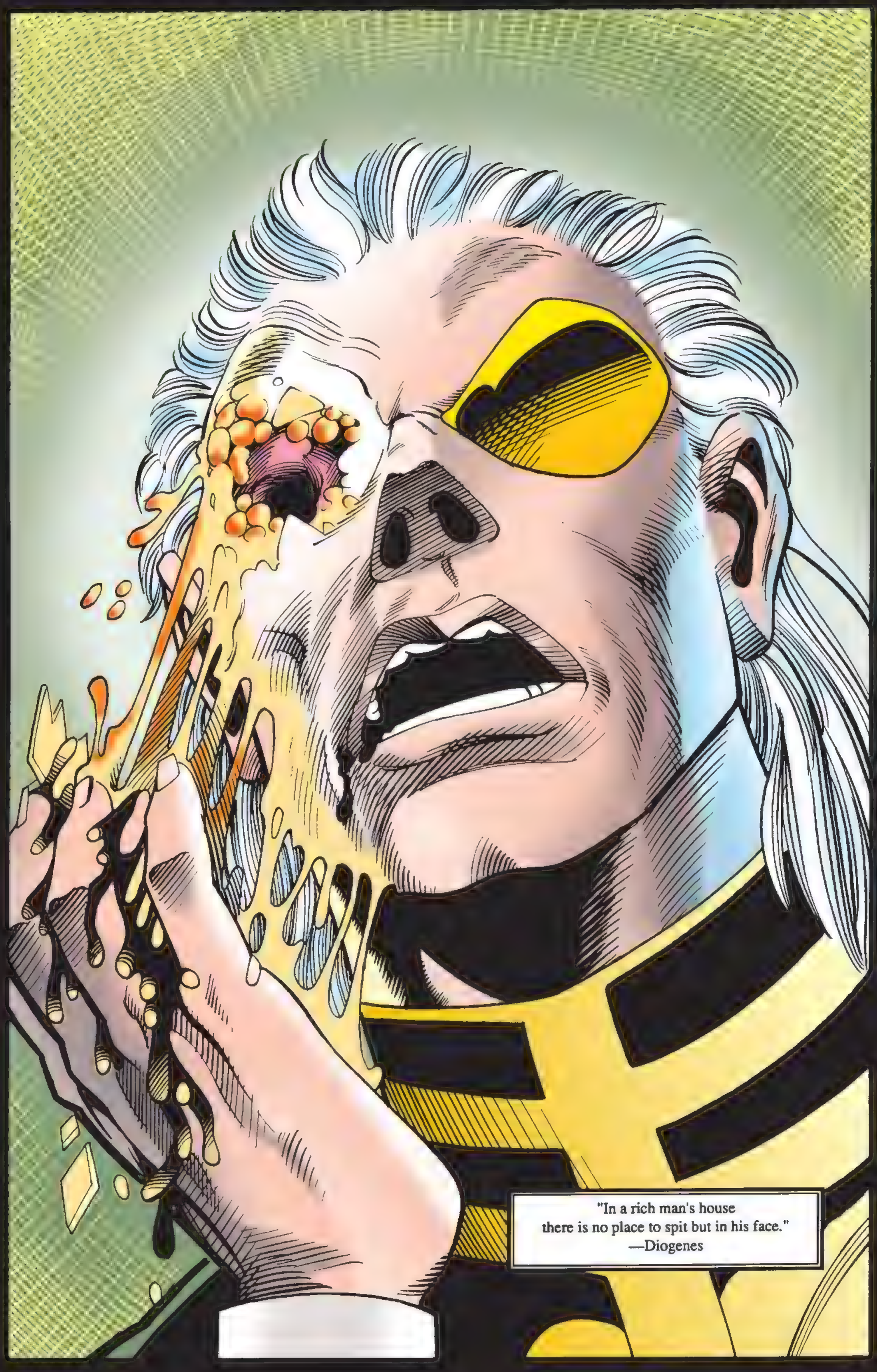
ALL *AMERICA* IS LAUGHING AT YOU. THE WHOLE *WORLD*.

I HEAR NO LAUGHTER.

UHUK

AAHHGGG

HURTS


"In a rich man's house
there is no place to spit but in his face."
—Diogenes

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

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NATION DOOM

DOOM 2099 A.D.

PATRICK R. BRODERICK 94.

A LONG TIME AGO, THIS CREATURE NAMED HIMSELF AVATARR.

AN AVATAR,... IN ITS CLASSIC DEFINITION, IS THE VISIBLE EMBODIMENT ON EARTH OF A DEITY. A GOD MADE FLESH.

THIS AVATAR, THIS BROKEN-FACED THING WITH ACIDIC PUS STREAMING FROM ITS PUNCTURED EYE...

...THIS IS THE GOD OF MONEY.

AMERICAN DREAM

A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

WARREN ELLIS
writer

DAVID KLEIN
guest artist

JOHN COSTANZA
letterer

BEN SEAN
colorist

JOEY CAVALIERI
editor

BOBBIE CHASE
chief

A STINK RISES FROM AVATARR THAT HAS NO RIGHT TO EMIT FROM A HUMAN BODY.

THE ASSEMBLED HEADS OF THE AMERICAN MEGACORP STRUCTURE BACK AWAY FROM THE THING THEY CALLED COLLEAGUE AND RIVAL.

THE PRESIDENT DOES NOT.

INTERESTING.

THE LASER I FIRED INTO YOUR HEAD WAS, IT SEEMS, AN UNDERESTIMATION.

I IMAGINE THE STRESS YOU ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING IS DUE LESS TO THE ACTUAL WOUND--

--THAN TO THE NEURAL REGELA-TION THAT MY SCANNING ARRAYS PERCEIVE.

YOUR BRAIN IS LITERALLY MELTING OVER THE HOLE.

MY ARRAYS ALSO DISPROVE MY INITIAL THEORY, THAT YOU ARE A MUTANT.

THERE IS NOTHING RE-MOTELY HUMAN IN YOUR DNA STRUCTURE, AVATARR.

ALIEN.

AVATARR... HE'S SOME KIND OF DISGUSTING *SPACE ALIEN?*

LORD, I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...

UNDERSTANDABLE, MR. STONE. THAT IS ARACHNID REACTION -- INSTINCTIVE RE-VULSION TOWARDS THE ALIEN.

LET *ME*, MR. PRESIDENT, LET *MY* BULLETS BREAK OPEN HIS SKULL AND SPLASH HIS BRAINS ON --

NO, JACOB.

THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS THIS ADMINISTRATION SHOULD TEND TO *PERSONALLY.*

I'LL ADMIT TO A *TINY* DOUBT.

COME ON THEN, MONKEY...

...COME ON THEN, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE HARD ENOUGH...

MY IMAGING SYSTEM SHOWS YOU AS BELONGING TO NO ALIEN RACE I HAVE ENCOUNTERED.

THE LIGHT *BONE* RECALLS THE AVIAN *SHI'AR*, AND THE PRESENCE OF *BIONICS* IN YOUR GUT, THE *PHALANX*--

NOW, THAT IS DIVERTING.

ACID, SECRETED IN SPITTLE, MIXED WITH A POWERFUL HALLUCINOGEN, ACCORDING TO MY ARRAYS.

NOT VERY GOOD ACID, THOUGH, IS IT?

SSSSSSSSSSSS

FASCINATING. I CAN SEE YOUR LUNGS GROWING NEW CILIA TO BACK-STOP THE DESTROYED LUNG TISSUE...

LET GO OF MY ARM.

MONKEY!

THERE, "MISTER PRESIDENT"-- SEE THE WORLD AS I SEE IT.

THAT "HALLUCINOGEN" IS ONE OF THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF LIFE ON MY WORLD--

--YOU CALL YOURSELF SUPERIOR TO ME?

YOU ARE A LUNGFISH, A WET, UNEVOLVED THING GULPING IN THE OXYGEN OF POWER YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO KNOW.

SEE THE RICHNESS IN WHICH I PERCEIVE THE WORLD? HOW DARE YOU CLAIM TO BE GREATER THAN ME.

OUCH.

LOWER YOUR GUN, OFFICER GALLOWS. YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME NOW.

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS IS TO EXECUTE MY HONORED COLLEAGUES HERE, REPLACING THEM WITH PEOPLE WHO KNOW LESS ABOUT ME.

LATER, WE'LL QUIETLY BURN DOOM ON THE LAWN.

THIS COUNTRY HAS ENOUGH DUBIOUS ICONS WITHOUT ADDING A MARTYR TO THEIR NUMBER.

WELL, COME ON. JUMP TO IT.

NOW THAT THIS "PRESIDENT" NONSENSE IS OVER, WE HAVE AN AUTOCRACY IN DISGUISE TO RESTORE.

TO BUSINESS, GENTLEMEN. THERE'S A WHOLE WIDE WORLD OUT THERE TO BLEED.

MY... THANKS, CREATURE. THE LOAN OF YOUR PERCEPTION ENZYMES REVEALED THAT... WITHIN THE BIONICS IN YOUR GUT...

...LAY YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...

...ACCESSIBLE FROM... BEHIND YOUR SPINE.

EVEN... AS WE SPEAK... THE NANOIDS IN MY BLOOD ARE FLUSHING OUT YOUR SECRETION.

DOOM... SURMOUNTS... ALL.

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

HELP ME UP, JACOB.

URRFFF

THE NANOIDS ARE DRAWING ON MY OWN METABOLISM TO POWER THEIR PURGE OF THE ENZYME--

--AND IT HAS LEFT ME WITHOUT STRENGTH.

I NEED INDIGO, JACOB, TAKE ME TO HER.

THE REST OF YOU--TAKE THE CADAVER TO THE WHITE HOUSE COMMUNICATIONS SUITE.

ALL THIS TIME...

ALL THIS TIME, AND I DIDN'T KNOW.

I WAS AFRAID OF HIM, SURE, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS IN THE EXECUTIVE LIFESTYLE...

...BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE, CAN IT? NO SUCH THING AS SPACE ALIENS.

JUST LIKE ALL THE OLD HEROIC AGE FABLES. BLIND VIGILANTES IN RED LEOTARDS, MAGICIANS ON BLEECKER STREET, NEVER HAPPENED!

THIS IS A FAKE. DOOM'S MAD.

THIS IS A FAKE.

WHITE HOUSE; THE COMMUNICATIONS SUITE.

WHAT'S HAPPENED? GALLOWS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

AVATARR, THE ALCHEMAX CEO, TURNED OUT TO BE SOME DISGUSTING KINDA MARTIAN OR SOMETHING.

WHAT?

EXPLANATIONS... LATER. I NEED... FULL ACCESS TO AMERICAN TELEVISION... JUST AS YOU ARRANGED... DURING THE COUP, INDIGO.

I WOULD... DO IT MYSELF... BUT I AM STILL A LITTLE... INCAPACITATED.

BRING... THE CADAVER... HERE. WE NEED... TO GET IT... IN THE CAMERA'S FIELD OF VISION.

THIS IS JUST TOO TWISTED. YOU'RE GOING TO PUT A CORPSE ON AMERICAN TELEVISION?

SEEMS A SHAME TO LET A STRAIGHT LINE LIKE THAT GO TO WASTE.

ON ALL COMMUNICATIONS FREQUENCIES AND MEDIA. THERE NOW FOLLOWS AN ADDRESS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

BE ADVISED THAT OFFLINING FROM THIS ADDRESS IS ILLEGAL.

THIS *IS* THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION. HE STYLED HIMSELF ***AVATARR.***

LOOK.

LOOK AT THE *CARAPACE* BENEATH THE FALSE *SKIN.* SEE THE REVEALED *EYE,* HEAVY WITH PURPLE *RHODOPSIN* FOR ENHANCED *PERCEPTION* AND *TIMESENSE*--

HE IS *NOT OF THIS WORLD.*

--HE'S NOT *KREE* OR *SHI'AR* OR *MEPHISITOID* BUT HE *IS* AN *ALIEN,* WITH *DRUGS* FOR *BLOOD,* AND--

stop it, Doom.

They won't *understand.* I don't understand.

--HE, IT, HAS CONTROLLED ONE OF THIS COUNTRY'S LARGEST MEGACORPS FOR OVER A DECADE!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOUR LIVES HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO A THING WITH HALLUCINOGENS FOR BLOOD!

BUT THIS DOESN'T ABSOLVE YOU! NO!

I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO POINT YOUR FINGER AT THE ALIEN CORPSE AND SAY "IT WAS HIM THAT DID IT! AMERICA TODAY IS NOT MY FAULT!"

YOU LET HIM RULE YOU! IT IS YOUR FAULT! YOU ALL HAD A CHOICE!

YOU WILL ALL MAKE RESTITUTION FOR THIS HORROR YOU HAVE PERPETRATED!

YOUR INCOMES WILL BE TITHED TO A FEDERAL RESTITUTION FUND IN REPARATION FOR YOUR IGNORANCE!

MARTIAL LAW IS INCREASED! MORE CURFEWS!

TO THE DEVIL WITH YOU ALL!

WE HAVE LOST COMMUNICATION WITH THE WHITE HOUSE. WE ASSUME THIS IS A TEMPORARY FAULT.

WE REMIND YOU THAT OFFLINING DURING A WHITE HOUSE ADDRESS IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE.

SOMEONE GIVE ME A HAND HERE.

HE'S PASSED OUT.

TIME AND CHANGES COME AT AMERICA LIKE BULLETS IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

CYNEX

DIVE BOOTHS, BUILT WITH MEGACORP MONEY, SPRING UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, MAKING AMERICA TRULY ONLINE.

EMP AMERICA IS ACHIEVED.

THE NATIONAL AIRBORNE NETWORK OF ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORMS BEGIN TO SCOUR THE AIR CLEAN OF AMERICA'S ABUSE.

AS BLACK CARD PRIVILEGES ARE REMOVED FROM THE AFFLUENT, THE CRIME FIGURES TEMPORARILY JUMP.

THE DROP THAT FOLLOWS IS ACCOMPANIED BY A RISE IN THE DEATH RATE.

AND THE PRESIDENT IS SILENT.

IT WAS THE DRUGS.

I...I SIMPLY WANTED TO SHOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THE TERRIBLE *EXTENT* OF THEIR *STUPIDITY.*

TO HAVE NOT ONLY *ALLOWED,* BUT TO HAVE *NOT NOTICED* AN *ALIEN* ASSUMING *AUTHORITY* IN A *MEGACORP...*

...BUT THE DRUG-RADDLED *ENZYME...* HOTWIRING MY *PERCEPTION CENTERS...*

...I LOST *CONTROL.*

I DID NOT INTEND TO KILL YOU.

YOU HELD TOO MANY SECRETS BENEATH YOUR CHITIN, ALIEN.

INDIGO.

WHAT'S THIS? EAVESDROPPING ON *THE MAN?*

NOT EXACTLY.

WONDERING *HOW* AND *IF* I SHOULD *TELL* HIM SOMETHING HE *DOESN'T* WANT TO *HEAR.*

THE *ADDRESS.*

YOU KNOW HE'S GOT THE ALIEN'S *HEAD* IN THERE WITH HIM? HE *TALKS* TO IT?

MORPHINE, HE *LOST* IT ON A *BLANKET NATIONAL BROADCAST.* HIS *CREDIBILITY'S* FOR *SPIT.*

CREDIBILITY BE BUGGERED. WHAT ABOUT HIS *MIND?*

SURE, HE JABBERED ON A LOT ABOUT ALIENS AND MADE EVERYONE THINK HE WAS *MAD.*

BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE ESCAPED EVERYONE'S *NOTICE* HERE THAT HE *TIGHTENED MARTIAL LAW* AT THE *SAME TIME.*

WHEN YOU *FIND* A WAY TO TELL HIM AMERICA THINKS HE'S CRAZIER 'N A NEEDLE-PIERCED BUGLOVER--

--*ASK* HIM WHETHER THAT *SUPPOSED* ALIEN JUICE DROVE HIM *MAD*--

--OR SIMPLY REMOVED A *FAÇADE.*

SHARP BLUE, MINISTER OF ORDER, HAS BEEN DEALING WITH AFFAIRS OF STATE DURING THE PRESIDENT'S SILENCE.

CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? GET ME DOOM!

NOW!

SHE ENJOYED IT, BECAUSE IT IS NONLETHAL WORK AND A WELCOME CHANGE FROM HER PREVIOUS CAREER AS A MERCENARY GUN.

TODAY, SHE DOESN'T WANT THE JOB.

OR DOES HE WANT TO *WAIT* UNTIL *HELLROCK* COMES *KNOCKING* ON THE OVAL OFFICE *DOOR*?

WHY WERE YOU *HERE*, AVATARR?

DID *YOU* HAVE AN AMERICAN DREAM?

DID YOU HELP *ORCHESTRATE* THIS CORPORATE AMERICA I HAVE COME TO END?

OR DID YOU COME MERELY TO *FEED* OFF ITS BLOATED CORPUS?

WHAT IS IN YOUR DEAD HEAD?

THE *TECHNOLOGY* OF THIS ERA IS, I HAVE OFTEN FELT, TOO *ADVANCED.*

DID YOU BRING IT *WITH* YOU? HOW MUCH REMAINS IN *VAULTS*, WAITING TO BE *RE-LEASED?*

YOU HAVE TOUCHED ME WHERE I AM *MOST VULNER-ABLE*, AVATARR. MY *INTELLECT.*

YOU *PERVERTED* MY *PERCEPTION* OF THE WORLD. YOU STOLE MY *CONTROL* FROM ME.

AND, EVEN IN *DEATH*, YOU CRIPPLE ME WITH *QUESTIONS.*

DID YOU HAVE AN AMERICAN DREAM?

COLD CHEMICAL RAIN FALLS DOWN ON THE WHITE HOUSE LIKE GUNFIRE.

THERE IS THE FAINT HINT OF SCREAMS AMONG THE MARTIAL DRUMROLLS OF THUNDER.

SOMETHING IS COMING UNDER COVER OF THE STORM.

"Every dream is a piece of suffering torn out of us by other beings."
—Antonin Artaud

MARVEL COMICS

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ONE NATION UNDER DOOM

DOOM 2099 A.D.™

IN THE AUTUMN OF 2099, THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION EXPLODED.

THE FRACTURED STATES OF AMERICA, RULED BY THE U.S. **MEGACORPS**, WERE A BERSERK, POLLUTED DANGER TO THE ENTIRE PLANET — A RABID DOG IN HUNGRY PURSUIT OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE.

DOOM, RULER OF THE EUROPEAN STATE OF **LATVERIA**, WAS FORCED TO THE CONCLUSION THAT, IN HIS CONTINUING BID TO SAVE HIS HOME, HE MUST FIRST SAVE AMERICA — FROM ITSELF.

SO HE TOOK OVER AMERICA.

CLAIMING THE PRESIDENCY BY RIGHT OF REVOLUTION, DOOM HAS COWED THE MEGACORPS, FORCING THEM TO USE THEIR MONEY TO REBUILD THE COUNTRY THEY HAVE ALMOST RUINED.

THERE HAVE BEEN SETBACKS. A DISASTROUS TELEVISED ADDRESS WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HALLUCINOGENS HAS DESTROYED HIS IMAGE IN THE EYES OF AN ALREADY FEARFUL AMERICAN PUBLIC. AND DOOM'S CALLOUS DESTRUCTION OF THE TOXIC BLIGHT CALLED HELLROCK (AND ITS "RULER" PAUL PHILIP RAVAGE) DID NOT HELP.

BUT DOOM IS IN CONTROL.
HE HAS DONE GOOD THINGS.
HE IS THE PRESIDENT.

THE SUN DOESN'T RISE OVER CHICAGO.

RISE

A Stan Lee presentation

Warren ELLIS writer • John ROYLE & Scott KOBLISH artists • John COSTANZA letterer • Megan McDOWELL colorist • Joey CAVALIERI editor • Bobbie CHASE chief • Violent Hues Malibu computer color

FLIGHT AMX TO RESERVE, CONFIRMING FINAL APPROACH--

--AND MY PASSENGER WANTS ANOTHER CONFIRMATION THAT CHICAGO INTER-ZONE DIPLOMATIC LAW IS IN FORCE.

PLEASE ASSURE HIM THAT, DESPITE THE CURRENT SITUATION--

--THE RESERVE IS STILL OWNED BY THE COALITION OF MEGACORPS, AND MR. HEROD HAS PERSONALLY ASSURED HIS SAFETY.

SHOCKIN' WELL BETTER HAVE DONE-- THE RUN TO THE RESERVE WAS ENOUGH OF A RISK IN THE OLD DAYS...

...THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS USED TO LET SOMEONE ELSE DO IT...

YOUR IDENTIFICATION, SIR?

NAME: TYLER STONE. TRIGGER-PHRASE: STEP ON SPIDERS.

AND HERE'S MY SAFEBOX LOCKING SEQUENCER, RIGHT WHERE HEROD IMPLANTED IT.

CAN WE GET ON WITH IT NOW?

WELCOME TO THE RESERVE, MR. STONE.

THIS *FLOAT SILO* WILL CONVEY YOU DIRECTLY TO YOUR *SAFEBOX*, WHERE YOU SHALL ENTER INTO *CONFERENCE* WITH MR. HEROD AND YOUR FELLOW CEOS.

THE PASSENGER IS REMINDED OF DIPLOMATIC LAW WITHIN THE CHICAGO INTERZONE.

NO HOSTILE ECONOMIC ACTION IS TO BE TAKEN WITHIN OR UPON THE INTERZONE. IT IS RULED BY A COALITION OF CORPORATIONS

NO HOSTILE ***PHYSICAL*** ACTION IS TO BE TAKEN UPON CORPORATE PERSONNEL OF ANY DENOMINATION THE RESERVE IS ***NEUTRAL TERRITORY.***

OCCUPANT TYLER STONE; THE FLOAT SILO WILL SEAL IN THREE SECONDS.

YOU ARE NOW WITHIN THE ***HEROD SAFEBOX*** DESIGNED BY NEUTRAL RESERVE TECHNICIANS.

LAYERED FORCEFIELDS AND PHASE-SHELL CASCADES ARE POWERING UP YOU ARE PROTECTED FROM ALL HARM.

HEROD AND HIS BLASTED INFOMERCIALS...

INITIATE CONFERENCING.

THE LAST SAFEBOX HAS REGISTERED THE SOMEWHAT TARDY ARRIVAL OF STONE FROM ALCHEMAX, MR. HEROD.

YOUR GUARANA CIGARETTES AND HEART-BREAKINGLY CHEAP PREFERRED BRAND OF WHISKEY, SIR.

STONE'S SOME-THING OF A *LIABILITY*, I THINK, MURDOCK.

AND GLEN FUJIKAWA IS A GOOD WHISKEY.

INDEED, SIR.

AND IT SHALL MAKE A PLEASANT *POLITICAL* STATE-MENT TO THE *HEAD* OF *STARK-FUJI-KAWA*, NO?

YOUR LAWYER'S SOUL IS SHOWING. *INITIATE* CONFERENCING, MURDOCK.

GOOD EVENING.

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS CONFERENCE'S RATHER *PATCHWORK* NATURE. YOUR SAFEBOXES' PHASE SHELL CASCADES EACH HAVE A DIFFERENT *FREQUENCY*, EACH OF WHICH UNFORTUNATELY *INTERFERES* WITH A CERTAIN *BROADCAST* MEDIUM.

HOWEVER, IT IS STILL *SAFER* THAN MEETING *FACE-TO-FACE*.

I NEED REMIND NO ONE OF THE TIME *BEFORE* SAFEBOXES, WHEN AN ALCHEMAX EXECUTIVE RELEASED AN ALGERIAN KNIFE-MISSILE INTO A CROWDED CONFERENCE ROOM.

NOW--LET US SPEAK OF *RULING AMERICA*.

LATVERIA:

THEY'VE NEVER KNOWN THINGS SO QUIET.

IN THE TIME DOOM'S BEEN GONE, LIFE'S SETTLED INTO A SWEET EASY RHYTHM UN-KNOWN SINCE THE 19TH CENTURY.

IN DOOM'S ABSENCE, FORTUNE, HEAD OF THE INDIGENOUS GYPSY CLAN ZEFIRO, IS RUNNING LATVERIA.

DECODE AND RELEASE THE REMOTE COMMU-NICATION.

THIS IS THE RECLAMATION TEAM, CALLING IN FROM MAKHELASTAN...

IT'S FORTUNE, JOSEF. DON'T YOU HAVE VISUAL ON YOUR END?

NONE OF THE ELECTRONICS ARE WORKING PROPERLY HERE. KRESKI THINKS IT'S EITHER RELEASED MOISTURE OR A HIGHER SKIN CELL CONTENT IN THE AIR.

HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING? ANY SURVIVORS, ANY ATTEMPTS TO, YOU KNOW, HARVEST...

WELL, LIGNO WENT MAD UPON EXITING THE FLYER, AND ATE SEVERAL MOUTH-FULS OF THE REMAINS BEFORE WE COULD RESTRAIN HIM...

MAXIM FOUND AN UNVENTED DELIVERY SYSTEM, WHICH TRIGGERED, AND SHE'S LOST BOTH LEGS...

...AND, IN SUMMARY, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT ALIVE IN MAKHEL-ASTAN.

THE NECRO-TOXIFICATION ERADICATED EVERYONE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO RECLAIM HERE, FORTUNE.

WITHIN THE FLOATING MONOLITH, INDIGO ESHUN, MINISTER OF SIGNAL, STROLLS THROUGH A GALAXY MADE OF MONEY:

A HOLOGRAMMATIC REPRESENTATION OF AMERICAN CORPORATE STRUCTURE.

PLANETS FOR MEGACORPS, SUBSIDIARY FIRMS SPUN AS MOONS, GREAT GHOST WORLDS OF SHADY LEGAL MAGIC...

...AND SOMETHING IN CHICAGO, SUCKING IN ANY LIGHT SHE TRIES TO SHINE ON IT.

SHE'S STARTING TO THINK THAT THE MEGACORPS ARE TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING THERE, BUT THAT'S RIDIC-ULOUS.

WASHINGTON D.C.: LIBERA CIELO HANGING SERENELY ABOVE THE WHITE HOUSE...

MEGACORPS DON'T WORK TOGETHER.

IN THE OVAL OFFICE;

QUITE FASCINATING.

I SEE ONLY THE HOLO OF A MAN IN BEDROOM ATTIRE, MY EMPLOYER.

STAR-SPANGLED--AN ALLMEDIA NOVEL BY JACK KING, PUBLISHED BY THE CHICAGO ARTS LAB...

SYNOPSIS VERSION SELECTED --RUNNING--

THAT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT *AMERICAN*, NKRUMAH.

THIS IS *CAPTAIN AMERICA*, ONE OF THE MORE *INTERESTING* PLAYERS IN *THE HEROIC AGE*.

IT SEEMS THAT, IN AMERICA'S SEARCH TO COPE WITH MY PRESIDENCY, THEY ARE LOOKING FOR *PURE AMERICAN* ICONS.

THE PEOPLE'S CH

D FOR PRESIDENT!

THIS, THE *LIFE STORY* OF THE CAPTAIN, IS CURRENTLY THE *MOST POPULAR* NOVEL IN AMERICA. I THOUGHT IT WORTH *STUDY.*

AND?

FULL OF MISTAKES. THOUGH I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT HE WAS A CONTEMPORARY OF YOUR *PANTHER KING* OF THAT ERA, T'CHALLA.

I DO NOT RECALL *THIS,* EITHER -- THE CAPTAIN ARMED AND ON THE STREET, FIGHTING THE NEW YORK *LANGUAGE RIOTS* OF THE EARLY 2000's.

BECAUSE IT *NEVER HAPPENED.*

WHY PLACE SUCH AN OBVIOUS LIE IN A BI-OGRAPHY, THEN?

BECAUSE, UNLIKE YOU WAKANDANS, AMERICANS HAVE NO *RESPECT* FOR *HISTORY.*

QUITE SIMPLY-- THE *AUDIENCE* DOESN'T *KNOW* IT'S A *LIE.*

THEY HAVE *RECAST* THE CAPTAIN AS A *PATRIOT SOLDIER,* A *CONSERVATIVE ICON* OF *WAR* AND *CULTURAL STASIS.*

A COMFORTABLE LITTLE FABLE FOR CONSERVATIVE LITTLE PEOPLE IN CHAOTIC TIMES.

I SHOULD *ALLOW* THEM THEIR FAIRY STORIES.

GENTLEMEN.

YOU CREATED THE CHICAGO RESERVE TO HOLD THE TECHNOLOGIES THAT THIS GREAT NATION OF OURS WAS CONSIDERED NOT YET READY FOR.

THE *MEAT HARPS* THAT WOULD EASE COMMUNICATION SO MUCH IF NOT FOR THEIR *ORIGIN*, THE *STAR-DRIVE* THAT FEEDS ON *PERVERSION*...

YOU PLACED *ME* IN *CHARGE* OF IT ALL.

REFERRED TO *ME* AS *SEPULCHRE* IN VOLATILE MEMOS.

TRUSTED ME WITH THE STRANGEST AND MOST HORRENDOUS THINGS IN THE WORLD.

TRUST *ME MORE*.

WHY?

BECAUSE DOOM HAS YET TO LOCATE AND DIVINE THE TRUE NATURE OF THE RESERVE. HE HAS NOT YET *HEARD* OF MR. HEROD.

MR. HEROD PLANNED FOR *EVERY* EVENTUALITY, SIR, *INCLUDING* AN INVASION.

MURDOCK. PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HAND FROM WITHIN OUR GUEST.

AS WE WERE SAYING... DOOM IS INTELLIGENT AND INTREPID. SO WE SURELY HAVE BUT A LITTLE TIME BEFORE I AM FOUND OUT.

-pop-

OF ALL OF US, I AM THE ONLY ONE IN A POSITION TO ACT AGAINST DOOM'S REGIME.

HOWEVER THERE IS A *PRICE* FOR MY REMOVAL OF DOOM FROM THE STAGE.

I WANT TO RULE AMERICA *MYSELF.*

IN THIS BARGAIN, I COST YOU THE *UNCONDITIONAL* PRESIDENCY.

CAPITALISM IN ACTION.

I HAVE AN AMERICAN DREAM.

I WANT TO BLEED THIS GREAT NATION *DRY*. MAYBE EVEN THE *WORLD*.

IT'S WHAT WE'RE *SUPPOSED* TO DO, GENTLEMEN. WE ARE HERE TO TAKE EVERYTHING FROM OUR MOTHER WORLD AND START AGAIN *ELSEWHERE*.

I PROPOSE TO TAKE OUR *CORPORATE ETHOS* TO ITS NATURAL *EXTREME*--*ASSET-STRIP* OUR PLANET AND RELOCATE TO *MARS*.

A WONDROUS RETIREMENT IN FINE COLONIES BUILT WITH EARTH'S BLOOD. REARING STRONG CHILDREN TO TAKE THE ETHOS TO NEW TERRITORIES.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE *HERE*.

IT'LL TAKE LESS THAN FIVE YEARS TO ACHIEVE.

ACTIVITIES NOT GENERATING DIRECT PROFIT WILL BE CURTAILED OR REMOVED. THIS INCLUDES CIVIC SERVICES.

THE WORKFORCE WILL REDUCE, TRUE, BUT EVEN WHEN THE CITIES ARE HUSKS AND THE AIR IS THICK AND BROWN--

WELL, SHOCK, EVEN IF WE KILL *SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT* OF THEM, WE FIGURE WE'RE OKAY.

A ACROSS THE NATION.

IN NEW YORK, THE EMP NET OVERHEAD HAS WORKED HARD.

THE AIR CAN BE BREATHED UN-PROTECTED FOR OVER TEN HOURS AT A TIME NOW.

SHIELD PROVIDES POLICE PROTECTION TO EVERYONE, REGARDLESS OF FINANCIAL STATUS.

CYNEX BODYWORK STORES ARE GIVING CHEAP AND EASY CYBERINTERFACE IMPLANTS FREE TO ALLCOMERS.

DIVE BOOTHS ARE BUSY; INFORMATION IS FREE.

A TV CHANNEL HAS BEEN GIVEN OVER TO A 24-HOUR VIGIL ON THE PLANTLIFE SPRINGING UP ACROSS AMERICAN CITIES...

ORGANLEGGERS, WHOSE MOST LUCRATIVE PREY WERE THE CREDIT-LESS, ARE JUST THE FIRST STRATA OF CRIMINAL LIFE TO FEEL THE PINCH.

WIRE?

WIRE, IT'S SHARP BLUE. INDIGO SAYS YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF HERE IN DAYS, AND...

WIRE, COME ON...

OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY IT IS...

LIGHTS.

FOOM

VANDRA

IT'S

YOU ARE COMPLETELY MAD.

I'M A VISIONARY.

I'M OFFERING ALL OF YOU A LIFE OF WONDER, UNDER MY GUIDANCE...

...OR A LONG DULL EXISTENCE WITH YOUR MOST PRECIOUS BITS IN DOOM'S HAND.

I CAN TAKE DOOM OUT FOR YOU. TAKE OUR NATION AS A CRUCIBLE FOR A NEW WORLD--

--BUT YOU MUST AGREE *NOW, UNANIMOUSLY,* FOR WE HAVE LITTLE TIME AND MUCH TO DO.

YOU WILL NOT QUESTION MY METHODS, NOR HINDER ME IN MY APPOINTED TASKS. THAT IS ALL I ASK.

WELL? WHAT'S IT TO BE?

WHAT IF WE *REFUSE?*

WELL, UNDER INTERZONE LAW, YOU ARE ALL SAFE FROM PHYSICAL HARM.

WE CANNOT TAKE ANY RETRIBUTION. THAT WOULD VIOLATE EVERY DIPLOMATIC TENET.

BUT WE VOIDED THE CODING ON YOUR LOCKING SEQUENCERS ANYWAY.

WE CAN OPEN YOUR SAFEBOXES ANY TIME WE LIKE.

I COULD ASSASSINATE THE LOT OF YOU. THAT'D CREATE MORE THAN ENOUGH TURMOIL FOR ME TO BEGIN MY TASK.

BUT I OWED YOU A CHANCE TO ENTER THE NEW ORDER ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

ONE CHANCE.

THE CORPORATE ROYALTY OF AMERICA, ONE BY ONE, ARE TAKEN FROM THE RESERVE AT HIGH SPEED, RETURNED TO THE REAL WORLD BEFORE THEY ARE MISSED.

EACH OF THEM STARE AT THEIR PILOTS, THEIR BODYGUARDS, IN A NEW WAY.

THEY EACH RESOLVE PRIVATELY, TO MAKE FEWER FRIENDS IN THE COMING YEARS.

FOR, FOLLOWING THE DEAL THEY HAVE MADE --

--ALMOST EVERY PERSON THEY WILL MEET HAS A MAXIMUM LIFE EXPECTANCY OF FIVE YEARS.

DOOM!

INDIGO.

IT'S CALIFORNIA.

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED IN CALIFORNIA.

WELL?

INDIGO, I AM WAITING...

SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

"The blood-dimmed tide is
loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of
innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction,
while the worst
Are full of
passionate intensity."

—William Butler Yeats

MARVEL Comics

2099

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ONE NATION UNDER DOOM

DOOM 2099 A.D.

LO, THERE SHALL COME AN AVENGER

FALL

A STAN LEE presentation

WARREN ELLIS, writer • STEVE PUGH, penciler • SCOTT KOBLISH, ink artist
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer • MEGAN McDOWELL, colorist • JOEY CAVALIERI, editor
BOBBIE CHASE, chief • Computer Color by MALIBU

COMMUNICATIONS SUITE, LIBERA CIELO:

AN EARTH-QUAKE IN CALI-FORNIA. AMERICA'S NIGHTMARE. IS THIS THE BIG ONE, INDIGO?

I DON'T KNOW! I'VE ONLY GOT SATELLITE SIGNAL AVAILABLE, EVERY LINE INTO CALI'S DOWN, THERE'S TALK OF A GAMMA EXPLOSION...

AND WILL SOMEONE KILL THIS SHOCKIN' HOLOGRAM?

THANK YOU.

I WANT RESCUE TEAMS TO MOVE INTO CALIFORNIA IMMEDI-ATELY. THE RESTITUTION FUND WILL BEAR THE COST.

I'M ON IT--WHAT ABOUT NEWS COVERAGE? DO WE SHUT IT DOWN, OR--

--HUH?

SOME KIND OF NEWS ITEM, BEEN GIVEN *BLANKET COVERAGE*--

--CAN SOMEONE GET THIS UP ON A BIG SCREEN? WE'VE GOT AN *ALL-CHANNELS NEWSCAST* HERE.

AND IT'S *NOT* FROM CALIFORNIA.

--NEW YORK HARBOR WHERE THE ALCHEMAX R&D DEEP SEA VEHICLE, EXCALIBUR IS PUTTING IN, FRESH FROM ANTARCTICA, WITH A *MYSTERY* CARGO.

KISAKO?

THANK YOU, JUAN. I'M HERE AT DOCKSIDE-- YOU CAN SEE THE EXCALIBUR'S *CONNING TOWER* JUST BEHIND ME--

--WE'VE HAD ADVANCE WORD OF A VERY EXCITING DISCOVERY MADE AT THE SOUTH POLE, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT--

WHAT? OH, RIGHT, I SEE-- THE EXCALIBUR'S POPPING HER HIGH HATCH, JUAN--

--ZOOM IN ON THAT, WOULD YOU?

I DON'T KNOW--THIS IS ALL A LITTLE SHOWY FOR ALCHEMAX, ISN'T IT?

I LOVE A MYSTERY AS MUCH AS THE NEXT PERSON, BUT--

YOU CAN SEE WHAT? NO-- YEAH, I SEE IT TOO--

YEAH, I WATCHED THE BOOK TOO, BUT THIS IS JUST--

OH, LORD...

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

I WANT THIS NEWSCAST KILLED.

I'M SORRY, MR. PRESIDENT-- WE'RE SHUT OUT OF THE NATIONAL TELE-VISION SYSTEM.

IT'S AS IF SOMEONE'S GOTTEN HOLD OF OUR OWN CAPABILITIES FOR LOCKED-IN BLANKET BROAD-CASTING.

INDIGO--I WANT CYBERDIVE CADRE IN THE NET FIVE MINUTES AGO.

DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT TWICE--

BETTER MAKE IT QUICKER THAN THAT--

--HE'S SPEAKING.

PUT A PRIORITY CALL TO JACOB GALLOWS. TELL HIM TO SEND IN A SHIELD TEAM.

AND OBTAIN SHARP BLUE. QUOTE CODE ALMIGHTY TO HER AND GIVE HER COORDINATES FOR A POSSIBLE AIR STRIKE.

YES, SIR, BUT... COULD THAT BE HIM?

CYBERDYNE CHAMBER, LIBERA CIELO;

MOVE YOUR UNWASHED BACKSIDES!

I WANT FAST CLEARANCES, A CLEAN DIVE TO THE NATIONAL TV NEXUS POINTS--

--AND THEN SERIOUS PROPERTY DAMAGE UNTIL WE STOP THAT BLANKET BROADCAST!

AND WHILE WE'RE OUT, PEOPLE--

--THERE'S SOMETHING CALLED THE CHICAGO ARTS LABS I WANT TO SNIFF AROUND.

JUST PRETEND IT'S THE INVASION ALL OVER AGAIN.

CYBERDYNE CADRE CLEARANCES OK

UNLOCK UNLOCK

DIVE DIVE DIVE

I...

I'M TOLD THAT THIS IS THE YEAR 2099. I DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE IT UNTIL I SAW THE NEW YORK SKY-LINE.

THE EXPLORERS FROM THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION WHO FOUND ME HAVE TOLD ME A LOT.

I WAS FOUND SEALED IN ICE, THEY SAY, DEEP IN ANTARCTICA, CLOSE TO THE SAVAGE LAND.

AGAIN.

YOU KNOW, IT'S ALMOST EMBARR-ASSING

THE LAST THING I RE-MEMBER IS... WELL, IT WAS CLOSE TO THE END OF THINGS...

WE WERE IN BATTLE WITH A MONSTER, COME FROM THE DEPTHS OF EUROPE, THE ENEMY OF OUR GREAT NATION...

THE LAST AVENGERS QUIN-JET WAS HIT BY A BEAM WEAPON-- EXPLODED-- I FELL INTO THE WATER--

--AND DOOM HAD BEATEN US ALL.

THE AMERICAN DREAM WAS OVER.

AND NOW THEY TELL ME HE'S PRESIDENT.

THAT'S A LIE.

THERE WAS NEVER SUCH A BATTLE.

THAT CANNOT BE STEVEN ROGERS.

OUT OF MY WAY-- I WILL ATTEND TO THIS--

COMPUTER, GIVE ME AUDIO CYBERINTER FACE-

INDIGO? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

-CRITZ- YEAH

SOMEONE'S LOCKED US OUT OF THE NET.

WE'RE STUCK IN LIBERA CIELO OPERATING SYSTEMS. CAT AND RUIZ ARE GOING TO TRY A BYPASS, BUT--

SABOTAGE.

NO, REALLY? I THOUGHT MAYBE I JUST LOST THE KEY.

LEAVE CAT AND RUIZ TO THEIR WORK. THE REST OF YOU LOG OUT AND ACCOMPANY ME DOWN TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

"THERE, I HAVE A SECONDARY DIVE CHAMBER, AND INVIOLABLE LANDLINES THROUGH WHICH YOU SHOULD GAIN ACCESS TO THE NET."

I HATE JUMPING IN AND OUT SO QUICKLY-- WIPES ME OUT--

MR. PRESIDENT-- WE HAVE ANOTHER PROBLEM--

YES. YOU HAVE NOT INFORMED ME OF SUCCESSFUL COMMUNICATION WITH GALLOWS OR SHARP BLUE.

THIS ADMINISTRATION DEMANDS COMPETENCE, YOUNG LADY.

SIR--

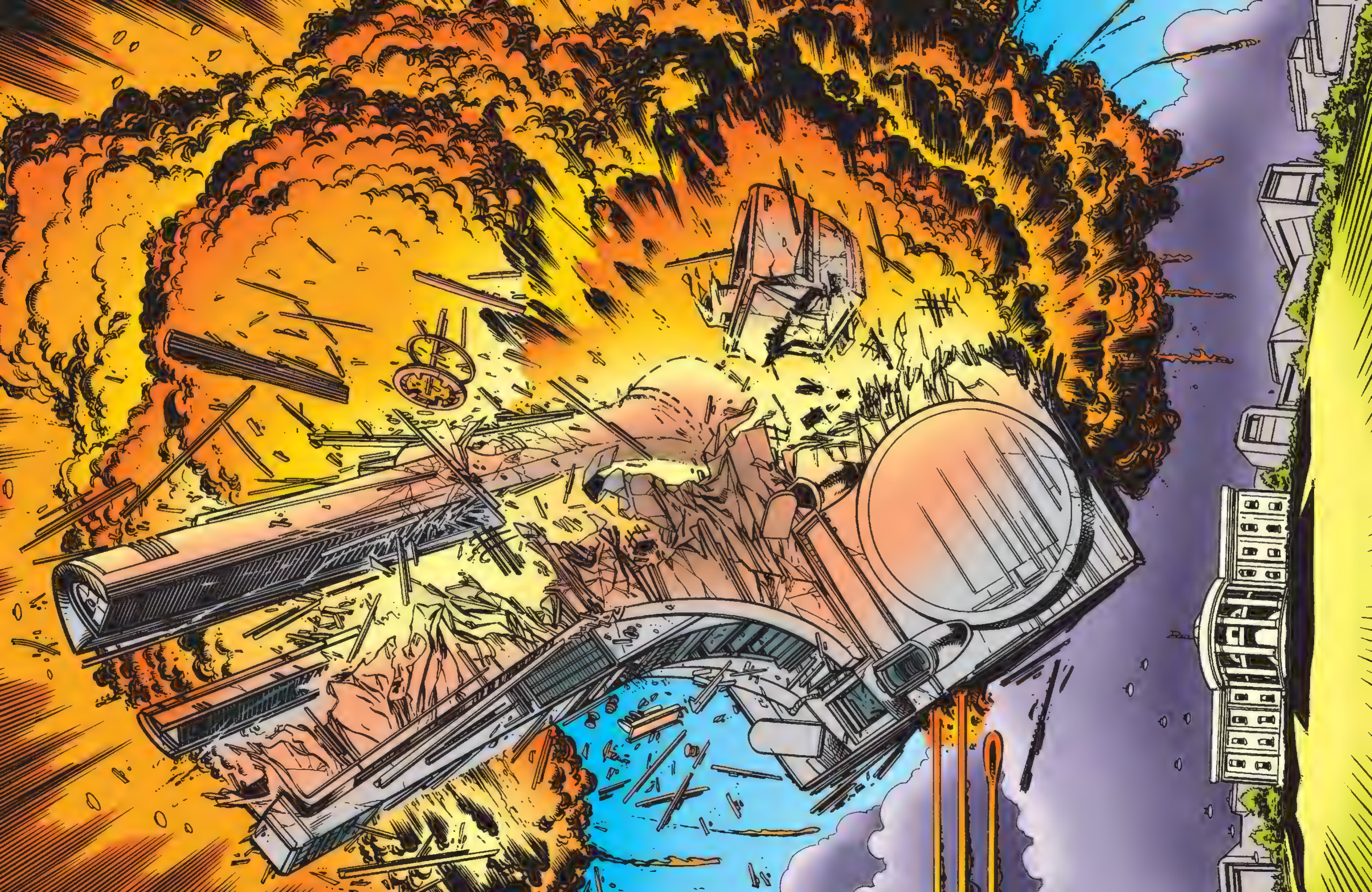
--THESE ARE OUR LAST WORDS FROM THE COMMS SUITE HERE. PLEASE LISTEN.

WE'VE PICKED UP THREE MISSILES OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN, DROPPING THEIR STEALTH FIELDS, TARGETED ON US.

THE LIBERA CIELO DEFENSE SYSTEM HAS BEEN DISABLED.

INCOMING

WE'RE DEAD.



OWW!

A CONSPIRACY--

THE RETURN OF ROGERS, A LOCKOUT FROM THE NET, PERHAPS EVEN THE EARTHQUAKE--

NO

THE CHICAGO RESERVE; THE SECRET VAULT WHERE THE TECHNOLOGIES AMERICA WAS DEEMED NOT YET READY FOR ARE SEALED FROM SIGHT.

TODAY, JOHN HEROD, THE MAN CHARGED WITH THEIR IMPRISONMENT, IS USING THOSE TECHNOLOGIES.

THE MEAT HARP WHISPERS OBSCENITIES TO HIM WITH A THOUSAND MOUTHS THE SIZE OF SKIN PORES.

IT'S TERRIBLE MUSIC SPEAKS TO COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS, SELECTIVELY PARALYZING THEM.

THIS IS BUT THE FIRST OF THE TWISTED SCIENCES HEROD HAS RELEASED TODAY, WITH THE FULL BACKING OF THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE DOOM COWED.

SOME OF THEM TASTE EVEN BETTER THAN THIS.

THE WAVE SPIDERS (A LIFE FORM GROWN FOR GUERRILLA WAR, BANNED BY THE 2064 TREATIES);

SUSPENDED IN THE CLOUD COVER OVER WASHINGTON, GRAZING ON RADIO SIGNALS AND EXCRETING ENOUGH MICROWAVES TO DISRUPT COMPUTER SYSTEMS...

AIR CAVALRY IN STRIKE FORMATION, GROWING COMBAT ORGANS ON THEIR UNDERBELLIES AS THEY CROSS THE ATLANTIC...

(SALVAGED FROM A TIMEQUAKE IN NEVADA, 2081 -- ALL ARTIFACTS FROM FUTURE TIME ARE BANNED BY COALITION AGREEMENT 2049);

AND MORE, OH YES.

HEROD HAS RELEASED OTHER CREATURES UPON AMERICA, TOO.

OH, YES.

NEW YORK IN THE POURING RAIN:

UNDER THE FACE OF SPIDER-MAN IS MIGUEL O'HARA, AN ALCHEMAX MAN WITH THE TOUCH FOR SCIENCE.

TECHNOLOGY AND DEDUCTION. CAUSE AND EFFECT. ALL THAT.

AND HE DOES PLENTY OF READING ON CURRENT ADVANCEMENTS IN HIS FIELD.

HE KNOWS THAT THIS EMP, LIKE THE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ABOVE AMERICAN CITIES--

--IS CONTROLLED DIRECTLY FROM LIBERA CIELO IN WASHINGTON.

A HARDER RAIN BEGINS TO FALL ON THE MOUNTAINS AND CANYONS OF MANHATTAN...

I am Doom.

My world is burning at the edges.

My armor's onboard systems shiver with static -- the NANO-PROCESSORS in my blood struggling to cope with a DISRUPTION FIELD.

The White House's machines, like Libera Cielo's defense system, are coping LESS well.

My STAFF IS STRONGER, for the moment.

But they jabber about LIBERA CIELO, and FIRE, and RADIOACTIVE CLOUDS over CALIFORNIA and compromised PHONE lines and DEATH and TREACHERY...

SILENCE!

REROUTE ALL WORKING LINES OF COMMUNI-CATION OF THE OVAL OFFICE.

DEPLOY ALL GUARDS AND ARM YOURSELVES.

AND BE STRONG.

THAT IS ALL.

DOOM! FINALLY!

SHARP BLUE. WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M ON HOLY SPOOK, THE GUILD OF MERC ELITE'S C-IN-C PLANE, EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

WE WANTED TO CONFIRM THE LEVEL OF GAMMA RADIATION BEFORE THE RESCUE SQUADS GET HERE--

--BUT WE'RE HAVING TO DODGE FALLING EMPS TZZT

GRITZ

TZZT THIS IS A SPECIAL BROADCAST, DOOM, DIRECT FROM ME TO YOU.

MY NAME IS JOHN HERDD.

YOU ARE CURRENTLY PAYING FOR THE SINGLE MISTAKE COMMITTED DURING YOUR PRESIDENCY.

YOU DID NOT KILL THE CORPORATE HEADS OF AMERICA, AND YOU DID NOT THOROUGHLY DISMANTLE THE CORPORATE INFRASTRUCTURE.

THAT'S WHERE I WAS HIDING.

HOWEVER, YOU ARE STILL COPING ADMIRABLY WELL.

TO THAT END, I HAVE SOME TELEVISION I WISH TO SHOW YOU.

SWITCHING TO SAT UP-LINK

LATVERIA?

My armor's ANALYSIS arrays PROVE, AGAINST MY INSTINCT, that these pictures are NOT FAKED.

These alien helicopters ARE above my beautiful Latveria -- they ARE developing repulsive buds on their under-bellies --

-- Who IS this Herod? What are his connections with the MEGACORPS?

What is that LIQUID jetting out of -- NO --

--NECROTOXINS--

--Americans necro-toxified MAKHELASTAN before the takeover and reduced the entire population to protein-rich SLUDGE --

-- THEY 'RE KILLING MY COUNTRY -- MY beloved LATVERIA, SO far AWAY --

...and there is NOTHING I can DO.

"I saw the vast Halls and Palaces of men falling slowly, decaying, crumbling, destroyed by nothing but the rains and the touch of Time."
—James Elroy Flecker
"The Last Generation"

MARVEL COMICS 2099 34

DOOM 2099 A.D.

OUR LEADER

AN HOUR HAS PASSED.

THE BALANCE OF POWER HAS CHANGED.

THE WHITE HOUSE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO BLOOD-STAINED RUBBLE. THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT HAS FALLEN.

DOOM IS GONE.

TO BEGIN THE WORLD AGAIN

WARREN ELLIS-writer
STEVE PUGH-pencil artist
SCOTT KOBLISH-ink artist
MEGAN McDOWELL-colorist
JOHN COSTANZA-letterer
JOEY CAVALIERI-editor
BOBBIE CHASE-chief
MALIBU-computer color

AND NO ONE YET KNOWS WHY.

WISH I KNEW WHAT THOSE THINGS WERE.

BUT IF SHIELD CENTRAL SAYS I IGNORE THEM, THEN I IGNORE 'EM, I GUESS.

BREEP

COMMUNICATOR.

IS SOMEONE ACTUALLY GOING TO TELL ME WHAT'S HAP-PENING?

HALLELUJAH.

THIS IS CAPTAIN WARK, BELTWAY PRECINCT SPECIAL UNIT. TALK TO ME.

COMMISSIONER KERNAHAN, CHICAGO WEST LOOP STATION HOUSE. I'M ASSUMING TEMPORARY COMMAND OF YOUR SITUATION, CAPTAIN.

BREEP

CHICAGO? NO OFFENSE, COMMISH, BUT YOU'RE A LONG WAY AWAY FROM MY SITUATION RIGHT NOW.

I KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR SITUATION THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY WANT TO, CAPTAIN, SO LESS OF YOUR LIP.

I'VE JUST BEEN AUTHORIZED TO INFORM YOU THAT ALL MEMBERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT ARE... OH... LORD...

...THEY'RE APPROVED TARGETS, CAPTAIN.

I'LL BE IN TOUCH. :CRITZ:

CAPTURE IS A SECONDARY OPTION.

HEY--

CAPTAIN. WE FOUND SOMETHING.

HE WAS LOCKED IN A *BARRACKS* ON THE WEST EDGE OF THE GROUNDS.

WHEN THE WHITE HOUSE'S *GENERATORS* WERE *DESTROYED*, THE ELECTRONIC DOORS SEALED-- ALL A BIT EMBARRASSING--

INDEED. HOWEVER, I AM *ALSO* HEAD OF THE *PANTHER'S RAGE*, THE ROYAL ELITE TROOP OF *WAKANDA*.

I HAVE BUT *TWO WORDS* FOR YOU, TINY WOMAN.

SHUT *UP.* YOU'RE NKRUMAH, RIGHT? MINISTER OF ENEMY RELATIONS?

DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.

WASHINGTON D.C., INSIDE THE BELTWAY;

THIS IS INDIGO ESHUN.

SHE WAS MINISTER OF SIGNAL TO DOOM'S GOVERNMENT A FEW HOURS AGO.

NOW, SHE FIGURES, SHE'S EITHER BACK TO BEING YOUR STANDARD-ISSUE CRIMINAL-ELEMENT CYBERSPACER--

--OR SHE'S A WAR CRIMINAL.

EASY WAY TO FIND OUT. EASY WAY TO GET HELP.

THERE'S A DIVE BOOTH. SHE CAN ACCESS THE NET THROUGH ONE, JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE.

AS MINISTER OF SIGNAL, SHE HELPED DESIGN AND DISSEMINATE DIVE BOOTHS.

SHE'S PROUD OF THAT. SHE HOPES IT'S BROUGHT HER LUCK.

HOPES SHE DIDN'T USE UP HER LUCK GETTING OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE ALIVE.

SMAT!

THE KILL CHARGE SLOTTED TO HER NET SIGNATURE, WAITING IN CYBERSPACE FOR HER TO APPEAR, HIT QUICKER THAN THOUGHT.

INDIGO ESHUN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FEEL ANY PAIN.

STEVEN ROGERS, THE HEROIC AGE SUPERSOLDIER HISTORY CALLED CAPTAIN AMERICA, HAS RETURNED.

IN A BIZARRE REPEAT OF THE FLUKE CRYONIC PHENOMENON THAT FLUNG HIM FROM MIDDLE TO END OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY--

--HE HAS BEEN RECOVERED FROM THE ANTARCTIC BY THE ALCHEMAX CORPORATION.

AN HOUR AGO, HE WAS WHISKED FROM MANHATTAN BY A FLIGHT OF ALCHEMAX EDGE-RUNNERS, DESTINATION UNKNOWN.

THIS FOLLOWED A CONTROVERSIAL SPEECH BY ROGERS, NAMING PRESIDENT DOOM AS THE ARCHITECT OF THE HEROIC AGE'S END.

ALCHEMAX APPEARS TO BE PROTECTING ROGERS FROM POSSIBLE WHITE HOUSE RETRIBUTION.

WE SPOKE BRIEFLY WITH JAKE GALLOWS, HEAD OF SHIELD'S PUNISHMENT POLICE, WHO PROCLAIMED HIS INTENTION TO "CUT ROGERS'S SKIN OFF."

THIS IS NYFAX, NEWS FOR MANHATTAN. STAY WITH US.

HSSSS

THIS HSSSS THE LOS ANGELES DEFENSE COM HSS ON HSSS EMERGENCY RADIO CHANNEL

REGULAR COMMUNICATION MEDIA ARE DOWN DUE HSSS WHAT WE GATHER HSSS GAMMA BOMB DETONATION

ISSSJ TRIGGERED BY TJT EQRTHQUAKE-- HSS KNOWS WHAT ELSE COULD BE SET OFF BY AFTERSHOCKS, SO SEEK COVER

TRYING TO CONTACT GOVERNMENT FOR AID-- WE CAN'T COPE WITH RADIATION POISONING

HSS PLEASE... PLEASE, IF THERE'S ANYBODY LEFT OUT THERE...STAY ON THIS CHANNEL

HSSSS

POOR BLEEDERS.

L.A.'S GOING TO BE DIRTY FOR *DECADES*. *DOOM'S* GOING TO GO *INSANE* WHEN HE FINDS OUT.

JUST A *SHIELD-FIELD* BETWEEN US AND *THAT*...

ANY NEWS FROM *WASHINGTON*?

WELL... THIS IS *DIFFICULT*, BUT...

TELL 'EM IT'S *SHARP BLUE*, MINISTER OF *ORDER*. THEY PROBABLY THINK WE'RE A REGULAR *GUILD OF MERC ELITE* PLANE--

THAT'S NOT WHAT I *MEANT*. I'M TAPPING *SHIELD* FREQUENCIES, AND *WASHINGTON* BRANCH IS NOW UNDER COMMAND OF THE *CHICAGO* SHIELD OFFICE.

THEY'RE SAYING THAT *ALL GOVERNMENT MINISTERS* ARE TO BE SHOT, BLUE.

THEY'RE *SAYING* THAT THE *WHITE HOUSE* HAS BEEN *DE-STROYED*.

IT'S A COUP, ISN'T IT?

SOMEONE'S PULLED A COUP WHILE I WAS AWAY.

WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF AMERICAN AIR-SPACE, BLUE-- WE'LL HEAD FOR MEXICO, WE HAVE PEOPLE THERE--

NO, CHILL-- SHUT UP-- I'M NOT GOING ANY-WHERE UNTIL I'VE FIGURED THIS OUT--

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MINISTER, BUT YOU'VE GOT A DEAD-LINE OF ABOUT TWENTY SECONDS.

WE'VE DEVELOPED A LITTLE COMPANY UP FRONT.

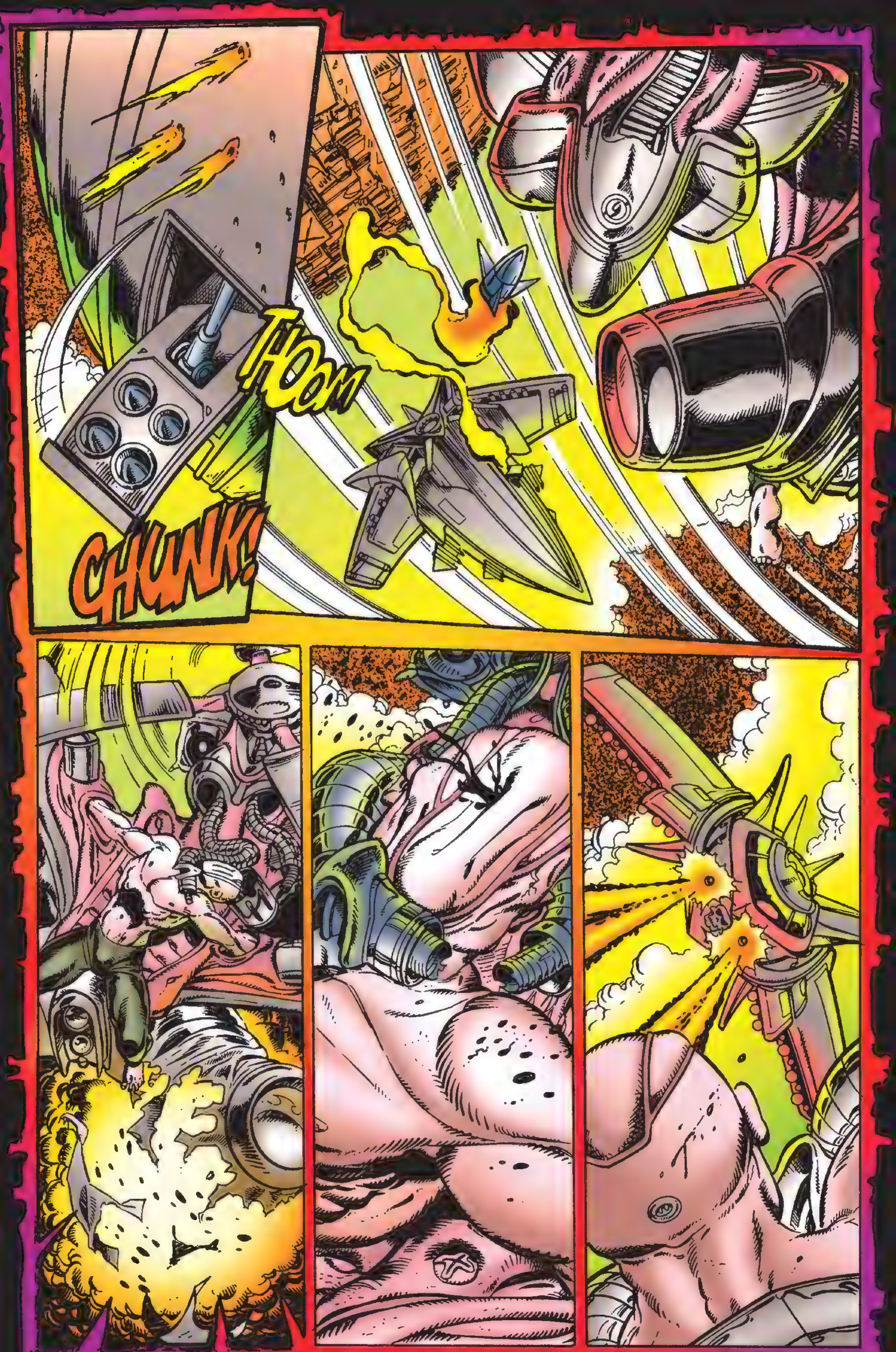
CHILL, BLUE-- DO YOU GUYS HAVE LIKE THE *FAINTEST* IDEA OF WHAT THESE THINGS ARE?

OOPS--

--HULL SENSORS READ *RADIOACTIVE* SHELLS TAPPIN' US AT A SPEED OF A *THOUSAND* KM/H--

ARE YOU GONNA *LOSE* THEM OR ARE WE JUST GOING TO STAND HERE AND BE *IMPRESSED* TO *DEATH*?

THANK YOU!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CHUNK!

THE OTHER ONE'S RABBIT-ING--

--I'M HAVING HIM--

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE. DID WE HAVE THE GUNCAMERA ON?

YEP.

THEN WE'LL EXAMINE THE FILM... IN MEXICO.

ABOUT TIME. LAY IN A COURSE FOR ATZLAN, THE PAINTED SKY CORP'S SECURE AIRSHIP-- WE HAVE CREDIT WITH THEM.

I WANT THE WORM OUT OF OUR FIRST BOTTLE OF TEQUILA, OKAY?

NKRUMAH, INDIGO, MORPHINE, WHEREVER THE SHOCK YOU ARE... AND DOOM.

I WON'T FORGET ANY OF YOU.

"NOT ANY OF YOU."

"NOT EVER."

THE RESERVE, SET WITHIN THE CHICAGO INTERZONE;

CORPORATE AMERICA'S BIGGEST SECRET, THE ONE DOOM NEVER UNCOVERED.

AND, IN ITS CENTRAL CHAMBER, THE SECRET WRAPPED WITHIN THE SECRET;

ANTHONY HEROD-- HEAD OF THE RESERVE, GUARDIAN OF THE FORBIDDEN TECH-NOLOGIES INTERNED HERE.

AH.

I KNEW THAT, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, SENDING IN AIR CAVALRY WOULD DIVEST ME OF SHARP BLUE AND HER GUILD OF MERCENARY ELITE.

AND THAT'S THE LAST OF DOOM'S BLACK CABINET.

NOT ALL OF THEM, SIR. MORPHINE SOMERS IS STILL MISSING...

YOU'RE A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE, MURDOCK. YOU KNOW THAT?

THE "MINISTER OF HUMANITY" HAS DOUBTLESS GONE TO GROUND WITH THE X-MEN IN THE MIDWEST.

WITHOUT DOOM, SOMERS ISN'T WORTH WORRYING ABOUT.

X

AT LEAST UNTIL YOU FORMULATE A POLICY REGARDING MUTANTS. AND I'VE BEEN HEARING STRANGE THINGS FROM THOSE PARTS.

ANYWAY-- ALCHEMAX INFORMS US THAT THE CAPTAIN WILL ARRIVE IN A FEW MINUTES.

AND THE LOCAL SHIELD COMMISSIONER HAS BEEN APPRISED OF HIS NEW WORKING CONDITIONS.

HOW MUCH DID YOU TELL HIM?

THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT HAS FALLEN, AN INTERCORPORATE TEAM MERE HAS FORMED A TRANSITION TEAM... DID YOU THINK I'D TELL HIM THAT YOU DID IT ALL?

I'VE BEEN CONSIDERING HAVING YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR SURGICALLY REMOVED.

WHATEVER SIR THINKS BEST.

LET'S SEE NOW... A POLICY ON MUTANTS...

YEAH. GOT IT. RECORD THIS, MURDOCK. FOR DISSEMINATION TO SHIELD STATIONS ON A TOP SECRET BASIS...

...MUTANTS FOUND IN URBAN AREAS ARE TO BE EXECUTED WITHOUT TRIAL.

NOW THAT'S A SEXY PIECE OF POLICY-MAKING, NO?

GOING UP.

FLOAT SILO ASCENSION MOD

EDGERUNNER ON SPECIAL FLIGHT AMX 001 REQUESTING PERMISSION TO DROP HER CARGO--

SNAP IT UP--WE'RE ALL ON A CLOCK HERE--

HERE'S YOUR BOY, RESERVE--AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM--

--NO OFFENSE, BUT HE JUST CREEPS THE PUS OUTTA US-

WELL...

WOULD ANY OF YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO TELL AN OLD SOLDIER WHERE HE'S PITCHED UP *THIS* TIME?

THIS IS THE CHICAGO RESERVE, IN SAFE *INTER-CORPORATE* TERRITORY.

MY NAME IS *ANTHONY HERDD*, REPRESENTING THE PATRIOTIC FORCES OPPOSING DOOM'S REGIME.

WE HAVE WON A *GREAT VICTORY* THIS DAY, PRESIDENT ROGERS.

WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?

THE CORPORATE COALITION THAT NOW IS AMERICA, CAPTAIN, HAS *CHOSEN* A PRESIDENT TO LEAD US THROUGH THESE TRYING TIMES.

WHO *BETTER* TO LEAD US INTO THE NEXT CENTURY BUT THE VERY *EMBODIMENT* OF AMERICA?

YOU.

PRESIDENT... BUT THERE WAS NO *VOTE*, NO *DEMOCRACY*--

DEMOCRACY *SUCKS*. STAND BACK AND LET THE BIG DOG EAT, THAT'S WHAT I SAY, MR. PRESIDENT.

YOU'LL MAKE A *FINE* EMBLEM. YOU WON'T ACTUALLY HAVE TO *DO* MUCH, MIND--

--YOU'LL DO WHAT I *SAY*, GET OUT FROM UNDER MY *FEET* AS I RUN THE SHOW FROM BEHIND THE *CURTAIN*, AS IT WERE.

EXCUSE ME?

NO. IT'S *WRONG*.

RULE ONE; THE TEACHER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

RULE TWO; IF THE TEACHER IS WRONG, RULE ONE APPLIES.

WHAT...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO BLEED AMERICA DRY AND THEN RELOCATE OFF-WORLD AND THEN DO IT ALL AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE.

AND I NEED YOU AS A FRONT FROM WHICH TO DO IT.

WILL [kaff] WILL THIS INVOLVE ... KILLING PEOPLE...?

SHOCKIN' STRAIGHT IT WILL.

THEN I'M IN.

GET THIS SORRY-LOOKING SACK OF CESS TO *MAKE-UP.*

HE GOES ON THE *AIR* WITH HIS *INAUGURAL* SPEECH IN TEN *MINUTES.*

IT'S A *BLANKET BROADCAST,* SO MAKE HIM *PRETTY.*

--IN THE HOPE THAT, *TOGETHER,* WE CAN *MAKE* OUR NATION *GREAT* AGAIN--

--*MAKE* IT A *SAFE* PLACE FOR *ALL* ITS PEOPLE--

SO THOSE THINGS ARE CALLED *WAVE SPIDERS*, AND THEY'RE TIED DIRECTLY INTO *SHIELD COMPUTERS...?*

EITHER THAT COMMISSIONER WHASSNAME WAS *FULL* OF IT, *OR* HE'S PUTTING ME ON... OR THE WORLD JUST GOT *WEIRDER* WHILE MY *BACK* WAS TURNED...

BOSS! WE GOT SOMETHING!

WELL, DON'T GIVE IT TO *ME*...

LOT OF DRIED *BLOOD* AROUND-- WHAT WAS THIS, THE *KITCHEN*? YOU FIGURE DOOM LIKED HIS RED *MEAT* OR *WHAT*?

SEAL

THIS WAS *THE* OVAL OFFICE, BOSS.

HEAT RECORDS SHOW THERE WAS ENOUGH *TEMPERATURE* IN HERE TO CUT THROUGH *ADAMANTIUM*.

THIS MIGHT WELL BE ALL THAT'S *LEFT* OF HIM.

"We have it in our power to begin the world over again."

--THOMAS PAINE

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DOOM
2099 A.D.™
DOOM

WASHINGTON:

STATIC ANNIE WAGNER IS HAVING A ROTTEN YEAR.

HER BOYFRIEND (THE ONE WITH THE SKINNIEST LEGS IN TOWN) DUMPED HER WHEN HE FOUND OUT SHE WAS A MUTANT.

HER LOUSY (BUT ONLY) CONVEYOR-BELT MC JOB IN MUNITIONS VANISHED WHEN DOOM TOOK OVER.

SHE FIGURES GETTING KILLED WILL FINISH OFF 2099 JUST FINE.

TO BRING YOU Marvel Love

A STAN LEE Presentation

Warren Ellis WRITER Steve Pugh PENCILER Scott Koblish INKER
John Costanza LETTERER Megan McDowell COLORIST
Lia Pelosi EDITOR Joey Cavalieri FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
Bobbie Chase CHIEF
COMPUTER COLOR BY Malibu

JUST STANDING AROUND ON THE CORNER OF ZULU AND GEIN, THINKING ABOUT MAYBE JOINING ONE OF THOSE RE-ACTIV-8 ANTI-AMERICA GROUPS...

AND A BORED SHIELD TEAM PUT THE METER ON HER.

THE METER--THEY CALL IT XAVIER'S NIGHTMARE ROUND HERE--PURELY SCREAMED WHEN IT READ HER ACTIVE X-GENE.

THEY PUT AN INHIBITOR SPIKE IN HER WITHOUT BLINKING.

AND THEN THEY LET HER RUN. THEY SHOWED HER THEIR GUNS AND LET HER RUN.

THE SCABS ARE ENJOYING THIS.

THEY LOVE IT.

THIS IS THE RESERVED FEDERAL CONTROL RADIO CHANNEL--

--PRIVATE CITIZENS HEARING THIS SHOULD TUNE TO ANOTHER CHANNEL IMMEDIATELY OR FACE PROSECUTION--

ANNIE NEVER WANTED TO BE POLITICAL.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN? HELP SHIELD STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN.

ANNIE NEVER WANTED TO HURT ANYONE.

ANNIE'S NEVER BEEN DIFFERENT TO ANYONE ELSE IN ANYTHING THAT MATTERED.

ANNIE JUST WANTED THE REST OF HER LIFE.

WAVE SPIDERS WHEEL AND SWOOP ABOVE MOUNT ST. HELENS, CONDUCTING COMPLEX COURTSHIP RITUALS, TRACING WILD PATTERNS IN THE AIR AS THEY PLAY.

THEY FEED ON RADIO SIGNALS, AND GRAZE CONTENTEDLY ON MARTIAL MUSIC AND BARKED ORDERS FROM THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL STATION FIVE MILES DISTANT.

SPRAYS OF MUSK SETTLE LIGHTLY ON THE OBSIDIAN-RINGED TREES AND BUSHES ON THE VOLCANO'S SIDE, FAR BELOW...

...THE WAVE SPIDERS WERE GROWN AS GUERRILLA WAR LIFEFORMS IN 2057, BY AN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FEARFUL OF INVASION FROM THE SOUTH AMERICAN NATIONS. THEIR BRAINS, TIED DIRECTLY TO COMMAND COMPUTERS BENEATH CHICAGO, ARE SIMPLE, BUT VICIOUS.

THE INVASION NEVER CAME, AND THE SPIDERS WERE BANNED BY THE 2064 XENOGENESIS TREATIES. HEROD CLONED THEM FROM INTERNED DNA DEPOSITS TO USE AS UTTERLY LOYAL MARTIAL DEVICES.

WAVE SPIDERS HAVE NEVER HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO REPRODUCE BEFORE...

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK SQUATS THE PUNISHER, SNIFFING THE AIR LIKE AN ANIMAL.

JACOB GALLOWS IS A PUBLIC ENEMY. THE ATROCITIES HE PERFORMED WHILE HEAD OF SHIELD'S ELITE FORCE HAVE BEEN SELECTIVELY RELEASED TO CORPORATE-FRIENDLY MEDIA SERVICES.

THE FORMER MINISTER OF PUNISHMENT IS ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE FORCE HE ONCE CONTROLLED. HE CANNOT EVEN OPERATE IN HIS PREVIOUS ROLE, AS A VIGILANTE.

HIS LIFE IS OVER. BUT HE DOESN'T REALIZE IT. HE HIDES IN THE STREETS AND ALLEYS, BUT DREAMS ONLY OF THE CHANCE TO PRESS HIS GUN TO ANOTHER MAN'S HEAD--

--AND PUNISH HIM.

STEVEN ROGERS, WHOM THE 20TH CENTURY CALLED CAPTAIN AMERICA, IS PRESIDENT.

OR SO THE 21ST CENTURY IS LED TO BELIEVE.

HE POSES AGAINST THE BIG COUNTRY HE IS IDENTIFIED WITH PRESERVING, THE FINE WESTERN LIGHT LIMNING HIS STRONG AMERICAN HANDSOMENESS. THE COUNTRY SOBS AND SWELLS, SENDS HIM MONEY AND LOVE-LETTERS...

AWAY FROM THE CAMERAS AND ICONOGRAPHIC BACKDROPS, HE CAN BE FOUND ON A COLD FLOOR, WEEPING FROM THE BRUISES WHERE HEROD'S PUNCHES HAVE FALLEN, WONDERING HOW HE CAME TO THIS--

--WONDERING WHERE ALL THE GLORIOUS DAYS WENT...

THE LIVE MACHINERY HEROD USED IN DOOM'S OVERTHROW HAS LAIN IN THE GUTS OF THE CHICAGO RESERVE FOR DECADES.

IT'S SPORING NOW, NEW NODES APPEARING ACROSS WASHINGTON-- THE APPROVED TEST ZONE -- EVERY DAY. THEY CALLED IT CARNO-TECH BACK AT THE RESERVE, AND NONE OF THEM UNDERSTOOD IT.

FURTHER, NONE OF THEM KNEW WHERE IT CAME FROM.

IF THEY DID KNOW -- IF THEY KNEW WHY IT LIKES TO GROW NEAR LARGE CONCENTRATIONS OF PEOPLE, IF THEY KNEW WHY THOSE WHO ORIGINALLY DISCOVERED IT WERE SHOT--

-- THEY WOULD HAVE TORN HEROD APART WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.

THE CHICAGO RESERVE, HEROD'S KINGDOM, CREATED DECADES EARLIER BY A COALITION OF AMERICA'S MEGACORPORATIONS. IT IS THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT. NO ONE WILL EVER BE TOLD.

IT STILL REMAINS A SECRET, AS IT DID WHEN HEROD WAS GUARDIAN OF THE FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGIES INTERNED HERE BY COALITION AGREEMENT.

FROM HERE, THE EXPLOITATION WILL BEGIN. THE COUNTRY WILL SLOWLY BE STRIPPED OF ALL ITS RESOURCES AND ASSETS, DRIVEN INTO ITS GRAVE IN PURSUIT OF PROFIT.

EVENTUALLY, WHEN THE ABUSED CORPUS OF AMERICA FINALLY GIVES UP THE GHOST, HEROD AND HIS CONSPIRATORS WILL RELOCATE OFF-WORLD, READY TO DO IT ALL AGAIN SOMEWHERE ELSE, TEACHING THEIR CHILDREN TO BE GOOD LITTLE VAMPIRES JUST LIKE DADDY...

STATIC ANNIE'S LEGS AND LUNGS ARE SHOUTING ALMOST AS LOUD AS HER BACK--SHE CAN'T KEEP RUNNING.

MAYBE SHE CAN HIDE, MAYBE IF SHE HIDES WELL ENOUGH AND LONG ENOUGH THEY'LL GET BORED--

STORAGE 71-D

-IT'S THE BEST CHANCE SHE'S GOT.

CITYFAX ENTRY ON THIS PLACE SAYS ALL THE OTHER EXITS ARE HARD-BONDED SHUT.

ONE WAY IN, ONE WAY OUT--AND SHE JUST USED IT.

STORAGE 71-D

WELL, LET'S GO ROAST THE LITTLE GENE-SCRAPE...

HOLD UP THERE, SON.

FIGURE THIS IS A FINE OPPORTUNITY TO FIELD-TEST SOME 'A THAT NEW ORDNANCE THEY KEEP GIVING US.

NOW, THE QUARTER-MASTER CALLED THIS A *SLAMGUN*. RUNS OFF LITTLE POWERPACKS STORED IN THE BUTT.

FIVE OR SIX SHOTS TO THE 'PACK. USE IT LIKE A PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN--THAT EJECTS A DEAD PACK AND CYCLES IN A FRESH ONE.

SEXY-LOOKIN' THANG, AIN'T IT?

HERE Y'GO, BOYS, I BROUGHT PRESENTS FOR ALL...

WHAT DOES THE THING *DO*, CAP'N COGBURN?

IT *KILLS* FOLK, SON.

CATCH ME A NASTY LITTLE MUTIE GIRL AND I'LL *SHOW* YOU.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY, WHERE THE NEW MUTANT CITYSTATE IS TAKING SHAPE, THERE HAS BEEN A REVELATION.

DEATH IS OBSOLETE.

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT IS OVER.

MANY, MANY PEOPLE WILL DIE FOR IT BEFORE THIS STORY IS OVER.

BUT, FOR NOW, HEAVEN'S ELECTRICITY ETCHES PURE WHITE LINES IN DUSTY AIR, AND AWE FILLS THE SPACE WHERE THE MAN WITH LIFE IN HIS HANDS GOES TO WORK...

SPREAD IT OUT, BOYS... WHICH ONE 'A YOU'S GOT THE *FLARES*?

THAT'S *ME*, CAP'N COGBURN.

DO I LOOK LIKE SOME KINDA BIG *CAT*? OR SOME KINDA SEEIN'-IN-THE DARK *VAMPIRE* FELLA OR SOMETHIN'?

NO, CAP'N.

THEN *THROW* THE *FLARES*, SON-- IT'S SHOCKIN' *BLACK* IN HERE.

GET THE *METER* OUT, SWITCH IT TO *MOTION*--IT'LL *FIND* HER.

AIN'T USING THE METER SPOILING THE *FUN*?

EXCUSE ME.

KA-SH

MY WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE INOPERATIVE.

WHAT WAS THAT? GLASS BREAKING?

THE FEW WINDOWS IN HERE AIN'T BREAKABLE, SON. LET'S HAVE OURSELVES A ROLL CALL--

THERE! I SEE HER!

GOOD EYES THERE!

BOOM

KRAK!

BOOM

KRAKOOM

THINK YOU GOT HER?

NAH.

YOU DO THIS JOB LONG ENOUGH, SON, YOU GET TO RECOGNIZIN' THE SMELL 'O DEATH WHEN IT HAPPENS.

BOOM

AMERICANS. MONSTERS. THE SORT OF CREATURES WHO WOULD CREATE A GAMMADION--OR A LATVERIA --WITHOUT THOUGHT FOR THE PAIN...

LATVERIA...

LATVERIA, THE MOTHERLAND TO DOOM, REMAINS AS SILENT AS IT DID THE DAY HEROD ARRANGED ITS NECROTOXIFICATION.

NECROTOXINS WERE CREATED IN EUROPE IN THE 2010'S, WHEN POVERTY-STRICKEN, STARVING ITALY FOUND A USE FOR THE OVERSTUFFED CONCENTRATION CAMPS THEY KEPT IN THE BASQUE TERRITORY.

THEY SPRAYED THE THOUSANDS OF INMATES WITH THE CHEMICAL, WHICH SWIFTLY REDUCED THEM TO A PROTEIN-RICH SLUDGE THAT COULD LATER BE CHEAPLY CONVERTED INTO FOODSTUFFS.

LATVERIA REMAINS AS SILENT, AND AS LOST TO HISTORY, AS THAT CONCENTRATION CAMP, SAVE FOR THE BUZZ OF FAT AND HAPPY INSECTS.

GAMMADION IS WHAT THE NEWS SERVICES HAVE CALLED THE POST-QUAKE REMAINS OF CALIFORNIA, SUFFUSED WITH RADIATION FROM THE ACCIDENTAL GAMMA BOMB DETONATION.

SOMEONE WITH A RADIO SET IN THE RUINS OF LOTUSLAND, OBVIOUSLY DYING OF RADIATION POISONING, HAS BEEN GASPING OUT THAT WORD, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS. THAT'S WHERE THEY GOT IT FROM.

A DRY, RASPING FEMALE VOICE, OCCASIONALLY WRACKED WITH A COUGH THAT AUDIBLY TEARS HER THROAT, OBSESSIVELY BROADCASTING A WORD THAT PLAINLY SAYS EVERYTHING TO HER, AND NOTHING TO THE WORLD SHE'S TALKING TO.

THE WORLD WILL HEAR HER DIE ON AIR SOON. HEROD HAS FORBIDDEN MEDICAL AND RESCUE SERVICES TO ENTER CALIFORNIA.

GET ON THE STICK, BOYS!

WE GOT US A RAT IN THE HOUSE!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

FALL BACK TO THIS POSITION, BOYS. KUHN'S DOWN.

TCHHHK

'M OKAY-- ARMOR CAUGHT MOST OF IT--

C'MON, MOVE-- I WANNA KNOW WHICH ONE'A YOU SNOTRAGS IS ROTTEN--

GUN! GUN! SHOCKIT, IT'S--

BOOM!

KLANK

BOOM

SYSTEM ERROR: CODE MAFUI?X....G.

BOOM

I SEE HIM, HE'S NAILED YIP--

--HE'S SHOT OUT THE FLARES EEYAAAAH

CRACK

BOOM

TCHINK

THAT MUTIE DOG WEREN'T ARMED. HER TALENT'S SHUT DOWN. WHAT IS THIS?

CAP'N-- I NEED A DOCTOR REAL BAD-- M' GUTS ARE ALL LOOSE--

I AIN'T HAVIN 'NO GIRLS ON MY TEAM, KUHN.

GAA

BOOM

BOOM

YOU.

OH, YES.

BOOM

THE POLICE ARE GONE.

IT IS OVER, CHILD.

I'M AFRAID.

-- BUT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME.

COME WITH ME, CHILD. YOU ARE SAFE. DRY YOUR EYES. THERE IS A BETTER WORLD TO COME.

OF ME? GRANTED, I HAVE LOOKED BETTER--

THERE HAS BEEN JOY.

THERE WILL BE JOY AGAIN.

--from "The Demolished Man" by Alfred Bester.

MARVEL COMICS
2099
1
DEC

2099 A.D. APOCALYPSE™

LOTUSLAND

LEONARDI
&
KOBLISH
1995

Stan Lee Presents:

MIDNIGHT in HELL!

WARREN ELLIS WRITER

MARK BUCKINGHAM & SEAN SUTHERLAND ARTISTS

TOM THOMAS COLORS

PAT FELIX LETTERS

JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR

BOBBIE CHASE CHIEF

MALIBU - COMPUTER COLOR

TONIGHT, IN THIS SPECIAL UPDATE PROGRAM, WE RE-PRESENT THE STORY OF DOOM'S INVASION--

--AND OF HIS EVENTUAL UNSEATING, WEEKS AGO, BY THE CORPORATE SYSTEM AND OUR NEW PRESIDENT, THE ICON OUR ANCESTORS KNEW AS CAPTAIN AMERICA.

IS WHITLOW DOING THIS VOICEOVER LIVE?

Ah, WHAT DO YOU THINK? THE GIMP'S IN THE BATHROOM WITH HIS WORKS...

YOU KNOW CORALOT'S OPENED BETTING ON DOOM BEING ON MARS WITH MARILYN AND ELVIS? SHOCK, SOME PEOPLE...

RUTH! RUTH, FOR SHOCK'S SAKE-- MIRIELLE RADLEY'S GOT SOMETHING WE NEED TO GO LIVE WITH!

YE-ES, KELLY, YOU CAN STOP HOLLERING NOW. WHAT'S MIRIELLE GOT?

WELL, RUTH, SHE'S ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE. LOTS OF SHIELD MOVEMENT THERE, AND--

CUT TO THE CHASE, KELL. I HAVE TO PLUCK OUR ANCHORMAN OUT OF THE BATHROOM IN A MINUTE.

WELL, LOOK AT THE SCREEN. SHE'S ON LONG ZOOM, SO IT MIGHT BE A BIT FUZZY, BUT--

BITE ME.

TELL MIRIELLE WE'RE GOING LIVE WITH HER AND THE PUNISHER IN ONE MINUTE.

I'LL GET WHITLOW FOR A VOICE-OVER LINK. LAY DOWN YOUR PRE-EMPTION CODES.

MY NAME'S JACK WHITLOW, AND MY LIFE IS EASY.

BEFORE DOOM, I WAS A BOUGHT MAN FOR THE CORPORATE-MANAGED T.V. NEWS.

DURING DOOM, I WAS A SMOOTH PROFESSIONAL FACE FOR THE NEW, FREE MEDIA STATIONS LIKE NYFAX.

FFFT

NOW, AFTER DOOM-- I'M JUST BORED.

AAHHHHH...

WHITLOW?

SHOCKIT JACK, ARE YOU SHOOTING UP AGAIN?

NOOO, RUTH... NOOO...

JUST, YOU KNOW, PREPARING MYSELF FOR MY ADORING PUBLIC...

YOUR "ADORING PUBLIC" IS ALL IN YOUR HEAD, SHOCKIT! ALONG WITH THE DRUGS!

GET OUT HERE! WE NEED TO GO LIVE WITH A REMOTE FEED, AND I WANT YOU HERE!

THAT CRACK WAS CRUEL.

IT WAS TRUE, TOO.

THAT'S WHY IT WAS CRUEL.

WE DON'T TELL THE TRUTH IN SHOWBUSINESS. IT MAKES PEOPLE UNCOMFORTABLE.

JACK. THIS IS NYFAX? A NEWS STATION, REMEMBER? NOT SHOW-BUSINESS?

OH, PLEASE.

NEWS IS SHOWBUSINESS.

BITE RATS, JACK.

BE NICE TO YOUR NIGHT NEWS ANCHOR-MAN.

FADING ANCHORMAN. I'M THE PRODUCER--I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE GETTING NICE FROM YOU.

AND IF I WASN'T ALREADY SLEEPING WITH THE EXEC PRODUCER YOU WOULD BE, RUTH.

PUS-BAG--

THE LOWER EAST SIDE...

THIS IS WHAT I DESERVE--

--WANDERING AROUND WITH A CAMERA, HOPING TO HAPPEN ON A STORY FOR THE RENT--

--FIND THE SHOCKIN' PUNISHER AND COPPING A BEAM IN THE HEAD. WHAT I DESERVE.

HE'S NOT MOVING, KELLY. DO I HAVE LIVE FEED YET?

THIS IS RUTH CAMBRIDGE, MIRI. WE'RE FIFTEEN SECONDS FROM LIVE. JACK WHITLOW'S GOING TO INTRO YOU.

YOU BETTER TURN UP YOUR GAIN ON MY VOICE. I DON'T FEEL SAFE DOING ANY-THING BUT WHISPER-ING.

AW, NOOO. HE'S HEARD SOMETHING.

MOVES LIKE A WOLF OR SOMETHING, ONE O'THEM ANIMALS ON THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC VIDEOS...

THIS IS JACK WHITLOW FOR NYFAX--

--INTERRUPTING THIS PROGRAM TO GIVE YOU LIVE FEED FROM THE LOWER EAST SIDE, HERE IN MANHATTAN.

NYFAX

INTREPID STREET REPORTER MIRIELLE RADLEY IS, AS I SPEAK, STALKING THOSE CRIMINAL STREETS--

-- TO BRING YOU, EXCLUSIVE AND IN REAL TIME, THE BIGGEST NEWS SINCE DOOM'S FALL.

AND GO LIVE.

JACOB GALLOWS.

MINISTER OF PUNISHMENT UNDER DOOM, PREVIOUS HEAD OF SHIELD AND FEARED LEADER OF THE MURDEROUS PUNISHMENT POLICE.

AMERICA'S MOST TERRIFYING SERIAL KILLER AND WAR CRIMINAL--THE PUNISHER.

MIRIELLE IS THERE.

SHIELD OFFICERS HAVE BEEN SIGHTED IN THE AREA.

WE BRING YOU, LIVE, THE CAPTURE OF THE PUNISHER.

THAT'S WHAT HE HEARD--

--SHIELD OFFICERS IN DROP HARNESSES--

HE'S FIRING ON THEM-- HE'S USING BULLETS--

SHIELD ARMOR'S BEAMPROOF BUT IT'S GOSSAMER TO BULLETS--

THEY'VE HIT HIM--

NO--IT'S A MISS, BUT IT'S LIT THE PUNISHER UP LIKE IT'S CHRISTMAS.

HE'S RABBITING--

KEEP ON HIM, MIRI--WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE KILL SHOT--

NICE AD-LIB, JACK. KEEP ON YOUR TOES --MIGHT NEED ANOTHER LINK.

CAN I GET A MONITOR IN HERE? I'M MISSING THE SHOCKIN' STORY.

HE'S STOPPED, RUTH--

AW, SPIT-- HE HASN'T HEARD ME, HAS HE?

--AMBUSH--

AAHGKK

EEEYAAAH

AW, SPIT--DID YOU HEAR THAT, RUTH?

DID YOU HEAR HIS BELLY LET GO?

NEVER SAW ANYONE DIE BEFORE-- NEVER KNEW IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT--

THEY CAN'T STOP HIM, RUTH. HE'S NOT HUMAN.

HE'S AN ANIMAL, SOME THING THAT SHOULD'VE STAYED BURIED--

-- THAT WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAD TO SEE AGAIN.

BUT HE WAS NEEDED, WASN'T HE? BEFORE DOOM, WHEN A BLACK CARD BOUGHT SAFETY FROM THE LAW, NO MATTER WHAT YOU'D DONE--

--WHEN THE PAY-COPS LIKE PUBLIC EYE FORGOT THAT LAW WAS SUPPOSED TO MEAN JUSTICE--

YIELD

--HE WAS JUSTICE, WASN'T HE?

A RAW, PRIMITIVE JUSTICE, SURE-- AN ANIMAL THING SO INTENSE IT WAS PRACTICALLY PREHISTORIC--

--BUT IT WAS ALL WE HAD AND NOW THEY'RE KILLING HIM FOR IT.

WHAT IS SHE GOING ON ABOUT?

WANTS HER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME. LOOK AT THAT... THEY'RE GOING TO CRUCIFY HIM.

HUNDRED BUCKS SAYS HE MAKES IT.

FIFTY SAYS THEY PECKINPAH HIS BUTT.

I WANT HIM TO MAKE IT. HE SAVED MY SISTER FROM ORGANLEGGERS IN FEBRUARY.

I THINK HE'S MAKING A STAND--

LOOKS LIKE A MODIFIED SCORCH BORE IN HIS HAND --I'M FINDING COVER--

OH NO.

GO ON, JAKE BOY!

OUGHT TO BE PUT DOWN

FRY THEM FASCIST PUSBAGS

WHITLOW WANTS A HUNDRED AGAINST HIM

HE'S TURNED THE STREET INTO A SLAUGHTERHOUSE WITH THAT GUN--

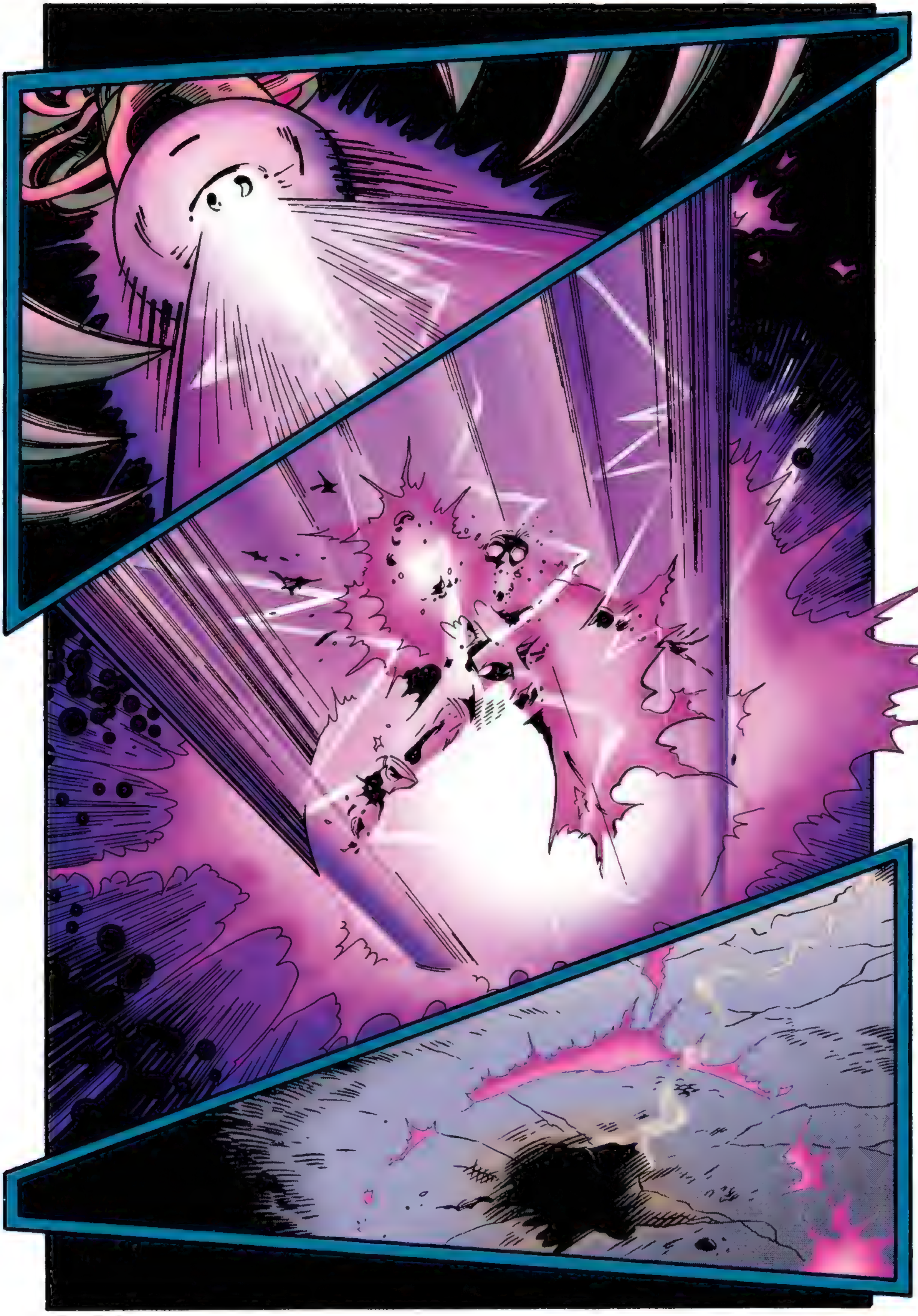
ALL I CAN SMELL IS PEOPLE BURNING-- HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY--

HOLD ON--

--SOMETHING OVER THE STREET--

--NO-- THEY WOULDN'T--

--THEY WOULDN'T SEND A WAVE SPIDER



GO AND PUT ON THE LOGO TAPE. FOLLOW IT WITH A COUPLE MINUTES WORTH OF TRAILERS.

GO ON.

I'VE BOUGHT YOU TWO MINUTES OF AIR, MADAM PRODUCER.

USE IT TO FIGURE OUT WHAT KIND OF *SPIN* YOU PUT ON A *STATE EXECUTION* *ON LIVE TV.*

ON AIR

WE'LL TAKE A BRIEF PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION.

THIS IS JACK WHITLOW, ASKING YOU TO STAY WITH NYFAX FOR FURTHER DEVELOP-MENTS.

NYFAX

UPTOWN, WHERE YOU DON'T HEAR GUNFIRE AT NIGHT-- BABYLON TOWERS.

THE WALLS AND WINDOWGLASS ARE THICK ENOUGH TO DEADEN THE LITTLE SCRITCH-SCRATCH OF MIGUEL O'HARA MAKING HIS WAY HOME.

IT'S BEEN NEARLY A YEAR SINCE O'HARA'S GENOME WAS MELDED WITH ARACHNID DNA.

SINCE HE BECAME A SPIDER-MAN.

HELLO, MIGUEL. HOW WAS YOUR EVENING SCUTTLE?

LYLA...

I RECORDED SOMETHING ON NYFAX THAT I THOUGHT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST. SHALL I RUN IT?

WHY NOT? SO LONG AS THAT WHITLOW CREEP ISN'T IN SIGHT.

NEVER LIKED HIM WHEN HE WAS ON THE ALCHEMAX NEWS...

NYFC

THE PUNISHER?

AW, NO. DON'T LET THIS BE WHAT I THINK IT IS...

DON'T SAY THEY GOT HIM.

THIS IS A FEDERAL OVERRIDE.

THERE NOW FOLLOWS, ON ALL CHANNELS, A PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

MY FELLOW AMERICANS...

IT IS MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT *JACOB GALLOWS*, KNOWN VARIOUSLY AS *THE PUNISHER* AND *THE MINISTER OF PUNISHMENT*, HAS JUST BEEN *EXECUTED* IN NEW YORK CITY.

THIS IS A *BEGINNING*.

FOR ALMOST A *YEAR*, CREATURES SUCH AS GALLOWS HAVE BEEN DEBASING THE DELICATE SYSTEM OF AMERICAN LIFE.

YOU *KNOW* THEM. YOU'VE *SEEN* THEM.

THEY WEAR *COSTUMES*.

NOT *UNIFORMS* LIKE THIS, BUT *COSTUMES*-- *DISGUISES*.

THEY *FIGHT* OUR *SYSTEM*, BUT HAVE NOT THE *COURAGE* EVEN TO SHOW THEIR *FACES*.

TODAY, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WILL *SHOW* THESE CREATURES THAT *WE WILL NO LONGER STAND THEM*.

IT'S A KILL ORDER.

THEY'RE SENDING IT OUT AS A RIDER SIGNAL ON THE BROAD-CAST.

SO ALL THE NEWS AGENCIES ARE GETTING THIS?

ANYONE WITH A PRINTER ATTACHED TO THEIR HOME ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM IS GETTING IT--

--A PRESIDENTIAL DECREE OF DEATH TO SUPER HEROES.

GIVE IT TO WHITLOW ANYWAY.

WHERE'S MIRIELLE?

AW, SPIT.

UM, RUTH? RU-UTH...

KELLY? ANYBODY? DO I HAVE AN AUDIO LINK HERE?

GET DOWN--

WHA--

--GET DOWN! THEY'LL KILL YOU TOO--

KILL? HEY, ALL I SEE IS A COUPLE OF ENTHUSIASTIC ROBOT WRANGLERS--

HE'S NOT A ROBOT--HE'S A MAN--HE'S BOTH--

I'M SAVING THIS TO AUDIO. TALK.

GALAHAD IS THE ROBOT-- HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT ARMOR SYSTEM DEVELOPED FOR STARK-FUJIKAWA--

--BUT IT'S CONTROLLED BY THE MIND OF ETHAN SHIELDS, MY, MY--WELL, LOVER ISN'T QUITE THE WORD--

SO HE AIN'T IN THERE. NO ONE'S DYING HERE.

NO-- THE SHIELD TEAM-- THEY'RE USING HERF CANNONS ON HIM--

--THEY'RE KILLING HIM!

THIS'S KELLY, MIRI. YOU GOT FULL FEED TO DISK. WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THERE'S A SHOCKIN' GOOD QUESTION. HOLD ON.

I'M SENDING THE LAST THREE MINUTES TO YOU. NOW WHAT'S A "HERF" CANNON AND HOW'S IT KILL A MAN WHO AIN'T THERE?

"HERF"-- HIGH ENERGY RADIO FREQUENCIES--

--AT THAT INTENSE LEVEL OF OUTPUT, HERF'S OVER-LOAD AND DESTROY COMPUTER SYSTEMS--

--GALAHAD IS BEING ELECTRONICALLY GUNNED DOWN--

SO, WHY? WHY'S SHIELD HERE NOW?

WE BOTH WORK FOR STARK-FUJIKAWA-- THEY MUST'VE SOLD ETHAN OUT TO SHIELD--

--OH, ETHAN, NO--

--HE'S USING THE SUIT'S BLASTING SPIKES, FROM THE DEEPSEA MINING ARRAYS--

HE BELIEVED IN CHIVALRY.

CHIVALRY? YEAH, WELL, THAT AND A GOLD CARD'LL GET ME A MONTH'S RENT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

WHERE'S YOUR ETHAN NOW?

STILL IN THE STARK-FUJIKAWA BUILDING.

HE HAS NO IMMUNE SYSTEM, HAS TO LIVE IN A STERILE ENCLOSURE.

FIFTIETH FLOOR, SECOND WINDOW IN FROM THE LEFT...

HE ONLY WANTED TO HELP PEOPLE... HE ONLY WANTED TO... TO LOVE PEOPLE...

THAT WAS HIS "HIGHER CODE", YOU SEE... CHIVALRY, HIS WAY OF TELLING THE WORLD HE LOVED IT... US...

FOCUS, YOU BLASTED CHEAPJACK CAMERA...

I SEE HIM, AND--

--HE'S IN AGONY--

IT'S THE HERF CANNON.

ETHAN IS CONNECTED TO GALAHAD BY A NEURALLY-IMPLANTED TELEFACTOR CHIP...

...A COMPUTER SYSTEM.

THE HERF DISRUPTION IS TRAVELING ACROSS THE LINK BE-TWEEN HIM AND GALAHAD.

AND IT'S BOILING HIS BRAIN IN ITS OWN JUICES.

RIGHT.

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.

BUT--WHERE CAN WE GO-- ETHAN--

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME OR I'LL KICK YOU IN THE BUTT AND LEAVE YOU **HERE** FOR THE COPS.

MIRI? I'M BLIPPING YOU THE TEXT OF A PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS--

--GALAHAD, FIRST APPEARANCE IN JUNE, BREAKING THE FALL OF A HAYWIRE CONSTRUCTION ROBOT--HERE'S THE FILE--

FIVE APPEARANCES SINCE? EACH IN A HEROIC-AGE PATTERN OF RISK/SACRIFICE...

RAT'S BUTTS, I CAN'T PUT THIS ON THE AIR.

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE, SMART MAN, PRESIDENT ROGERS HAS ORDERED THE NEW HEROIC MOVEMENT STAMPED ON.

STARK-FUJIKAWA PROBABLY SOLD THIS GUY OUT TO THE WHITE HOUSE FOR BROWNIE POINTS.

SO IF WE COVER IT, WE COVER IT AS SHIELD TAKING OUT A DANGEROUS SUBVERSIVE. IS THAT CLEAR?

YOU HAND THAT SPIT TO SOMEONE WHO'S HAPPY TO TAKE IT, CAMBRIDGE--I SAY WE COVER IT AS THE MURDER OF A--

SINCE WHEN DID YOU GIVE TWO TUGS OF A DEAD DOG'S BACKEND, YOU SHOCKIN' JUNKIE--

BECAUSE ROGERS JUST MOVED THE GOALPOSTS AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE NEWS HAS A USE, YOU SPINELESS LITTLE SMEAR OF A--

AH, RATS-- BIG SCREEN'S GONE DOWN. CYCLE TO BACK-UP RESTART...

WHOA, WHOA THERE... WE'RE GETTING A SIGNAL.

IT'S A BOUNCED BEAM FROM A SATELLITE. UN-LOCK CODES AT THE TOP OF THE SIGNAL--

SO USE 'EM-- UNLOCK THE SIGNAL CRYPTING, SEE WHAT IT IS...

THERE WE GO... WHAT THE SHOCK IS THAT?

LOCATED T[illegible] LASER TOPOGRAPHY SCAN FR[illegible] ORDH...
DOMICILE'S STEA[illegible] DEFEATED...
TWO LIFEFORM[illegible]IN, ONE CONFIRMED AS SUBVERSIVE JOHN FLAMEL/ "METALSCREAM".
LUDGATE RODS CURRENTLY BEING DEPLOYED AROUND DOMICILE PERIMETER TO HAMPER TARGET'S EFFICACY.

THIS IS CAMERAWORK FROM A SHIELD FLYER.

THIS IS OPERATIONAL RECORDING WE'RE WATCHING HERE.

EITHER SHIELD HAS COMMANDEERED OUR NEWS SATELLITE -- WHICH IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY--

--OR WE'RE BEING BOUNCED THIS SIGNAL DELIBERATELY!

GO LIVE WITH IT! DO IT!

WHY?

ONE: THEY WOULDN'T BOUNCE A SIGNAL TO US UNLESS THEY EXPECTED IT TO BE USED.

TWO: THE NEWS HAS JUST BECOME A MORE USEFUL KIND OF SHOWBIZ.

HAPPY PUFF PIECES ARE ALL VERY WELL--

--BUT IT'S HORROR THAT HITS PEOPLE WHERE THEY LIVE.

GO LIVE.

WE'LL PULL FILES AND PUT 'EM ON YOUR PROMPT-BOARD.

"METALSCREAM", SO NAMED BY SURVIVORS OF UNEXPLAINED EXPLOSION IN THE NORTHEAST--

--CLAIMED HIM TO BE A *MAGICIAN*, SUPPORTED BY RADIATION EVALUATIONS NOT SEEN SINCE HEROIC AGE--

GOING LIVE.

SPOOL THE GALAHAD TAPE TO STAND-BY.

GIVE OURSELVES PLENTY OF ROPE TO HANG WITH.

ONE LIFESIGN BLINKED-OUT
OTHER LIFESIGN TERMINATED
ALL POINTS PREPARE
FOR MANIFESTATION
LUDGATE RODS CYCLED
TO FULLBURN

MANI

THESE ARE NOT SPECIAL EFFECTS.

THIS IS THE FIRST DOCUMENTED USE OF MAGIC IN ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

YOU KILLED MY STUDENT--

--SHE WAS SIXTEEN AND HER NAME WAS LITANY AND YOUR STUPID STUPID MISSILES--

-KILLED HER!

YOU'VE... YOU SMALL, JEALOUS, MINDLESS SCABS.

YOU'VE TAKEN THE MAGIC AWAY.

LUDGATE RODS REGISTERING ACHIEVEMENT "MAGIC" RADIATIVE ACTIVITY DAMPED DOWN TO ZERO RATING

NO SUCH THING AS MAGIC.

YIELD

TRANSFERRING SIGNAL TO CALIFORNIAN FOOTPRINT

SAME SIGNAL, RUTH, BUT FROM A DIFFERENT SAT-- THAT'S GAMMADION, RUTH--

WE TRY TO CALL IT THE EX-CALIFORNIAN REGION THESE DAYS, KELLY--

--YES, THAT WAS ANOTHER LIVE EXECUTION, BY PRESIDENTIAL ORDER, OF ONE OF THE EXTRA-ORDINARY PEOPLE--

-- THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO HIDE AND DISGUISE THEMSELVES SO THEY CAN HELP US WITHOUT BEING HUNTED--

--AND NOW THEY ARE BEING HUNTED.

AND WHAT WAS THIS MAN'S CRIME? I'LL TELL YOU.

HE WANTED TO REMIND US OF MAGIC.

WE ARE RECEIVING THESE IMAGES FROM A *SHIELD SATELLITE*, IN REAL TIME--

--I'M BEING TOLD THAT WE ARE NOW LOOKING AT *GAMMADION*, THROUGH SHIELD CAMERAS--

--I WOULD GUESS THAT THEY ARE *SURVEILLING* A *SUSPECT* IN CONNECTION WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL *KILL ORDER*--

--RECORDING AN IMMINENT *ASSAULT* FOR THEIR FILES--

TAPING MURDER AND THROWING IT IN OUR FACES.

THAT'S THE *HULK*--

--THE LAST WILD MAN OF THE AMERICAN WEST, THE *INDEPENDENT* MAN--

--INSTRUMENTAL IN THE FALL OF THE CORRUPT STUDIO SYSTEM THAT TERRORIZED THE ISOLATIONIST STATE--

INDEPENDENCE

YIELD

THE REVOLUTIONARY HERO CALIFORNIA ALWAYS DREAMED OF.

SHIELD APPEAR TO HAVE BACKED HIM INTO A CORNER-- WHICH MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME TIME--

--SUGGESTING THAT SHOOT-TO-KILL ORDERS WERE IN PLACE BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS--

--IGNORING THE MORAL ASPECT, THIS IS BARELY LEGAL, AT BEST.

THIS, PEOPLE, IS NO MORE AND NO LESS THAN A FIRING SQUAD.

THERE HE IS.

I WANT YOU, OUT THERE, TO IMAGINE WHAT HE'S FEELING.

I WANT YOU TO STOP LOOKING, AND START INTER-ACTING.

THINK: YOU'VE RISKED EVERYTHING, POSSIBLY EVEN LOST YOUR HUMANITY, TO FIGHT FOR WHAT'S BEST IN US.

AND NOW YOU'VE LOST YOUR FRIENDS AND YOUR HOME TO THE QUAKE AND THE BOMB...

IT'S ALL GONE.

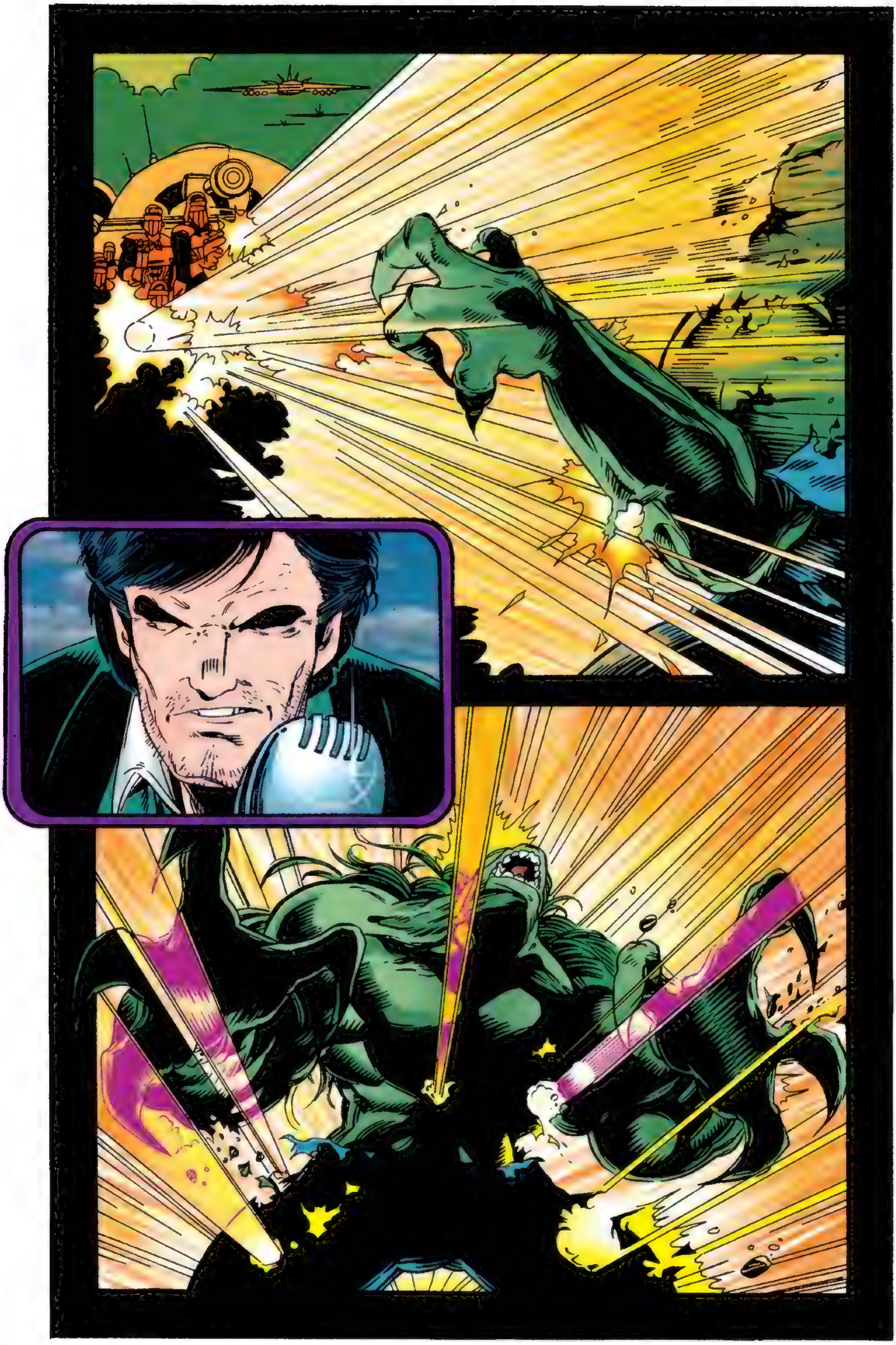
COME ON THEN.

DO YOU HAVE ANY FIGHT LEFT IN YOU?

IS THERE ANYTHING LEFT WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

WAS TRYING TO DO SOMETHING GOOD EVER WORTH THE EFFORT?

COME **ON** THEN!



NOBODY MOVES-- YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST--

YIELD

--SHIELD--

--THE BOUNCED SIGNAL--IT WAS A SET-UP, TO SEE IF WE'D BITE--

IF YOU'RE STILL LISTENING, RUTH--

--SHOWBIZ IS HOW YOU MAKE THE TRUTH MEAN SOME-THING.

AND IF YOU'RE STILL LISTENING OUT THERE, AND THE FEAR HASN'T GOT TO YOU YET--

--YOU HAVE OPTIONS. YOU CAN ROLL OVER AND LET THEM STAMP ON YOUR FACE, OR DO THE-- THE HEROIC THING--

DISOBEY.

SHIELD CENTRAL TO ALL POINTS, IN RE NYFAX AND OTHER UNAMERICAN NEWS MEDIA RAIDS.

WE ARE CURRENTLY PREPARING ROSTERS FOR SUMMARY FIRING SQUADS IN REGARD TO INTERNED EMPLOYEES.

YOUR PARTICIPATION IS COMPULSORY.

END

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DOOM 2099 A.D.™
ASHLEY WOOD 1995

PREP FOR IMMEDIATE SURGERY.

GUY TOOK A RAW KINESIS BURST IN THE ABDOMEN.

CRASH TEAMS

LISTEN, I DON'T CARE IF HE *IS* ONE OF YOURS -- I DON'T *CARE* IF HE'S *CAPTAIN AMERICA'S* PERSONAL *TOILET-SEAT WARMER*--

-- I GOT PEOPLE WITH THEIR *ARMS* IN HIS *STOMACH* BEHIND THIS DOOR--

WE *WANT* TO TALK TO OUR *MAN*, DOC. THIS COMES *EASY* OR *HARD*--

NO ENTRY

GET ME A *WOUND KIT* HERE-- DR. ROBSON'S BEEN *SHOT*--

TALK TO US, COGBURN.

GIVE US A *NAME*.

DOOM

--IMMEDIATE IMPOSITION OF FULL MARTIAL LAW--

--NO ONE ALLOWED OUTSIDE THEIR HOMES WITHOUT FULL PRINTED AUTHORIZATION FROM SHIELD CITY CENTRAL--

--MOVING ORDNANCE AS FAST AS WE CAN, SIR.

YES, THE DETACHMENT OF WAVE SPIDERS HAS JUST MADE IT S ARRIVAL-- THANK CHICAGO FOR ME--

--WE'LL HAVE A *RING OF STEEL* THROWN AROUND WASHINGTON'S ENTIRE *PERIMETER* WITHIN THE *HOUR*.

HELP US.

Stan Lee Presents:

SHOCKBLING

STREET LEGAL

STEVE PUGH•penciler SCOTT KOBLISH•inker
letterer MEGAN McDONNELL•colorist
CAVALIER•former president of the U.S.
MALIBU•computer color

JUDAS H. PRIEST.

STEP INSIDE.

CLANG CLANG CLUNK

NETTLE RUSH NETTLE E

THAT'S IT, JUST STEP INSIDE MY LITTLE PORCH HERE...

STATIC ANNIE WAGNER--HAVE YOU BEEN A BAD GIRL? IS THAT AN INHIBITOR SPIKE, OR JUST A PARTICU-LARLY OUTRÉ BROOCH?

RENFIELD... I'M EXHAUSTED... AND NOT IN THE MOOD...

... AND WE ARE ALL OUT OF *TIME*, YOU PALLID CREATURE.

NOW, *ARE* YOU GOING TO PROVIDE *SHELTER* AND *AID* FOR THIS WOMAN, OR--

ARMRITE

OR, I THINK.

RENFIELD! WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

SHOCKIT, ANNIE--*THIS* ISN'T *DOOM*. DOOM'S *DEAD*.

YOU JUST BROUGHT SOME *SHIELD* UNDERCOVER FILTH TO MY *DOOR*, AND I WON'T *HAVE IT*.

I AM *DOOM*.

AND I DO NOT *DO* "*DEAD*."

THE WHITE HOUSE SITE

--PERFECT SHOCKIN' TIMING-- SHOOTER COGBURN FINDS DOOM AN HOUR BEFORE THE PRESI-DENT'S DUE--

HEADS UP, HE'S HERE-- EVERYBODY BACK OFF NOW--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WE'RE BUILDING YOU A *NEW HOME*, MR. PRESIDENT.

WITH *WATER?*

"NO. WITH NANO-TECH ASSEMBLERS, SUSPENDED IN WATER.

"DOES THE TERM NANOTECH *MEAN* ANYTHING TO YOU? NO?

"NANOTECHNOLOGY; THE PREFIX 'NANO' MEANING ON THE SCALE OF A NANO-METER, A BILLIONTH OF A METER.

"THE SCALE OF A VIRUS, MR. PRESIDENT.

"THIS IS THE PHYSICS OF ROBOTS TINY ENOUGH TO ASSEMBLE MOLECULES ONE BY ONE.

"A TIME-CONSUMING TASK, OBVIOUSLY--*UNLESS* YOU RELEASE BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF NANOMACHINES PROGRAMMED FOR THE SAME TASK.

"THE NANOMACHINES TAKE THE DIRT, RUBBLE AND DEBRIS OF THIS PLACE, AND SIMPLY MOVE THEIR ATOMS AROUND--

"--DERIVING PLASTICS FROM SPILLED OIL AND BROKEN STONE, WIRING FROM DIRT AND WATER...

..!!FOLLOWING THEIR PROGRAMMING, MOVING AROUND THEIR APPOINTED TASKS WITH THE SPEED OF BACTERIA."

FANTASTIC.

THESE NANOMACHINES --WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO?

ANYTHING.

IT'S AN IDIOT-PROOF PROCESS--ENTER WHAT YOU WANT INTO YOUR COMPUTER, THE COMPUTER WILL WORK OUT THE DETAILS AND DOWN-LINK THEM INTO THE NANOMACHINES.

A HORN OF PLENTY.

TIME FOR YOU TO MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE.

"TAKE YOUR SEAT OF GOVERNMENT WITHIN THE RED HOUSE.

"BE AN ICON, MR. PRESIDENT. BE HEROIC, AND HARD, AND HANDSOME.

"CHARM THEIR EYE, MR. PRESIDENT, WHILE I PICK THEIR POCKETS."

I AM TIRED. I AM PHYSICALLY UNCOMFORTABLE. MY ARMOR IS LARGELY DISABLED.

BUT MY *TRIGGER FINGER* IS IN *PERFECT WORKING ORDER*, AMERICAN.

AS I AM *COMPLETELY* WILLING TO *DEMONSTRATE*.

VERY WELL, THEN.

BUT I STILL DON'T TRUST YOU.

I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR *FRIENDSHIP*--

--OR EVEN YOUR *FAITH*--

I DO NOT *REQUIRE* YOUR "*TRUST*."

I REQUIRE ONLY YOUR OBEISANCE.

HE'S DEFINITELY THE PRESIDENT.

WELL, ALL... IT'S A PLEASURE, I'M SURE, MR. PRESIDENT...

HOW CAN I BE OF SERVICE?

I NEED NET ACCESS COMPUTERS, AND COVER TRANSPORTATION TO HALO CITY.

AND MY COMPANION NEEDS MEDICAL AID.

NOW, MR. RENFIELD.

MS. WAGNER HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THE *RE-ACTIV-8 MOVEMENT*, MR RENFIELD.

AND, IN *ANY* TIME, THOSE SEEKING TO PERFORM ACTS OF *CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE*--

--EVEN THOSE SUCH AS *YOU*, TRYING TO *REDISCOVER* THE ART IN REACTION TO THE *COUP*--

--NEED *ACCESS* TO SUCH THINGS.

OUR AIMS ARE THE *SAME*, MR. RENFIELD.

IF I UNDERSTAND RE-ACTIV-8 CORRECTLY, YOU WISH TO SEE THE NEW PRESIDENT *REMOVED*.

I WISH TO SEE THE POWER *BEHIND* ROGERS *MURDERED*.

INDEED. THAT MAN HEROD MUST BE STAMPED UPON LIKE THE POISON REPTILE HE IS.

ALL THIS TIME, REDUCED TO HIDING IN GARBAGE, SKULKING BY NIGHT...

...AND WEEPING, YES, WEEPING FOR MY HOMELAND, REDUCED TO SLUDGE BY A COWARD'S HAND...

ALL THIS SHALL BE MADE RIGHT.

ALL THIS AND MORE. I SHALL GET TO HALO CITY, AND THEN, AND THEN...

I SHALL MAKE GOOD MY MISTAKE-- ATTEMPTING TO SAVE AMER-ICA--

--WHEN I SHOULD HAVE CUT IT OUT OF THE WORLD LIKE A CANCER.

THE RED HOUSE

THIS LAWN LOOKS EMPTY. PERHAPS WE COULD CRUCIFY SOME DISSIDENTS, GIVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SOME OF THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION...

I KNEW YOU'D GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS. MR. PRESIDENT.

DIRECT LINE CALL: ORIGIN MASK

TZZT

OH, GOOD GRIEF -- NO REST FOR THE WICKED.

PHONE; ACCEPT CALL, ATTEMPT DISABLE MASKED CALL ORIGIN.

THIS IS MORPHINE SOMERS.

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD AT LEAST 'VE CHANGED THE OVAL OFFICE PHONE NUMBER.

I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN IN CHARGE. NOW.

WELL, WELL; THE MISSING MEMBER OF DOOM'S BLACK CABINET. THE MUTANT.

YOU'D HEARD, OF COURSE, THAT MUTANTS ARE BANNED FROM ALL URBAN AREAS.

ALL EXCEPT ONE.

HALO CITY.

HALO CITY IS MINE, SPITEYES-- AND SO ARE THE X-MEN. IT'S THE FIRST MUTANT CITYSTATE.

AND IF YOU TRY AND COME GET ME, IT'S GOING TO COST YOU MORE THAN WHAT'S IN YOUR POCKET. BELIEVE ME.

YOUR POINT?

...MUTANT.

I THINK I DO.

I HAVE THE CREATION OF A SLAVE CLASS THAT DOESN'T EAT OR SLEEP.

I'M SURE A MAN LIKE YOU UNDERSTANDS THE PROFIT MOTIVE.

TRADE. I WANT FREEDOM FROM PROSECUTION AS A POLITICAL CRIMINAL, AND I WANT HALO CITY JUST THE WAY IT IS.

YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING I WANT, MUTANT.

HEROD KNOWS.

I HAVE A SOMEWHAT TIGHTER DEADLINE FOR ARRIVAL AT HALO CITY THAN I *THOUGHT.*

HEROD?-- STOP WRIGGLING, DEARIE, YOU'LL SPLIT THE *SKIN*--

MMMFFF

ROGERS'S *HANDLER.* THE *TRUE* POWER IN THIS.

THERE, *OUT.* *RUM*-LOOKING THING, ISN'T IT?

KEEP *HOLD* OF THAT, MR. RENFIELD. I HAVE A FUTURE *USE* IN MIND FOR IT.

OHH... *THAT'S* BETTER. *MUCH* BETTER.

I NEGLECTED TO *ASK,* MS. WAGNER--WHAT IS YOUR *MUTANT* TALENT?

I *SPEAK* TO *MACHINES*

IT'S LIKE, I KNOW MOST MACHINES DON'T HAVE *MINDS,* BUT WHAT I DO IS *MACHINE TELEPATHY.*

A FAS-CINATING ABILITY.

MS. WAGNER, MY ARMOR CONTAINS A LIBRARY COMPRISED OF EVERY SCRAP OF DATA I HAVE EXPER-IENCED OR COLLATED.

I CANNOT ACCESS THIS KNOWLEDGE, DUE TO THE DAMAGE MY ARMOR HAS SUS-TAINED. MIGHT YOU--?

NO, SORRY. MY POWER'S ONLY GOOD WITH LIVE MACHINES, AND YOUR ARMOR...

WELL, NO OFFENSE, BUT IT'S LIKE SITTING NEXT TO A FRESHLY EXHUMED CORPSE.

WHAT KIND OF RANGE DOES YOUR TALENT HAVE?

OH. IT'S REALLY GOOD. I CAN REACH ABOUT TWENTY FEET NOW--

THE DEVIL'S BACK-SIDE!

TRAPPED IN A JUNK-YARD WITH AN ARMCHAIR REVOLUTION-ARY AND THE WORST MUTANT ON THE FACE OF THE--

ARMCHAIR REVOLUTIONARY?!

I MIGHT BE JUST STARTING OUT, EX-PRESI-DENT DOOM, BUT I HAVE NET ACCESS, I HAVE COMPUTERS, AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE? EH? EH?

I HAVE YOUR NET ACCESS AND YOUR COMPU-TERS.

DON'T I?

AND THE FIRST USE TO WHICH I SHALL PUT THEM--

--IS TO ATTEMPT AN EXTRACTION OF MY LIBRARY FILES.

I SHALL ALLOW YOU TO EFFECT THE CONNEC-TION AND BLEED THE REQUIRED POWER INTO MY ARMOR'S STORAGE MEDIA.

I'M HONORED-- EEYOW--

HAVE YOU EVER ATTEMPTED TO TRANSMIT YOUR TALENT ACROSS THE NET?

NO, SHOULD I?

MUTTER

CONNECTED.

LOOK FOR THE DIRECTORY NAMED X-MEN, AND SEARCH FOR FILES HEADED "DRIVER."

ROLLING LIBRARY ACCESS

FIRST, MS. WAGNER, WE SHALL TRY AND EXPAND UPON YOUR CAPABILITIES.

THEN, WE SHALL GO TO HALO CITY.

THE MUTANT CITYSTATE? REALLY?

YES. IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I LEAVE THE COUNTRY. I CANNOT ALLOW MYSELF TO BE CAUGHT.

DETAILS, MERE DETAILS, MS. WAGNER.

THERE ARE PLANS TO BE LAID, INFORMATION TO BE GATHERED.

DREAMS TO BE DREAMT.

BUT, UM... HALO CITY IS IN THE COUNTRY.

HM. ONE WOULD HOPE THIS EQUIPMENT HOLDS A MASKING SYSTEM.

IT WOULD BE RATHER EMBARRASSING TO BE RECOGNIZED BY MY NET SIGNATURE, AFTER ALL THIS...

RENFIELD.

I THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO ME.

HM? WHAT?

WHEN WE MET THREE WEEKS AGO, YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD A RE-ACTIV-8 GROUP.

THERE WAS A BIG GANG OF YOU WITH STOLEN AMERICAN CAPTAIN*ARMAMENTS, READY TO TAKE WASHINGTON BACK.

*THE WHITE HOUSE GUARD

WHEN WE MET, AND I WANTED TO GIVE YOU MY ADDRESS, AND HOPED YOU WOULD COME SEE ME--

--WELL, I HAD TO SAY SOMETHING TO IMPRESS YOU.

THERE ISN'T, IS THERE?

THERE'S JUST YOU AND SOME BIG IDEAS.

WELL.

THE SNAP AND CRACKLE OF CYBERSPACE

There's a twentieth Century fire in my blood--I am a street-fighting youth again, facing the aristocracy with truth and gunfire.

My back is to the wall, I know.

But they always said I was more DANGEROUS that way.

Here's the cyberspace representation of computer uplinks to the Global Positioning System.

I'm looking for a very special connection, issued from the computer of a vehicle requiring very special navigational skills.

I have it.

And with the connection data, I will be able to force entry through the net into that computer and that vehicle.

"Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
—Henry Hart Milman
Ride On

MARVEL COMICS

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DOOM 2099 A.D.™

C.S. MF

Stan Lee Presents:

SHOCKRIDING 2/3

ROAD IRON

WARREN ELLIS • WRITER ASHLEY WOOD • PENCILS KOBLISH & DALY • INKS

MEGAN MCDOWELL • COLORS JOHN COSTANZA • LETTERS

JOEY CAVALIERI • EDITOR BOBBIE CHASE • CHIEF MALIBU • COLOR SEPARATIONS

I'VE HOOKED HIM.

THAT MACHINE'S GOT ONE FILTHY PERSONALITY ON IT...

EXCELLENT. *NOW*, ANNIE, YOU MUST PERSUADE THEM BOTH TO COME HERE.

I'LL GIVE IT A *SHOT*, BUT IT'S *AWKWARD*..

YOUR *ANTIQUES*, DOOM.

I SAW *WAVE SPIDERS* IN THE DISTANCE. WE DON'T HAVE *LONG*.

MICROWAVE OVENS, POWERPACKS AND *CELLPHONES*, YES...

PASSABLE, MR RENFIELD, *PASSABLE*.

CARE TO INFORM ME AS TO THE DOUBTLESS UNNATURAL USE YOU HAVE IN MIND FOR THIS JUNK?

I HAVE NEED OF BOMBS AND GUNS, MR. RENFIELD.

DOOM? HE'S COMING IN. LORD, IT'S *HORRIBLE* IN HERE--

"--NEVER BEEN INSIDE A HUMAN MIND BEFORE, ONLY HERE BECAUSE HIS CAR'S WIRED INTO HIM--

"--IT'S LIKE A HUGE FIELD OF ICE, WITH THOUGHTS LIKE *LIZARDS* SCUTTLING ACROSS IT--

"--BUT WE'VE GOT HIM.

"THE DRIVER IS COMING, DOOM."

"DID YOU PROGRAM THE NUMBERS I GAVE YOU INTO THE CELLPHONES?"

"ALL THOSE ONES AND ZEROES? YES, AND I HAVE THE CALLUSES TO PROVE IT. WHY DID I RUIN MY FINGERS?"

THE FIRST RULE OF *REVOLUTION*, MR. RENFIELD: *WEAPONS* ARE WHERE YOU *FIND* THEM.

IN THE *PAST*, STREET-FIGHTERS HAVE *MADE* FINE USE OF *GARDENING IMPLEMENTS*, *PEPPERPOTS* AND *ALCOHOL*.

THIS IS NO DIFFERENT.

HE'S *FIGHTING* IT, ALL THE WAY, BUT THE CAR, THE *NITRO-BURN*...

... I'M *RIDING* IT LIKE A *HORSE*, *BREAKING* IT...

"IT MOVES SO FAST, DOOM--IT'S LIKE RIDING LIGHTNING--

"--AND--OH, I SEE NOW--

"--IT CAN BECOME INTANGIBLE, AS SOLID AS FOG--"

SEARCH-LIGHT!

THEY'VE GOT YOU, DOOM, IT'S ALL OVER--

:sigh:

MUST I REMIND YOU, MR. RENFIELD?

I AM DOOM.

AND IT ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY IT'S OVER.

POWERFIELD ENABLED

AH, MY CARRIAGE HAS ARRIVED.

INCREDIBLE. WE'RE LEAVING IN AN *INTANGIBLE* PICK-UP TRUCK. THIS IS *BRILLIANT*, DOOM--

WE?

I AM TAKING *MS. WAGNER* WITH ME, *YES*--BUT I DO NOT RECALL INVITING *YOU*, MR. RENFIELD.

YOU POINTED A *WEAPON* AT ME. YOU WERE *DISRE-SPECTFUL.*

HEY NOW, THAT WAS JUST BEING *CAREFUL*--

NO.

IT WAS JUST *RUDE.*

RENFIELD--

-- CANNOT *HEAR* YOU, MS. WAGNER. ENTER THE VEHICLE, PLEASE.

WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO, AND--

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OH, LORD.

:GAG:

THIS IS NO TIME FOR *SQUEAMISHNESS*, MS. WAGNER.

YOU ARE ENTIRELY FREE TO SCREAM OR VOMIT--

"--AFTER YOU HAVE TOLD THE DRIVER TO DRIVE."

WHAT GOOD IS IT? SHIELD WILL STILL SEE US, PROB'LY SHOOT US OFF THE ROAD--

OH, SHOCK, WE'RE RIDING IN A MEAT WAGON. :RETCH:

NO. THE SAME VISIT TO CYBERSPACE THAT GAINED US OUR CONNECTION TO THE DRIVER ALSO PURCHASED OTHER CODES.

"SPECIFICALLY, THE C-SPACE MAINTENANCE CODES FOR SHIELD VEHICLE GUIDANCE SYSTEMS AND WAVE SPIDER CORTEX ACCESS.

"SO FEAR NOT-- NO ONE WILL FOLLOW US.

"AS I SAID, THE REVOLUTIONARY FINDS TOOLS EVERYWHERE.

"MOLOTOV COCKTAILS WOULD PROVE IMPRACTICAL, OF COURSE, BUT MOTION SENSORS, ANTIQUE OVENS--

"--THEIR SHIELDINGS AND PROTECTIVE FUNCTIONS REMOVED, THEIR OUTPUTS INCREASED THROUGH ADDED POWER--

"--YES, I FEEL OLD MOLOTOV WOULD NOT SCORN MY MICROWAVE BOMBS, MS. WAGNER.

"AND FOR THOSE WHO MISSED MY BOMBS, THE CODES PRE-DIALED INTO THE PHONES--

"--THE REDIAL FUNCTION ACTIVATED BY THE MOTION SENSORS--

"--WILL SPREAD A LITTLE FURTHER HAPPINESS.

"AND THE VEHICLE COMPUTERS AND SPIDER BRAINS DIE.

"THE CODES OPEN UP THEIR VEHICLES TO MY CONTROL.

"THE ELECTRONICS SALVAGED FROM RENFIELD'S JUNK RADIOS AND COMPUTERS SEND A SIMPLE SIGNAL AT AN EXTREMELY LOW FREQUENCY ALONG THE OPEN CHANNEL.

"THERE.

"DO YOU FEEL BETTER NOW?"

"GAAAHG OOOGLIOOGLIOOGLI"

HM. MY LIBRARY FILES SUGGESTED THAT THE DRIVER'S PSYCHOSIS HAD NOT YET REACHED THIS EXTENT.

HAD YOU HEARD OF THE DRIVER, MS. WAGNER? NO?

"HE WHO WAS REDUCING MUTANTS INTO A GENETIC SAMPLE, TO BE CONTAINED WITHIN A MACHINE?

"THIS WAS HIS TASK: TO PRESERVE MUTANTS FOR A SAFER, KINDER FUTURE TIME.

"THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE MACHINE DIDN'T WORK."

IT WOULD SEEM THAT HE IS *STILL* GATHERING MUTANTS, FULFILLING HIS TASK.

I WOULD *DEDUCE*, HOWEVER, THAT RATHER THAN DOWNLOADING THEM INTO A FAULTY MACHINE--

--HE IS SIMPLY *DRIVING AROUND* WITH THEM, PERHAPS *FOREVER*.

NONE OF THIS MEANS *ANYTHING* TO YOU, DOES IT?

THIS *STINK*, SHOOTING *RENFIELD*, THE *COPS*, *DEATH*; *NOTHING* MEANS AS MUCH AS THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN *VOICE*.

YOU'RE A *MONSTER*.

"POSSIBLY.

"BUT A HOPEFUL MONSTER, NONETHELESS."

"AFTER ALL, I BUILT HALO CITY IN THE HOPE THAT I WOULD NEVER HAVE TO USE IT."

"YOU BUILT-- AAAAH--"

--HE'S LOSING IT--UP THERE IN THE COCKPIT--

--WE'VE RIDDEN HIM TOO LONG AND HE'S LOSING IT--

--WE'RE DROPPING SPEED AND GOING SOLID--

"CAN DOOM RELY ON NO ONE ANYMORE?"

"IT MUST BE TOUGH GETTING THE STAFF THESE DAYS, RIGHT?"

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I AM REMINDED OF A VERY POOR "JOKE" FROM MY ORIGINAL TIME.

IT IS NOT THE *FALL* THAT KILLS YOU, BUT THE SUDDEN *STOP* AT THE *END.*

AH, YES.

THEY *DID* CONSTRUCT THE BUILDINGS ACCORDING TO *MY* SPECIFICATIONS.

THIS SHOULD BE THE POINT.

"THE BLOOD OF RICHARDS."

EXCELLENT.

I CONFESS, I WAS A *LITTLE* WORRIED ABOUT THE EMBEDDING OF THE *VOICE-RECOGNITION* CHIPS...

THERE IS THE NOISE OF SOMETHING BAD TRAVELING ACROSS HALO. UNDER COVER OF STEEL AND STONE.

SO YOU'RE HERE, HALO CITY. THAT'S GREAT.

YOU GOING TO KILL ME NOW, TOO?

RELEASE THE DRIVER. I CAN NOW FIND HIM WHENEVER I *NEED* HIM.

--AND I WILL NEED HIM *SOON.*

YES, MS. WAGNER, I *AM* HERE-- *HALO CITY,* THE CITY I BUILT--

--AND *YOU* ARE *FREE.*

I WOULD ASK FOR THAT *ITEM* YOU ARE HOLDING FOR ME *BEFORE* YOU LEAVE, HOW-EVER.

IF YOU WOULDN'T *MIND.*

FREE?

INDEED. HERE IN THE *MUTANT CITYSTATE* I DESIGNED, YOU ARE *SAFE* FROM THE BIGOTED WORLD *BEYOND.*

ACCEPT THIS FREEDOM WITH MY THANKS.

FAREWELL, MS. WAGNER.

I HOPE YOU FIND *JOY* HERE.

THE CLINIC REEKS, AND SO DOES XI'AN CHI XAN.

HE STINKS OF SWEAT, AND DRIED BLOOD, AND BURNED HUMAN MEAT.

THE STENCH OF XI'AN CHI XAN. ONCE LEADER OF THE X-MEN, TELLS A STORY OF EXHAUSTION, A STRUGGLE FOR REDEMPTION.

XI'AN CHI XAN.

XI'AN.

XI'AN CHI XAN, I HAVE NO TIME TO INDULGE YOUR DAY-DREAMS.

DOOM?

WHERE ARE YOU?

EVERY-WHERE.

I HAVE NEED OF THE HUMAN RESOURCES WITHIN HALO. YOU WILL ARRANGE IT.

I HAVE HAD *RECORDING APPARATUS* WITHIN HALO SINCE THE CITY WENT *ONLINE.*

THERE IS AN *OCCUPATIONAL FORCE* OF "*UN-DEAD*" WITHIN HALO.

THE *GOVERNMENT* HAS SENT A *STRIKE FORCE* TO OBTAIN THOSE CREATURES. THEY WILL *NOT* LEAVE HALO *UNTOUCHED.*

SEND ME THE *BOY*-- THE BOY WITH THE TOUCH FOR *TECHNOLOGY*-- AND I SHALL *STRIKE* AT THE *ROOTS* OF THESE TRIALS.

Bhaaaahh

WHY NOT?

SEND HIM TO *FORTUNE HOUSE*, IN THE INFORMATION DISTRICT.

SEND ME ALSO...*SHAKTI HADDAD.*

SHAKTI? WHY SHAKTI?

DOOM? ANSWER ME!

DOOM?

"A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green."
-Francis Bacon, "Of Revenge"

MARVEL®

2099

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FEB

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DOOM 2099®

X NATION

•ASHLEY WOOD 95•

THE DRIVER

SHOCKRIDING

3/3: EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL

WARREN ELLIS—writer **STEVE PUGH**—penciler
SCOTT KOBLISH—inker **JOHN COSTANZA**—letterer
MEGAN McDOWELL—colorist **MALIBU**—color separations
JOEY CAVALIERI—editor **BOBBIE CHASE**—chief
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

WASHINGTON; UPON THE SITE OF THE WHITE HOUSE, THE RED HOUSE...

...AND, WITHIN ITS OVAL OFFICE, THE PRESIDENT.

SO THIS GRAVE-ROBBER CREATES ZOMBIES?

I DON'T *BELIEVE* YOU'RE SENDING A STRIKE-FORCE INTO *HALO CITY* TO GRAB SOME *VOODOO* GUY, HEROD.

YOU'RE *KIDDING* ME.

I COULD GENERATE A *WORKFORCE* FROM THAT VOODOO GUY THAT'D NEVER NEED TO *EAT* OR *SLEEP*.

HIGH PROFIT, PRESIDENT ROGERS. COULD SLICE *TWO YEARS* OFF MY FIVE-YEAR *PLAN*.

AND, THAT REPTILE *MORPHINE SOMERS* IS SO DESPERATE TO PURCHASE *IMMUNITY* FROM *PROSECUTION*--

-- THAT HE INTENDS TO HAND ME THE *X-MEN* TOO.

BLESS HIS SCALES.

CONTAINS: RAW ANIMAL BITS

WHAT ABOUT *DOOM*? I READ OVER SOME OF THE *SHIELD* REPORTS...

SNORT

I BEGIN TO EQUATE THIS DOOM THING WITH THE *ELVIS* SIGHTINGS OF *YOUR* ERA.

I ASSUME ALL THIS HYSTERIA WAS BORN OF THE RAVINGS OF A DYING COP. NO MORE. NO ONE *ELSE* SAW HIM.

URP

HEESO HE'S *DEAD*, THEN. VAPORIZED*HEE* IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WHITE*HEE*HOUSE.

TIME TO *HEE*GET TO *BUSINESS* -- COMPLETE THE *HEE**EXTERMINATION* OF THE *SUPER HEROES* --

-- RUN THE *HEE*-*MUTANTS* INTO *HEE**HALO CITY* AND OUT*HEE* OF THE *HEEWAY*--

SNORT

ATTABOY.

HALO CITY, ON THE EARTHQUAKE COASTLINE:

THIS IS THE *PLACE.*

XI'AN NEVER SAID IT WAS AN *EMPTY* OFFICE BLOCK, THOUGH...

FORTUNE HOUSE

MIND YOU, XI'AN DIDN'T SAY MUCH OF ANYTHING.

OKAYYY... READY OR NOT, HERE I COME...

ANYONE HOME?

C'MON... THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY HERE.

INDEED.

DOOM?

BUT YOU DIED DURING THE *COUNTER-COUP*, THE WHITE HOUSE ATTACK--

THERE *IS* SOMEONE HERE.

I REQUEST YOUR SERVICES, *BILLY ZEDD*. YOUR *MUTANT ATTRI-BUTE* OF *MAKING MACHINERY*.

I NEED *NEW ARMOR*. AND I REQUIRE A GREAT DEAL OF *NANOTECH-NOLOGY*.

AND, UNLESS YOU *GRANT* YOUR SERVICES -- *HALO CITY* WILL BE *DESTROYED*.

YOU BETTER HAVE PLENTY OF *MATERIAL* I CAN CANNIBALIZE-- AND *NANOTECH* IS GONNA TAKE SOME *TIME*--

--WHERE YOU *GOING?*

TIME, BOY, IS SOMETHING I HAVE *LACKED* EVER SINCE I *CAME* TO THIS CONTINENT.

BUT THAT *WILL* BE RECTIFIED, OH, YES.

KEEP *UP*, BOY.

I PRESUME THAT *THIS* WILL BE ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR YOUR *TALENT* TO COME TO *GRIPS* WITH.

OH, *YEAH.*

GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO THE *SPECS* YOU WANT YOUR ARMOR TO HOLD?

THE ATTRIBUTES OF *THIS* ARMOR, WHEN *WORKING*, SHOULD *SUFFICE*. THE DETAILS ARE IN ONBOARD FILES.

OTHER THAN *THAT*... I GRANT PERMISSION FOR YOU TO BE *CREATIVE.*

SMOOTH. OKAY, WE'RE ON A *DEADLINE* HERE, MAN, SO LET'S GET *CRACKING.*

"OH, CAROLINA," SAYS A BROKEN VOICE, SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE TREES OF THIS NEW CAROLINA FORESTATION, ARRANGED BY THE EX-PRESIDENT;

THE DRIVER IS SINGING IN A BRAND NEW ORCHARD.

HE'S NOT BEEN WELL SINCE DOOM AND HIS MUTANT ACCOMPLICE TOOK HIM OVER AND RODE HIM TO HALO CITY.

BUT HE TREPANNED HIMSELF WITH A SCREWDRIVER NOT TWO HOURS AGO, AND HE FEELS FINE NOW.

NAHNAH NOT AGAINNN

NOOOOO

THIS MAN USED TO LEAD THE X-MEN.

NOW, XI'AN CHI XAN IS JUST TIRED; USING HIS MUTANT HEALING ABILITY IN THIS CLINIC, TO EX-HAUSTION.

XI'AN?

WHUH? NOT AGAIN.

OH, IT'S *YOU*, SHAKTI .. HUHH...

YOU'RE JUMPY, XI'AN. ARE YOU *SLEEPING*?

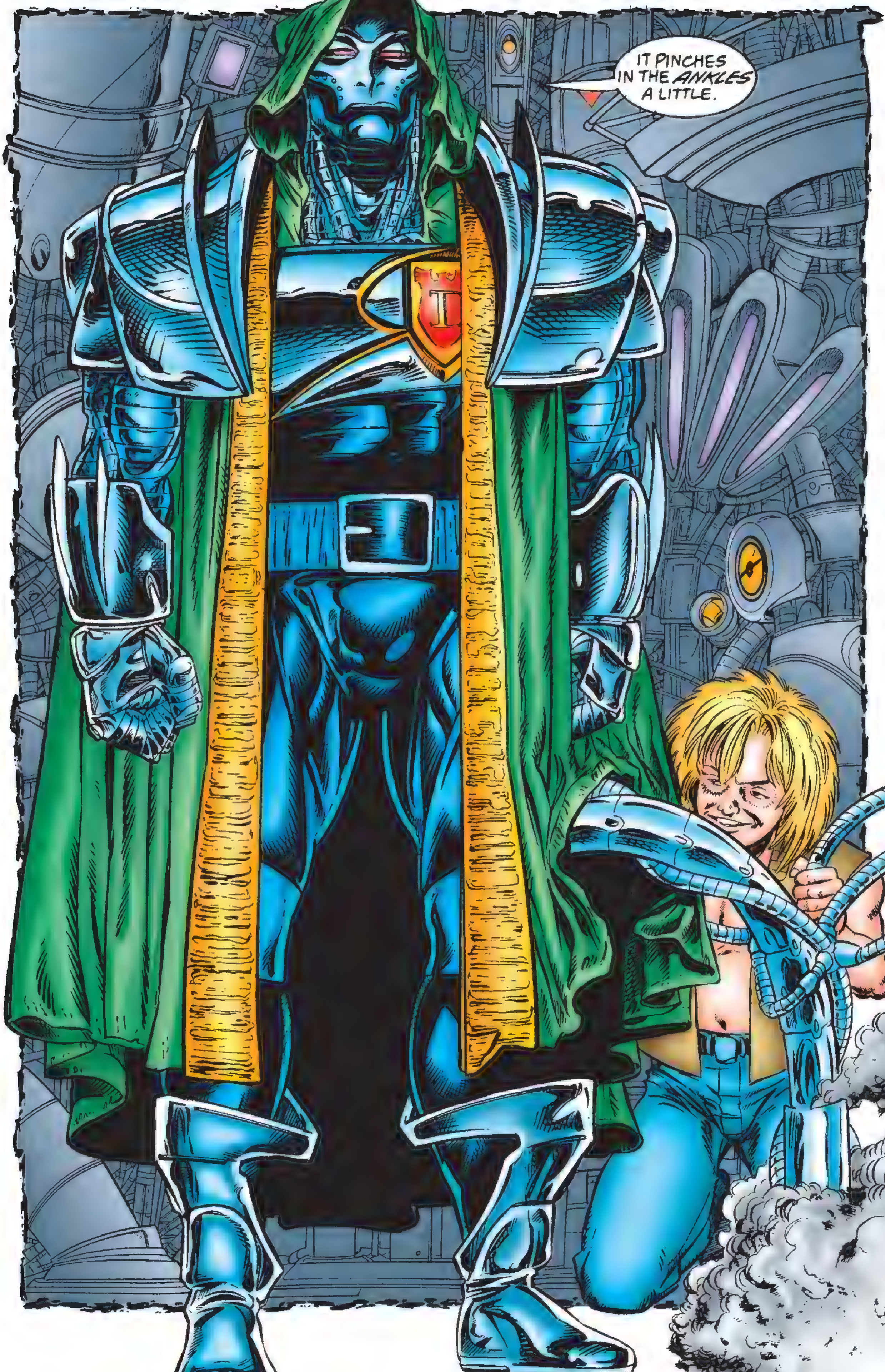
I DON'T HAVE *TIME* TO SLEEP. SHAK-TI, I HAVE TO ASK YOU TO GO TO *FOR-TUNE HOUSE* IN THE DATA DISTRICT.

XI'AN, WE'RE A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW...

I KNOW, THE *GRAVEROBBER*, YOUR *FAMILY*, THE *CHILDREN*...

...AND IF YOU WANT *ANY* OF IT TO SURVIVE PAST THE *WEEKEND*, GO TO FORTUNE HOUSE.

THE MAN THERE HAS HAD SOME HOURS, AND SHOULD BE READY FOR YOU NOW...


IT PINCHES IN THE ANKLES A LITTLE.

IT PROCESSES FASTER THAN YOUR OLD CLOTHES. I'VE FILTERED OUT AS MUCH OF THE CHEAPIE LANXIDE ALLOYING AS I CAN TO TOUGHEN IT--

--IT'S GOT EVERY-THING THE OLD ONE DID AND SOME NEW STUFF TO BOOT--

I'D SAY LIVE WITH THE PINCH.

VERY GOOD, BILLY, VERY GOOD.

NOW, ABOUT THE OTHER ORDER I MADE...

GIVE IT ANOTHER HOUR AND THIS VAT'LL BE FULL AND READY TO GO.

I ADMIRE YOUR PROFESS-IONALISM, BILLY. SUCH A RARE GIFT THESE DAYS.

HEY, THIS'S THE MOST INTERESTING WORK I'VE HAD SINCE KINDERGARTEN. MY PLEASURE, BOSS.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WORK FOR YOU, BILLY ZEDO.

NOW, SINCE I HAVE AN HOUR TO KILL, I THINK I MAY GO VISIT-ING.

THESE ARE THE ROOMS OF MORPHINE SOMERS.

RATS.

WHY DID THE WHITE HOUSE *LINE* HAVE TO GO DOWN *NOW*?

THIS IS THE SKIN OF MORPHINE SOMERS, NOW--CLEAN, WRAPPED IN FINE CLOTHES, A FAR CRY FROM THE GUTTER-DISSIDENT DAYS OF OLD.

SO *NOW* YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO ME? SCABS.

TRANSMISSION BLOCKED BY REQUEST

DOOM INSTALLED THE MUTANT DISSIDENT SOMERS AS CONTROLLER OF HALO CITY.

SOMERS TURNED THAT CONTROL TO HIS OWN ENDS.

HE HAS BEEN *BARGAINING* WITH THE *WHITE HOUSE* TO SAVE THAT FINE CLEAN SKIN OF HIS--

--USING OTHER MUTANTS AS HIS GAMBLING CHIPS.

Boom

AAHHK

AAAAAA

LORD, I'VE BEEN SHOT, I'M DYING--

IF I *WANTED* YOU *DEAD*, YOU WOULD *NOT* HAVE HAD *TIME* TO *FEEL* THE *SHOT*.

YOU HAVE *BETRAYED* MY *TRUST* IN YOU, MORPHINE SOMERS.

THAT IS AN *INHIBITOR SPIKE*. YOUR *MUTANT TALENT* HAS BEEN *DISABLED*.

YOU WILL *LIE STILL* AND *LISTEN*.

DOOM? HOW DID-- HEY, HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?

HALO CITY WAS BUILT TO *MY SPECIFICATIONS*, SHOT THROUGH WITH HIDDEN *TRANSIT PASSAGES* KEYED TO *MY BRAIN SIGNATURE*.

I CAN REACH YOU *ANYTIME* I *LIKE*.

I CHOOSE TO LEAVE YOU *ALIVE* AND IN *HALO CITY*. *ALL* CREATURES DESERVE A CHANCE AT *REDEMPTION*.

BUT I SHALL BE *WATCHING* YOU, MORPHINE SOMERS.

DONE.

IS THE *DRIVER* HERE YET?

WHERE IN SHOCK DID *YOU* COME FROM?

PERHAPS I SHALL TELL YOU, BEFORE I DEPART; *IS* HE HERE?

TURNED UP IN THE *BASE-MENT* A FEW MINUTES AGO. HOW'D YOU *DO* IT?

I HAD DEVICES FOR THIS PURPOSE LOCATED IN HALO CITY BY THE BUILDERS. IF ONLY I'D INTERPOLATED IT INTO MY ARMOR...

LEMME AT IT-- I CAN *DO* THAT--

PERHAPS ANOTHER TIME, BILLY.

FOR NOW, ATTACH *FLOATERS* TO THE *VATS*-- WE NEED TO *LOAD* THEM AND THEIR *DELIVERY SYSTEM* ONTO THE *NITROBURN*.

FAST WORK, BILLY. I'M *IMPRESSED*.

DRIVER-- BE ABOUT YOUR *APPOINTED TASKS*.

PANT-PANT-- WOULDN'T WANTCHA-- *PANT*- TO GETCHA ARMOR ALL DIRTY- *PANT*-

GET YOU I'LL GET YOU YOU SCAB YOU *PUSLICKER* YOU.

ALL UTTERLY TERRIFYING, I'M SURE.

MOVE.

"BORED."

"BOREDBORED BOREDBORED BORED.

"I'M BORED, HEROD.

"WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LET ME DO SOMETHING, HUH? HUH?"

BECOMING A LITTLE *UNGLUED*, MISTER PRESIDENT?

HHHH... WELL, IT *WAS* TO BE *EXPECTED*, I SUPPOSE...

THERE'S SOMETHING COMING.

...YOU WEREN'T *TERRIBLY* STABLE IN THE *FIRST* PLACE, YOUR *NEURAL STRUCTURE* WASN'T THE BEST--

--PROBABLY CHUNKS OF *ICE* IN YOUR BRAIN, TOO...

...WHAT DO YOU *MEAN*, THERE'S SOMETHING *COMING*?

"HEROD.

"I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME.

"YOU HAVE DONE WELL, HEROD. YOUR USE OF NANOTECHNOLOGY IN PARTICULAR WAS FASCINATING.

"AND INSPIRING. FOR I HAVE JUST RELEASED AROUND A TON OF NANOTECH ROBOTS INTO YOUR RED HOUSE.

"THEY HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO DISASSEMBLE EVERY-THING IN THEIR PATH, REDUCING IT TO LOOSE ATOMS.

"YOUR DATABASES, YOUR STAFF, YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR BUILDING.

"THE SECOND NANO-TECH VAT I PREPARED WILL BE DROPPED ON THE CHICAGO VAULT, THEREBY REMOVING THE LAST OF YOUR FANGS.

"YOUR RED HOUSE IS TURNING TO DUST AND AIR, HEROD."

I AM PARTICULARLY PLEASED WITH THE TWO SUBDIVISIONS OF NANOTECH ROBOTS INCLUDED IN THIS DELIVERY--

--ONE TO GENERATE A TEMPORARY DISPLAY SCREEN, SO WE COULD CHAT--

--AND ONE TO BOND INTO YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE AND CHEW INTO YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM, LEAVING YOU IN CONSTANT PAIN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

YOU WILL NEVER FORGET ME AGAIN, HEROD.

AAAA

YOU, I CHOOSE TO LEAVE ALIVE. IT IS CRUELER.

OH, YOU WILL DOUBTLESS BE ABLE TO CONTROL THE PAIN FOR SHORT PERIODS... BUT YOU WILL ALWAYS KNOW IT IS THERE, WAITING.

AS AM I.

WELL, YOU'RE IN A GOOD MOOD.

I'LL ADMIT TO FEELING A *LITTLE* PLEASED.

THANK YOU FOR COMING HERE, SHAKTI HADDAD -- I APOLOGIZE FOR THE CRYPTIC NATURE OF MY SUMMONS, BUT I PREFER TO REMAIN *DEAD* TO AMERICA AT THIS TIME.

I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU.

HALO CITY WAS BUILT TO MY SPECIFICATIONS, COMPLETE WITH A *BACK DOOR*, SHOULD I HAVE REQUIRED IT.

THIS HIDDEN ROOM WITHIN FORTUNE HOUSE CONTAINS THAT BACK DOOR -- A *TELEPORTATION CONDUIT.*

IT IS NO *MAGIC CARPET*, THOUGH, SHAKTI.

IT WORKS ON A *STATION-TO-STATION* BASIS, TELEPORTING BETWEEN *OTHER* SUCH PLATFORMS SECRETED ACROSS THE WORLD.

HERE LIE THE *TRANSFER CODES* FOR THE CONDUIT, WITHOUT WHICH IT IS *USELESS.*

YOU ARE BY FAR THE *WISEST* OF THE *X-MEN*, SHAKTI.

THE YOUNG MUTANTS THAT THIS CITY IS CALLING *X-NATION* ARE PLACED IN YOUR CARE.

AND SO ARE THESE *TRANSFER CODES.*

THE CHILDREN ARE MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

THESE ARE CODES-- THESE ARE OUR *SECRETS*, SHAKTI. KEEP THEM WELL.

NOW I MUST *DEPART* THIS POISONED COUNTRY. BE *SAFE*, BOTH OF YOU.

WHERE'RE YOU *GOING* TO?

"'Do what thou wilt' shall be the whole of the law."
A. Crowley

NATION UNDER GOD

CONCLUDED

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2099

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MAR

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DOOM 2099®

JOHN BUSCEMA / JIM PALMIOTTI '95

MAY the CIRCLE be UNBROKEN

A STAN LEE presentation

WARREN ELLIS-writer JOHN BUSCEMA-penciler SCOTT KOBLISH-inker JOHN COSTANZA- letterer
MEGAN McDOWELL-colorist MALIBU-computer separations JOEY CAVALIERI-editor BOBBIE CHASE-chief

MYRIDIA:

THE ISLAND STANDS OFF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST, FRAMED BY THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL AND THE INDIAN OCEAN.

IN PRIVATE OWNERSHIP SINCE THE 2050'S, MYRIDIA HAS COUNTERPOINTED ITS OCEANIC ISOLATION WITH TOTAL IMMERSION IN THE WORLD'S ELECTRONIC SEA.

MYRIDIA IS THE INFORMATION CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

AT FIRST, THE ISLAND NATION'S RULERS AND POPULACE GATHERED INFORMATION AS A WEAPON AGAINST THE WORLD -- SOMETHING WHICH THEY COULD BOTH TRADE IN AND DEFEND WITH.

HERE AT THE END OF THE CENTURY, WHERE IMPERIALISM IS SOMEWHAT REDUCED, MYRIDIA GATHERS DATA FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

THEY HAVE SPIES AND TAPS AND NEWSFEEDS AND SOURCES AND, YES, EVEN THIEVES RIGHT ACROSS THE WHOLE WIRED WORLD.

THEY ARE THE INFORMATION-RICH -- AND THEY REVEL IN IT.

THE MILITARY DYNASTY THAT MADE MYRIDIA IS GONE, NOW.

THE POPULACE OF MYRIDIA HAS YET TO DISCOVER THIS; THE **NEW MANAGER** CHOSE NOT TO DIVULGE IT, AND THE UNSPOKEN RULE IN MYRIDIA IS THAT ONE DOESN'T STEAL DATA FROM HOME.

THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET WHO ACTUALLY KNOWS THE NEW MANAGER IS EVEN HERE.

IN THE HIDDEN TRANSFER HALL, THERE IS THE CHITTERING OF EXCHANGED CODES, A SNAP OF POWER, AND THE SOUND OF A MAN REDUCED TO ELECTRICITY BEING FIRED ACROSS THE OCEAN...

...DOOM.

ONCE RULER OF THE EAST EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA, RECENTLY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY RIGHT OF INVASION--

--NOW, STARTING AFRESH FROM MYRIDIA, THE CRACKLING HEART OF THE INFORMATION WORLD.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TO THINK ABOUT IN THE LAST SEVERAL WEEKS. AND MUCH TO DO IN THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS.

HE LOST THE PRESIDENCY TO THE AMERICAN CORPORATE FORCES, AND DOOM HAS BEEN CONSIDERING THE REASONS FOR THAT LOSS.

EVENTUALLY, HE WAS FORCED TO RECOGNIZE THE SINGLE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAS BROUGHT LOW ALL CONQUERORS.

HE COULDN'T SEE EVERYTHING AT ONCE.

HE COULDN'T REPAIR THE ENVIRONMENT, TEND TO THE RUINED FABRIC OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, REBUILD THE STRUCTURE OF HUMAN RESOURCES AND SEE EVERY OTHER DETAIL OF THE COUNTRY.

AND SO CORPORATE SECRETS REMAINED SECRETS FOR JUST A DAY TOO LONG.

IT IS STILL GALLING TO THE MAN.

HE KNEW HE COULD DISSUADE AMERICA FROM MAKING A HELL OF EARTH IF HE OFFERED THEM HEAVEN...

IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR PERCEPTION.

DOOM HAS COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT ATTEMPTING TO SEE AND CONTROL EVERY DETAIL OF ONE COUNTRY MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO SAVE THIS PLANET FROM ITSELF.

HOWEVER, FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF MYRIDIA, HE CAN VIEW A SMALL SELECTION OF PERTINENT DETAILS ON A PLANETARY BASIS--

--AND, BY MANIPULATION OF INFORMATION, CAN AFFECT SMALL, CHOICE ASPECTS OF WORLD CULTURE.

HE NEED ONLY FOLLOW THE RIPPLES AND REPERCUSSIONS OF ONE ACT.

OR, PUT ANOTHER WAY--

--WHAT IF DOOM WERE TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD?

THE NEWEST ADDITION TO THE MYRIDIAN SKYLINE IS ALSO THE STRANGEST.

DURING DOOM'S AMERICAN SOJOURN, ENGINEERING TEAMS IN HIS (COVERT) PAY GREW A NEW GOVERNMENTAL CITADEL IN THE CENTER OF MYRIDIA, TO DOOM'S SPECIFICATIONS.

THEY GREW IT.

GREAT VATS OF NANOTECH ASSEMBLER ROBOTS. EACH DEVICE NO BIGGER THAN A VIRUS, CONVERTED GARBAGE INTO CARBON, AND CARBON INTO DIAMOND AND BLACK STEEL.

THEY CALL IT THE POINT.

DOOM HAS A THEORY ABOUT NANOTECHNOLOGY.

ITS VERY EXISTENCE IS AN ANOMALY IN THIS WORLD -- OR ITS LACK OF EXPLOITATION IS AN ANOMALY.

A WORLD OF NANOTECH SHOULD BE A WORLD WITHOUT HUNGER. WITHOUT ILLNESS, WITHOUT WANT, AND PERHAPS EVEN WITHOUT GOVERNMENT.

NANOTECH IS THE HORN OF PLENTY, AND YET, IN 2099, ITS USE IS RESTRICTED TO THE OCCASIONAL CONSTRUCTION WORK OR COMPUTER AUGMENTATION.

WHEN A SMEAR OF NANOTECH COULD BUILD FOOD FROM DIRT, WHY DO PEOPLE STARVE IN THE SLUMS OF AMERICA?

SIMPLE. THE CORPORATE MENTALITY THAT GOVERNS MUCH OF THE EARTH WOULD STAND TO MAKE NO PROFIT FROM PARADISE.

THE PEOPLE HAVE NOT BEEN TOLD OF THE POTENTIAL OF NANOTECHNOLOGY.

WE COULD HAVE MADE THE STARS JEALOUS OF OUR MAGIC, THINKS DOOM. WE COULD HAVE SOARED THROUGH LIFE ON A SPARKLING WAVE OF TINY MIRACLES.

INSTEAD, WE ARE PRESSED INTO THE GUTTER BY MONEY AND FEAR.

DOOM SHALL, IN INCREMENTS, BRING PARADISE TO THIS EARTH.

HE FINDS THE CONCEPT CHARMINGLY DOUBLE-EDGED-- IT IS A GIFT TO HIS PROTECTORATE, THE PEOPLE, AND A SWORD IN THE GUTS OF HIS ENEMIES.

HE WILL BEGIN INTRODUCING NANOTECH INTO SMALL COUNTRIES, AT FIRST, THE AMERICANS WILL LIKELY HIDE THE NEWS OF THEIR TINY NEIGHBORS MAKING FOOD AND MEDICINE FROM WASTE AND SLURRY...

...BUT WHEN THEIR CITIES BECOME WIRED GARDENS, WHEN THEIR CORNUCOPIA HOMES DERIVE POWER FROM BUDS AND THEIR VEHICLES RUN ON AIR-- WHAT THEN?

THE MYRIAD GARDENS OF EDEN WILL BECOME WEAPONS POINTED AT THE AMERICAN WAY.

DOOM HAS ALWAYS THOUGHT LARGE THOUGHTS.

THIS ALONE IS ENOUGH TO DISTINGUISH HIM FROM HIS LATE 21ST CENTURY PEERS, AS WELL AS HIS LATE 20TH CENTURY OPPONENTS.

THE TINY EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA, FROM WHICH HE SPRANG, MAY WELL HAVE BEEN RULED WITH DOOM'S IRON HAND WELL VISIBLE--

--BUT IT WAS ALSO RULED WITH DEEP LOVE, AND BOUNDLESS INGENUITY.

HE WAS THE GREATEST MIND OF THE 1900'S AND IS THE SECRET GENIUS OF THE 2000'S. THE PLANET WILL NEVER SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN, AND WILL BE POORER FOR IT.

PERHAPS HIS REVOL-
UTIONARY NATURE HAS
BEEN TEMPERED IN THE
FLAME OF REALITY, NOW.

HE WILL TAKE HIS EASE,
BRIEFLY, IN THE NANO-
TECHNOLOGICAL MAGIC
OF HIS DIAMOND
NEEDLE.

THIS IS THE
QUIET IN THE
EYE OF HIS
OWN STORM.

DOOM ATTAINS THE SUMMIT OF HIS SECRET PALACE.

HERE INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY IS EMBEDDED IN EVERY ANGLE OF THE DIAMOND, EVERY MOTE OF THE STEEL, EVERY BREATH OF AIR.

THIS IS THE SPARKLING, WINTRY HEART OF MYRIDIA. DOOM NEED ONLY SIT AND LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF ITS BLOOD TO KNOW EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE.

THIS IS NOT THE END. IT IS A BEGINNING.

HE IS DOOM, AND HE WILL MAKE THIS WORLD ANEW.

THEY WILL HATE HIM FOR IT, HE KNOWS. FOR THEY HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY DOOM DOES WHAT HE DOES.

AND SO, THERE AT THE POINT, HE TURNS AND WHISPERS HIS EXPLANATION TO THE NEW MORNING.

"I LOVE YOU.

"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?"

"A man who has not passed through the inferno of his passions has never overcome them."

-- CARL GUSTAV JUNG
"MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS"

■ AS ONE CHAPTER OF THE 2099 UNIVERSE ENDED, ANOTHER BEGAN. THE IMPRINT'S NEXT SERIES, FANTASTIC FOUR 2099, WAS SET UP IN THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT FROM 2099 A.D. GENESIS...

WRITER: WARREN ELLIS • PENCILER: DALE EAGLESHAM • INKER: SCOTT KOBLISH • COLORIST: MIKE THOMAS
COLOR SEPARATIONS: MALIBU • LETTERER: JON BABCOCK • ASSISTANT EDITOR: LIA PELOSI
EDITOR: JOEY CAVALIERI

THERE IS A PLACE THAT EXISTS SIDEWAYS OF THE WORLD.

IT WAS DISCOVERED, AND NAMED, IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 1900'S... OVER A CENTURY AGO.

THE NEGATIVE ZONE.

DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT ZONESCAPE...

Oh, HERE WE *GO*... PARANOID KEITH DOESN'T *LIKE* IT. SO WE'LL ALL PACK UP AND GO HOME...

WE DON'T WANNA *HEAR* IT, KEITH...

I'M *SERIOUS*, YOU GUYS-- I SMELL *VOLTSTORM.* I TELL YOU--

YOU'RE IN A *SUIT*, KEITH, YOU DON'T SMELL NOTHING EXCEPT *YOURSELF*--

THAT'S THAT *PRAWN CURRY* WORKING THAT YOU'RE SMELLING, MAN...

BITE RATS, YOU GUYS.

Ha ha ha ha ha

Uhm, PEOPLE...

...KEITH MIGHT'VE HAD A *POINT* THIS TIME...

STORMSIGN.

WE GOT *STORMSIGN*-- NOTIFY *HOMEGATE* THAT WE'RE HEADING *BACK.*

I *TOLD* YOU GUYS--

I TOLD Y--

GATEFINDERS ACTIVATED.

STARK-FUJIKAWA HOMEGATE, THIS IS MAINTENANCE FLIGHT NINE COMING IN...

LIFE STASIS FIELD COMPROMISED.

LIFE STASIS FIELD DISCONNECTING.

4

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WARNING. . .

MASSIVE VOLTSTRIKE. . .

NEG-COLLECTOR OVERLOAD. . . LIFE STASIS FIELD COMPROMISED. . . ALERT HOMEGATE. . .

VZZAK-A-DOOM!

NEG-COLLECTOR TOP PRIORITY. . . REROUTE POWER. . .

LIFE STASIS FIELD DISCONNECTING. . .

MOVEMENT DETECTED IN STASIS CHAMBER . . . ALERT HOMEGATE. . .

REPEAT: MOVEMENT DETECTED. . .

WOTTA WE *WAITIN'* FOR? LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE *ROAD!*

ONE--

KRUNK!

"--TWO--

"--THREE--"

KOOM!

"--FOUR!

GOOD WORK, BEN! YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN *NEED* OUR HELP!

IS EVERYONE *ALL RIGHT*?

IT *LOOKS* THAT WAY, REED-- BUT I JUST WANT TO KNOW *ONE THING*.

HOW IN THE WORLD DID WE--

Stan Lee Presents

FANTASTIC 4 EVER!

COMICS' COSMIC QUARTET TAKES A QUANTUM LEAP-- IN THE TRADEMARKED 2099 TRADITION!

KARL KESEL • WRITER
RICK LEONARDI • PENCILER
AL WILLIAMSON • INKER
JANICE CHIANG • LETTERER
PAUL BECTON • COLORIST
MALIBU • COMPUTER COLOR
JOEY CAVALIERI • EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE • CHIEF

WITH MUCH OWED TO STAN LEE AND JACK KIRBY

--GET HERE? MY QUESTION EXACTLY, SUE.

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE *NEGATIVE ZONE*, BUT--

NO, REED. I WAS WONDERING--

--WHERE'S *ANNIHILUS*, RIGHT, SUZIE? WE WAS MIXIN' IT WITH *HIM*, LAST I REMEMBER.

'COURSE, THINGS'RE KINDA *FUZZY* IN MY HEAD...

LIKE THAT'S *DIFFERENT*?

HEY--LOOK OVER *HERE*!

GOOD *EYES*, JOHNNY! THIS COULD BE AN IMPORTANT *CLUE* TO WHAT *HAPPENED* TO US!

EXCUSE ME!

HASN'T ANYONE *ELSE* NOTICED WE'RE WEARING *TOTALLY DIFFERENT UNIFORMS*?!

ACTUALLY...I *HADN'T*, SUE. ONE THING AT A TIME.

HMM. DEAD. NOT A ZONE-NATIVE...

TERRAN? THAT'S HIGHLY UN--

WHAT'S *THIS* DEVICE...?

LISSEN, SUZY, I DON'T LIKE BEIN' DRESSED UP LIKE SOME *DOLL* ANY MORE'N *YOU*--SEEIN' AS HOW I'M THE SHY TYPE AN' ALL--

--BUT MEBBE WE'LL GET SOME ANSWERS REAL *SOON*...

VROOM!

VROOM!

...'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT *COMPANY*!

ZZZURRENDER, HUMAN!

THERE IZZ NO ESZZAPING THE WRATH OF THE ZZZAR OF THE NEGATIVE ZZONE!

VTOOM!

YEAH? WELL, I'M FROM *MISERY*, BUGS-- *SHOW* ME!

VTOOM!

ONLY WAY I'LL GO *BACK* TO YOUR DIMENSIONAL *GULAG* IS--

WHAT THE *SHOCK*?!

THINGS A LITTLE TOO *HOT* FOR YOU? ALLOW--

--ME--

Ohhh *SHOCK!*

THAAM!

DON'T WORRY, MISS.

JOHNNY -- HER PURSUERS?

FWOOOSH!

ALREADY HOT-FOOTING IT *OUT* OF HERE, BIG BROTHER-IN-LAW!

HOW'S OUR DAINTY--

--ANOTHER STEP AND YOU FREAKS'RE SHOCKIN' MARKED FOR *HELCORP*, YOU *GOT* THAT?!

--DAMSEL IN DISTRESS?

I'D SAY SHE'S A BIT... *STRESSED* BY THE SITUATION, JOHNNY. I'LL TURN *INVISIBLE* AND--

--SCARE HER EVEN *MORE*.

I THINK THE *PROBLEM* IS SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE WE'RE THE *REAL* FANTASTIC FOUR.

READ ME *FIRST*! THE *PROBLEM* HERE IS YOU'RE--

--YOU'RE--

--YOU'RE MY *HERO*!

THAT'S A HOMEGATE KEY, RIGHT?

THIS? WELL, IT IS ODDLY SIMILAR TO MY OWN PORTAL LOCATOR DESIGN...

I CAN IMAGINE.

HMM. I HAD HOPED TO INVESTIGATE OUR SITUATION HERE A BIT MORE... BUT YOUR SAFETY IS MUCH MORE IMPORTANT, MISS--?

OH, TAKE ME WITH YOU-- PLEASE! IF I DON'T GET ZONE-FREE THOSE BUGS'LL FIND ME, AND--

CHIMERA. THANKS, MR.--?

--REED! I CAN'T FOLLOW THESE INSTRUMENTS!

WELL... FANTASTIC, TO SOME. BUT PLEASE CALL ME--

JUST KEEP THE INDICATOR GREEN, JOHNNY-- THAT MEANS WE'RE ON THE HOMING BEACON.

SHOULD BE ENTERING THE DISTORTION ZONE SOON...

HE SAYS IT--IT HAPPENS!

YOU'RE FANTASTIC, MISTER! Hee Hee!

AWW-- THIS PART'S WORSE'N THE CONEY ISLAND CYCLONE!

I NEED SOLID GROUND AN' A BROMO!

A FEW SECONDS, OLD FRIEND. WE'RE PHASE-SHIFTING BACK INTO THE POSITIVE UNIVERSE NOW...

GET READY TO FLAME-OFF, JOHNNY. WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE GETTING HURT DURING--

--RE-ENTRY?

OH, *THIS* IS INTERESTING...

LET ME GUESS. THE ENTIRE KREE ARMY JUST *HAPPENED* TO BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND--

WELL, IT SURE AIN'T OUR *CLEANIN' SERVICE*, SUZIE!

THEY DON'T COME PACKIN' BUCK ROGERS RAY-GUNS-- *USUALLY!*

'CEPT THAT *ONCE.*

MY LAB!

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LAB--?

YOUR LAB?

YES. I SUPPOSE YOU *WOULD* THINK THAT! WELL--*TIMES CHANGE!*

GUARDS! RETAIN THESE... *ESCAPED SUBJECTS!*

BZZOK! BZZOK!

I'D SAY THEY DEFINE "RETAIN" QUITE *UNIQUELY.*

I WASN'T LISTENING TO THEIR *WORDS*, REED--I WAS WATCHING THEIR *EYES.*

NO!

CHILL, CHIMERA! HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF MY SISTER'S INVISIBLE *FORCE FIELD?*

KRENNK!

WELL THERE'S *ONE THING* SHE'S GONNA HEAR LOUD AN' CLEAR--AN' THAT'S *ME!*

'CAUSE IT'S CLOB--

BEN--NO!

DON'T DESTROY THAT STRANGE EQUIPMENT--I WANT TO *STUDY* IT LATER!

LET THE BUILDING'S *AUTOMATED DEFENSES* HANDLE THIS!

YA MEAN THE SAME HIGH-TECH-TYPE SECURITY STUFF THAT LET THESE STAR WARS REJECTS IN TA *BEGIN* WITH?

THEY MUST'VE SHUT THE SYSTEM *DOWN* SOMEHOW, BUT THIS MANUAL OVER-RIDE WILL--

INTRUDER ALERT. . . INTRUDER ALERT. . .

--REMEDY *EVERYTHING!*

FIVE UNREGISTERED LIFEFORMS DETECTED. . .

APPREHEND. . .

YEAH--THIS IS *LOTS* BETTER, STRETCH!

CHLEK!

UH-OH!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! HOW CAN THE COMPUTER *NOT* RECOGNIZE US?

SSSHUNK!

SKEK

TOLD YA NOT TA USE OUR *DRIVER'S LICENSE* PHOTOS TA I.D. US!

THAT'S NOT IT, BEN--THE SYSTEM'S BEEN *REPROGRAMMED!* BUT THAT SHOULD'VE TAKEN A TEAM OF TOP HACKERS *MONTHS.*

WELL *WE* DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF TIME, REED-- THIS SYSTEM WILL KEEP LAUNCHING *NEW* ATTACKS UNTIL WE ARE CAPTURED!

BEN-- HEAD *SOUTH!*

C'MON, CHIMERA-- WE'RE *OUTTA* HERE!

SCAN *AHEAD,* PEOPLE-- YOU'RE UP AGAINST A *WALL!*

BZZOOM!

BZZOW!

WALL?

WHAT WALL?

SKRAWNG!

INTRUDERS NOW IN HANGAR... REPEAT... INTRUDERS NOW IN--

--NOW IN THE *FANTASTICAR!*

LET'S *MOVE*, PEOPLE!

REED--THEY MIGHT'VE GOTTEN TO *THIS* COMPUTER, TOO--

ALREADY BYPASSING THE NORMAL CIRCUITS, SUE...

WHAT *ARE* ALL OF YOU-- HIGH-POWERED MEGACORP *MERCS?*

NO. JUST YOUR AVERAGE *FAMILY.*

'SCUSE ME, CHIMERA-- GOTTA FLAME-ON AND FLY *INTERFERENCE!*

LET'S *GET* IF WE'RE *GOIN'*, STRETCH.

OR YA WANT I SHOULD GET OUT AN' *PUSH?*

GEE, WE MIGHT HAVE TO LEAVE YOU *BEHIND* THEN, BENJI--

--BUT DON'T LET *THAT* STOP YOU!

WORRY ABOUT THE HANGAR *DOOR*, JOHNNY! WHILE ON MANUAL, WE CAN'T OPEN IT BY *REMOTE!*

THERE!

FIRE AT WILL!

MAXIMUM RESTRAINT!

BZZOW!

BZZZAM!

BZZOK!

YEAH...?

FWSHOOM!

WHAT'S YOUR *POINT*, SIS?

SAVE THE *GRANDSTANDING*, LITTLE BROTHER -- THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT OUR ARMORED FRIENDS MIGHT HAVE WAITING FOR US --

--OUTSIDE?

REED?

I *SEE* IT, SUE.

GOOD LORD -- WHAT HAPPENED TO *NEW YORK*?

HIKARU-SAMA...

...THEY'VE ESCAPED.

UNFORTUNATE.

THEIR TIME IS PAST.

THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN IDEAL AGAINST DOOM...

...BUT IT IS NOT DOOM WHO CONCERNS ME NOW.

I HAD EVEN BEGUN HOPING THEY MIGHT PROVE USEFUL IN LOCATING THE LAST REFUGE...

IF IT EXISTS!

PARDON ME FOR NOT DWELLING ON *MYTHS*, SIR...

...BUT THE SUBJECTS REMOVED PART OF STARK-FUJIKAWA'S LATEST *ZONE-SHIPMENT*.

THE *TZZAR* CONSIDERS THIS A BREACH OF OUR TRADE AGREEMENT.

HE WANTS THE GIRL *RETURNED*.

YES. WELL. TELL THE TZZAR...

...TELL HIM THE GIRL WAS *KILLED* DURING HER ESCAPE.

WITH THE *MOST* RESPECT, SIR--HE WILL *INSIST* ON DELIVERY OF THE CORPSE AS A MATTER OF *HONOR*!

YOU *DARE* TELL *ME* ABOUT HONOR, SHUDO?

YOU?!

YOU DO NOT *BEGIN* TO UNDERSTAND THE DELICACIES OF DIPLOMACY! THE CAREFUL, CAUTIOUS *MANIPULATIONS* TO BE MADE!

I MISSPOKE, HIKARU-SAMA. FORGIVE ME.

YOU WILL *TELL* THE TZZAR THAT THE GIRL'S BODY WENT TO *HELCORP*!

WHEN *ANYONE* DIES THEY GO TO HELCORP! THAT IS THE *LAW*!

YOU ARE RIGHT, OF COURSE, HIKARU-SAMA.

AND THE ESCAPED SUBJECTS--SHOULD WE ATTEMPT *RECAPTURE*?

IN AN *IDEAL* WORLD--YES.

BUT OUR WORLD IS *HARDLY* IDEAL. AND IN BUSINESS, AS IN LIFE...

...ONE MUST REMOVE THE *DEAD-WOOD*.

SNIK!

WHERE ARE WE?

THE FUTURE...?

OH, NO-- IT'S STILL 2099!

WELL, AIN'T THAT GOOD NEWS!

WON'T THOSE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC JOKERS BE SURPRISED WHEN I SHOW UP FOR ALL THEM BACK ISSUES OF MY LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION!

UM... I'M MISSING DATA HERE-- HOW LONG WERE YOU FOUR ZONED?

LONGER THAN WE THOUGHT.

JOHNNY-- YOU BETTER FLAME OFF. I DON'T THINK WE WANT TO ATTRACT ANY UNNECESSARY ATTENTION RIGHT NOW...

YEAH, WELL, OKAY...

HEY! LOOK WHAT I FOUND-- AN EMPTY SEAT!

AND LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

HUH?

PRETTY FUNNY, CHIMERA-- THE FF'S FLARE GUN! THAT'S, LIKE, ANCIENT BY NOW!

HA! HA! THINK IT STILL WORKS?

OH, YEAH-- SURE! Y'KNOW, YOU REALLY KILL ME, CHIMERA!

MAYBE...

AUNT PETUNIA'S PICK-UP TRUCK! NOW WHAT?!

STARK-FUJI! FLYBOYS! SEARCH AND DESTROY UNIT!

SHOCKING FLASH OUT OR WE'RE MELTDOWN!

WHERE TO? WE'RE NEW HERE, REMEMBER...

DIVE INTO DOWNTOWN! BEST WAY TO LOSE THESE GEARHEADS --

VRAK-KOOM!

FWOOM!

--SECOND BEST WAY!

WHOA--!

PHUNT!

SHEESH, GIRL! LEAST YA COULD'A YELLED "FORE!"

...SO TA SPEAK...

GUESS REED MADE THAT THING BETTER THAN I *THOUGHT!*

SHOCKIN' *STRAIGHT* HE DID!

WORD OF *WARNING*, PEOPLE! I CAN'T FLY THROUGH THIS MAZE *AND* PUT UP MY FORCE-FIELD!

AN'IT AIN'T THE BEST TIME TA CHANGE *DRIVERS*, *huh*, SUZIE?

I GET THE *PITCHER!*

AN' *SPEAKIN'* OF PITCHERS--

REEK!

--LESSEE HOW THESE BUMS HANDLE ONE'A BEN GRIMM'S *FAST BALLS!*

'COURSE I AIN'T LIKE *NOLAN RYAN* WHEN HE WAS WITH THE *METS*...

THWOOOM

...BUT THEN THESE GUYS AIN'T NO *BROOKLYN DODGERS*, NEITHER!

I'M *DOWNED!* I'M *DOWNED!*

IT'S UP TO YOU, *RIOT!*

ALWAYS IS!

WE GOT VISITORS, TORCH!

I SEE 'EM, BEN! FEW BLASTS OF FLAME, AND--

FDOOM

FDOOM

MAN! THESE BETTIES ARE FAST!

FDOOM

UH, SIS? TROMP IT!

FDOOM

I'M GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED HERE--

FDOOM

FDOOM

KA-BOOM!!

"OF COURSE, THE TWEN-CEN VEHICLE HAD *NO HOPE* OF OUTRUNNING STARK-FUJI'S CROWD-PLEASING *BYTE-BOMBS!*

"THE FUGITIVES PLUMMETED TO FIERY--AND *SPECTACULAR*--DEATH IN THE LOWER REACHES OF NEW YORK'S *DOWNTOWN...*

...CAPPING OFF ONE OF THE MOST **EXCITING** NEWS DAYS SINCE THE OUSTING OF PRESIDENT **DOOM!**

BUT NOT **HALF** AS EXCITING AS TONIGHT'S SUPER-ULTRA-MEGA-LOTTO'S **WINNING NUMB--**

KTSHH!!

--VIRTUAL REALITY RIGHTS IN CONTENTION BETWEEN **ALCHEMAX** AND **STARK-FUJIKAWA** WITH NEW YORK LAW FAVORING THE **LOCAL** MEGACORP.

MEANWHILE, FLYBOY ACE "RIOT" WINGFOOT'S RETINA-IMPLANT **VIDEO** OF HIS "FANTASTIC" KILL IS ALREADY ON-LINE--

KTSHH!

FILE PHOTO

--UJIKAWA'S SALVAGE TEAMS ARE CURRENTLY ON-SCENE, REPAIRING THE **DAMAGE**, RETRIEVING THE **BODIES**...

WITH OUR QUICK AND DECISIVE **ACTION** IN THIS CRISIS, VICTORY WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION!

AND NOW, THESE SO-CALLED "FANTASTIC FOUR"...**ARE** GONE!

I WONDER...

IF THIS YEAR HAS TAUGHT ME ***ANYTHING***, IT IS SANTAYANA'S TRUTH--

--"THOSE WHO CANNOT ***REMEMBER*** THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO ***REPEAT*** IT."

IS THIS THE ***REAL*** FANTASTIC FOUR? IT IS AS POINTLESS A QUESTION AS "AM I THE REAL DOOM?"

WHAT DECIDES IS THE ***SPIRIT***...

"...AND IF THESE FOUR HAVE THAT...

"...THEN I AM CERTAIN THEY ARE NOT AS DEAD AS SOME WOULD THINK!"

HEIMDALL'S EYES...

MAYBE TODAY--!

WHAT WE GOT, JAKKO? A COLD ONE?

--FLYBOYS GET ALL THE GLORY-- AND WHAT DO WE GET?

CLEAN-UP! SCRAP DETAIL! WE GET STUCK!

A WARM ONE, KOM--WARM AND IN ONE PIECE!

...I THINK...

SHOCK IT! NOW, JAKKO-- NOW, WE'RE IN THIS EQUAL, RIGHT?

I MEAN, WE GOT TO FIGURE THE PERCENTAGES HERE! WE GOT TO PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND--

KWOK!

JUST WHAT I WAS THINKIN'!

WE GET FIRST CRACK...

YOU STILL LOOKING FOR THAT DIAMOND-IN-THE-ROUGH, JAKKO? BET YOU EVEN PLAY SUPER-ULTRA-MEGA!

JUST NEED TO WIN ONCE, KOM...

YOU SHOULD'A KNOWN THIS AIN'T THE SAFEST PART OF TOWN, FELLAS!

C'MON, STRETCHO-- YER PALS AIN'T EXACTLY GONNA WANT OUR AUTOGRAPHS WHEN THEY WAKE UP...

AN' JUST MY *LUCK*--NOT A YELLOW CAB IN *SIGHT!*

uhhh...

GOOD *IDEA* THERE, REED--HOLE-UP 'TIL WE SPOT THE *OTHERS*...

...BEN...?

WELL, I AIN'T *SUZIE*-- SORRY, STRETCH!

...THE FUTURE...

...WE'RE NOT... IN THE *FUTURE*, ARE WE?

uhm... HEY! YOU HUNGRY? I'M HUNGRY!

NO...

...THIS ISN'T WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO *HAPPEN!*

SCIENCE... SCIENCE WAS GOING TO *SOLVE* OUR PROBLEMS. NOT *ADD* TO THEM. NOT MAKE THINGS *WORSE!*

WHAT WENT *WRONG?*

RUSH LIMBAUGH, MEBBE?

JUST A GUESS...

YEAH? WELL, IT TOOK A WORLD-WIDE *DISASTER* TO STOP THE *DINOSAURS*, PAL--

--AN' THAT'S WHAT IT'LL TAKE TO STOP *US!*

THIS ISN'T FUNNY, BEN. EVERYTHING WE KNEW IS *OBSOLETE*...

WE'RE OBSOLETE...

WE'RE *DINOSAURS*...

...AND WE'RE BEING HUNTED TO *EXTINCTION!*

ELSEWHERE.

WELL, WELL, WELL...

...PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!

I ONLY HAVE ONE QUESTION, ANGEL...

...ARE YOU WORTH MORE TO ME ALIVE--OR DEAD?

To Be continued!

MARVEL 2099 2 FEB

THE WORLD'S GREATEST 2099 COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic 4

2099

PRESIDENT DOOM

PRESIDENT DOOM

PRESIDENT DOOM

LEONARDI
WILLIAMSON

THE FANTASTIC FOUR--HEROES IN THE 20TH CENTURY! BUT IN THE FUTURE THEY MAY BE CALLED...

FRIGHTFUL 4 2099!

A Stan Lee PRESENTATION

KARL KESEL
WRITER
JOHN BUSCEMA
PENCILS
AL WILLIAMSON
INKS
JANICE CHIANG
LETTERS
PAUL BECTON
COLORS
JOEY CAVALIERI
EDITOR
MALIBU
COLOR SEPARATIONS
BOBBIE CHASE
CHIEF

WITH MUCH OWED TO STAN LEE AND JACK KIRBY

--EXPERIMENTAL SUBJECTS WITH DELUSIONS THAT THEY ARE THE HISTORIC FIGURES KNOWN AS THE FANTASTIC FOUR.

WE AT STARK FUJIKAWA BELIEVE THESE IMAGES PROVE OTHERWISE!

THAT THEY EVER **ESCAPED** OUR FACILITIES IS INDEED **REGRETFUL.**

AN ATTEMPT TO RESOLVE THE MATTER WITHIN ALCHEMAX'S **LIMITED ACCESS** POLICY WAS NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS IT INITIALLY APPEARED.

INDICATIONS ARE THAT AT LEAST **SOME** OF THE SUBJECTS REMAIN AT LARGE.

THEY WILL MOST LIKELY BE OPERATING UNDER THE FOLLOWING NAMES AND ALIASES...

REED RICHARDS-- MR. FANTASTIC. SUSAN RICHARDS-- INVISIBLE WOMAN. JOHNNY STORM-- HUMAN TORCH. BEN GRIMM-- THING.

THE ORIGINAL FANTASTIC FOUR? COULD IT **BE**...?

WHILE THERE IS A REWARD FOR THEIR CAPTURE-- THESE ARE HIGHLY DANGEROUS SUBJECTS!

WE ADVISE REPORTING ANY SIGHTINGS TO **STARK-FUJIKAWA** OR YOUR LOCAL **S.H.I.E.L.D.** AGENT.

REMEMBER-- THE COMPUTER IMAGES YOU'VE BEEN VIEWING ARE BASED ENTIRELY ON THE SUBJECTS' **PREDICTED** BEHAVIOR!

JUST WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW!

AS *SPIDER-MAN*, I'D LIKE TO **HELP** THEM. IT'S A SAFE BET STARK-FUJI'S *SPIN-DOCTORING* THIS ONE!

BUT AS MIGUEL O'HARA-- ALCHEMAX C.E.O. -- ALL I SEE ARE STARK-FUJI'S **PROBLEMS** SPILLING OVER INTO **OUR** TERRITORY AGAIN!

I CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT *TYLER STONE* WOULD SAY IF *HE* WAS STILL IN CHARGE...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO *DO*, HIKARU? START A CITY-WIDE *PANIC*?

HIKARU-SAMA THOUGHT THE PUBLIC SHOULD BE *WARNED*, MR. STONE. STARK-FUJIKAWA PAID ALCHEMAX *PRIME RATE* FOR USE OF THEIR COM-LINK.

PLEASE-- *RELAX*. YOU ARE, AFTER ALL, RECOVERING FROM AN *ASSASSINATION* ATTEMPT.

RELAX?! WHILE YOU RUB THE *STINK* OF THIS FIASCO ALL OVER *ALCHEMAX*?

"LIMITED ACCESS POLICY" MY *ASSETS*!

AND YOU ARE ONLY IN MY OFFICE AS A *COURTESY*, MR. STONE. YOU CURRENTLY WIELD *NO* POWER AT ALCHEMAX.

YOU'RE ONLY IN NEW YORK BECAUSE OF SOME TWEN-CEN *TRADE AGREEMENT*, HIKARU!

AND THAT COULD CHANGE *VERY QUICKLY*!

I SUSPECT ANY STRUGGLE BETWEEN YOU AND MR. O'HARA MIGHT LEAVE AN OPENING FOR... *OTHER* INTERESTS TO MOVE IN?

AND STARK-FUJI IS *VERY* INTERESTED, ISN'T IT?

OUR ANCESTRAL *ROOTS* ARE IN THIS CITY, YES.

TZZUP

THEN IT'S TOO BAD I'M *NOT* DEAD, HIKARU-- BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET *MY* TOWN.

LOCATING THE FOUR WILL BE *NO* PROBLEM, HEROD. I *ASSURE* YOU.

SINCE THEY REPRESENT A SUBSTANTIAL *INVESTMENT*, I'VE EMPLOYED THE VERY *BEST* RETRIEVAL AGENCY...

BUT I DON'T *WANT* THEM RETRIEVED--I WANT THEM *DEAD!*

AS DEAD AS THE *PAST* THAT THEY REPRESENT!

I THOUGHT HE'D *NEVER* LEAVE!

WELL, NOW THAT IT'S JUST THE *GROWN-UPS*, HIKARU...

...I'D APPRECIATE A *REALISTIC* ASSESSMENT OF THIS *FANTASTIC* FARCE!

I SEE.

IF THAT WERE TO HAPPEN, COULD WE EXPECT YOUR SUPPORT... IF *DISAGREEMENTS* AROSE WITH ALCHEMAX?

AND INTERFERE WITH FREE MARKET FORCES? *SORRY*, OLD SOCK!

TIME IS *MONEY*--AND WITH ONLY FIVE YEARS UNTIL AMERICA'S SUCKED *DRY*, EVERY SECOND *COUNTS!*

HERE'S AN IDEA, HIKARU--PLAY TO *WIN!*

EVERYONE *ELSE* IS!

TENUP!

THERE WILL BE NO WINNERS IN *YOUR* GAME, MADMAN!

FIVE YEARS...

...FIVE YEARS TO FIND THE *LAST* REFUGE...

...LAST CHANCE...

...NO REFUGE...

...STOP FOLLOWING ME...

CHIMERA?

WAKE UP, BABE--YOU ARE SERIOUSLY DREAM-CHALLENGED RIGHT NOW!

NO...

...LEAVE ME ALONE...

HOW LONG...

...HOW MANY TIMES...

--HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO KILL YOU?!

HOW 'BOUT NONE?

IT'S ME, CHIMERA--JOHNNY STORM? Y'KNOW--THE GUY WHO STOPPED YOU FROM BEING STREET PIZZA?

FWOOSH!

JOHNNY--? OH! OH, I'M SO--

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? THAT ROCK-GUY? THE BLONDE?

REED?

I...I DON'T KNOW, CHIMERA.

I BARELY GOT US UP HERE AFTER THE FANTASTI-CAR BLEW BEFORE THE LIGHTS WENT OUT ON *ME*, TOO!

BY THE TIME I CHECKED THE WRECK, IT WAS *HISTORY*. NO ONE THERE BUT SOME *STREET TOUGHS*...

HM. VULTURE-BOYS, MAYBE. OR BOUNTY WANNA-BE'S, PROBABLY SOME *CREDITS* AROUND OUR NECKS...

WONDER IF WORD'S ON THE WIRE WE'RE FROM THE *ZONE*?

THE *NEGATIVE* ZONE? WHY WOULD *THAT* MATTER?

YOU FORGET TO *SAVE*? I'M NOT TALKING THE HALO CITY *NIGHTCLUB* HERE, YOU KNOW!

THEN AGAIN... MAYBE YOU *DON'T*! NOT IF YOU'VE *REALLY* BEEN ZONED THE LAST CENTURY!

OH, THE *POSSIBILITIES*...

TIME TO *ROCKET*, TORCHY! THE GIRL'S *HUNGRY*--AND NOW SHE NEEDS A NEW *GUN*, TOO!

FOOD'S A *QUICK CLICK*--AND I HEAR IT'S APPLE-EASY TO LOCK AND LOAD NOW THAT *DOOM'S* NOT PRESIDENT.

DOOM?!

OOOM?!

A BO
DIREC

MAYBE... MAYBE THIS *ISN'T* THE FUTURE! NOT *OUR* FUTURE, AT LEAST...

NO! IT *CAN'T* BE--!

BA-CHOOM!

WE AIN'T GOT NO FUTURE IF YOU DON'T OPEN THAT *DOOR*, REED! SEE, SOMETHIN' TELLS ME--

--THESE LADIES AIN'T OUT TO ASK US TO NO *DEBUTANTE BALL!*

TOLD YOU I SPOTTED THAT ORANGE *THING* THE MEGACORP'S AFTER, BARBIE!

KOOM!

BA-CHOOM!

KOOM!

GOOD *EYES*, MIDGE! THAT REWARD'S GONNA BUY US A *KILLER* SHOPPING SPREE!

POUR ON THE *TLC*, GIRLS! DON'T LET THESE *KENS* FORGET THEIR DATE WITH THE *NEW YORK DOLLS!*

HEY--IS DIAMONDS *STILL* A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND IN 2099?

WELL, SORRY, LADIES--BUT HERE'S THE ONLY *ROCK* I GOT FOR *YOU!*

KOOM! KOOM!

BA-KOOM!

SHEESH! AN' I PICKED THAT OUT *MYSELF!*

WELL, NO *TIME* TO BE PICKY *NOW*, 'CAUSE NOW--IT'S *CLOBBER*--

HUH? WHAT TH--? DOOM?

THOOM!

--UUMP!

PERFECT, BEN! ROLL WITH THE BLOW--

--I HAVE A *PLAN!*

AW *NO.* STRETCHO-- I *HATE* IT WHEN YOU SAY--

--THAAAAAAT!

BWOOINNG!

SO *THIS* IS MY FUTURE, *huh?* *ME*--THE IDOL A'MILLIONS-- REDUCED TA BEIN' BOWLIN' BALL BENJI...TEN-PIN BEN GRIMM...

WOTTA REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT!

KA-ROOM!

COMIN' *THROUGH,* LADIES!

THEY WON'T BE GONE FOR LONG!

I BESEECH YOU-- FOR YOUR OWN *SAFETY*--COME WITH *ME!*

"THE REWARD'S FOR HOW MUCH, HARRY...?"

...FIRE AND BRIMSTONE, THAT'S A LOT OF--

NO. NO, I GOT ONE RIGHT *HERE*, HARRY-- THE *GIRL!*

TROUBLE IS SHE'S STILL *ALIVE.*

YEAH, I'LL SEND THE BODY STRAIGHT TO HELCORP. *RIVER STYX* OVER AND--

WELL, BY *LAW* ANY GOOD CITIZEN HAS TO HAND HER OVER TO--

MY, MY, MY-- THAT'S A VERY GENEROUS *BONUS*, HARRY. AND I NEVER *WAS* A VERY GOOD CITIZEN...

-WHA-?!?

KOOM!

IT'S MY *INVISIBLE FORCE-FIELD*, MR. STYX, --AND I COULD *EASILY* CRUSH YOU WITH IT!

LUCKILY, I'M A BETTER CITIZEN THAN *YOU* ARE!

AND I'M A HELCORP *D-MAN*, ANGEL. ANYTHING HAPPENS TO *ME*, YOU'LL HAVE A VERY *BAD DAY.*

TRUST ME-- I DON'T THINK IT COULD GET ANY...

...WORSE?

DOOM?

OF COURSE *DOOM.*

FIRST THING IN THIS WORLD THAT'S MADE ANY *SENSE!*

LAST THING, TOO.

OH SURE-- BUSINESS IS BOOMING UNDER THE NEW PRESIDENT...

...BUT YOU ASK ME, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S UNDERMINING THIS COUNTRY'S VERY SO--

--WAHHL!

OH, PLEASE!

YOU CAN'T BE TALKING ABOUT THE CAPTAIN AMERICA!

LIVING LEGEND OF THE TWEN CEN? FOUND CRYOGIZED IN THE ANTARCTIC? IT WAS ON EVERY COM-LINK, ANGEL...

SORRY. I WAS BUSY IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE.

THE ZONE? NO WONDER...

THAT...

...IS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES!

IT'S ALMOST BEEN A PLEASURE, MR. STYX-- BUT I HAVE TO FIND MY FAMILY NOW.

AND WHILE IT'S FLATTERING, MY NAME ISN'T ANGEL--IT'S SUE RICHARDS.

UH, BETTER STAY CLOSE, ANGEL. YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THIS TERRAIN-- AND YOU'RE JUST TOO EASY TO SPOT.

WELL, THEN, I'LL BE SEEING YOU, SUE RICHARDS.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...

--CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MR....?

MOSLEY WILSON-- *PILGRIM* MOSLEY WILSON, MR. RICHARDS.

YES--I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. AFTER ALL, I'M A KEEPER OF THE FLAME IN THE CHURCH OF *THOR!*

THOR'S GOT A *CHURCH?* Y'MEAN HE BEAT OUT *ELVIS?*

MR. GRIMM-- THE TRUE BELIEVERS ARE NO *FRINGE CULT* LIKE THE ELVINGELICALS, COBAINIANS, OR EVEN SPIDER-WORSHIPPERS!

THRAK

SORRY, PADRE! NO DISRESPECT, IT'S JUST,--

HEY! IS IT MY BABY BLUES OR IS THIS PITCHER *MOVIN'...?*

KOOM!

TELL ME YA SAW THAT, TOO, STRETCHO!

YES, BEN. IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF... *HOLOGRAPHIC PAINTING!*

IT SEEMS TO GIVE VISUALIZATION TO THE IDEA OF *MAN INTO GOD--*

--THROUGH THE TEACHINGS OF THOR! *YES,* MR. RICHARDS-- IT'S OUR MOST *BASIC* TENET!

OF COURSE, I SHOULDN'T BE *SURPRISED!*

FROM THE MOMENT I FIRST *HEARD* OF YOU, I KNEW YOU WERE NOT *IMPOSTERS!*

I KNEW YOU WERE ANOTHER SIGN OF *THOR'S RETURN!*

I, *um*, DON'T KNOW ABOUT--

PLEASE--I OFFER YOU *SANCTUARY* AS APOSTLES...POSSIBLY EVEN *PROPHETS* OF THOR!

GEDOUTTA TOWN! WE WUZ MEBBE *DRINKIN' BUDDIES* WITH GOLDILOCKS, BUT--

BEN! YOU SHOULDN'T--

ODD... I WONDER WHAT *THAT* IS?

THAT'S PUTTING IT *MILDLY*, BEN!

PILGRIM WILSON-- *WATCH OUT!*

TWO OF THE FOUR-- *EXACTLY* WHERE I KNEW THEY WOULD BE!

RUNAWAY, ATTACK FROM THE--

YEAH, YEAH-- WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU, BLACKSTONE!

WELL, SOMETHIN' TELLS ME IT AIN'T NO HOLY ROLLER *THUNDER CLOUD*, STRETCHO!

Z-CHOOM! Z-CHOOM! Z-CHOOM!

HIT 'EM *HARD*, TEAM--

MAKE SURE THEY NEVER FORGET... *TOTAL RECALL!*

THUD

KWAM!

SO YOU'RE THE ROCKPILE KNOWN AS THE *THING*?

THEY CALL ME *SQUEEZE!*

YA GOT A NICE *TOUCH* THERE, SISTER!

BUT IF YA WANNA DO *THAT* SLAM-DANCE, THERE'S STILL A FEW STEPS YA GOTTA--

HEY, LEGGO--!

... LEARN?

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN *ANCIENT HISTORY*, THING! SLAM-DANCING... WALTZES...

SQUEEZE HAS HER *OWN* MOVES!

BLACKSTONE! TIME FOR A *SQUEEZE-PLAY!*

TWO *TELEPORTALS* COMING RIGHT UP, MY DEAR!

KOP!

KOP!

AW, THIS IS *EMBARRASSIN'*!

I'LL BE KICKED OUTTA MY OWN *FAN CLUB*, IF THEY EVER HEAR A' THIS!

YOU LOOK *TIRED*, THING! HERE--

--HAVE A SEAT!

POW

I'LL TAKE THAT IF YOU DON'T MIND.

IT APPEARS YOU HAVE *PLENTY* OF OTHERS.

NO, NO--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! MY GOAL HERE IS TO *NOT* GET SHOT--

SO IF YOU'LL JUST--

?!?

LEAVE HIM TO *ME* FOR A NANOSECOND, HIPSHOT!

THERE!

FIR

VICHOOM!

YOU NEED TO WORK ON YOUR *KNOTS*, SON!

BUT THEN, YOU'RE HARDLY A *BOY SCOUT*-- AND YOU'RE ALL NOT MUCH BETTER AS *ASSASSINS!*

NOW HE'LL KEEP HIS HANDS TO HIMSELF -- COURTESY OF THE SPEEDY STYLINGS OF *RUNAWAY!*

WHUMM!

WHO SAID WE'RE *ASSASSINS?*

THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED THE BEST SHOCKIN' *REPO MEN* IN THE BIZ!

YOU AND THE ROCKPILE? YOU'RE JUST *PROPERTY*, BOUNCING BOY!

STARK-FUJIKAWA *OWNS* YOU -- AND WANTS YOU *BACK!*

--THIS STUFF'S NOT CALLED *SOYLENT GREEN*, IS IT, CHIMERA?

WHAT'S *THAT*?

NEVER MIND. LAME JOKE.

Y'KNOW, THIS ISN'T *BAD*, REALLY. TASTES KINDA LIKE *CHICKEN*...

WHAT'S *THAT*?

SPEAKING OF WEIRD...

FROM THE STREET SIGNS, WE SHOULD BE RIGHT ON THE BIG APPLE'S *WATERFRONT*.

SO, *UH*, WHERE'S THE *WATER*?

ONLY ABOUT A HUNDRED BLOCKS *OUT*, JOHNNY.

IT'S BEEN THAT WAY *FOREVER*-- ALL MY *LIFE*!

WELL, I REMEMBER WHEN THERE WERE *DOCKS* RIGHT HERE AND BOATS AND LONGSHOREMEN...

...AND RATS AND DEAD FISH AND...

OKAY--LET'S BOOK AND FIND THE OTHERS BEFORE I *SINK* IN MEMORY LANE, HERE.

BUT I DON'T HAVE A *WEAPON* YET!

HEY-- KEEP IT *DOWN*, GIRL.

I MEAN, I TOLD YOU BEFORE--I'LL PROTECT YOU!

REALLY, JOHNNY?

ATTENTION, CITIZENS! BY SUPPORT COLUMN AC-3-- YOU ARE UNDER **ARREST!**

SHOW ME!

FLAME ON!

AGENT VACHHS TO SHIELD-CENTRAL--YOUR DATA WAS ON-LINE!

ROUTINE CREDIT-TRACE ON FOOD PURCHASED LED STRAIGHT TO WANTED PERP!

SHE IS STILL ASSOCIATING WITH AT LEAST ONE STARK-FUJIKAWA FUGITIVE!

APPREHENSION IS IMMINENT!

VRAWM!

IT IS!

HEY--NO ONE TOLD ME!

FWUMP!

NGH!

VACHHS HAS BEEN HIT! REPEAT--VACHHS HAS BEEN HIT!

SHIELD-CENTRAL--WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS!

DON'T LET THE HOTHEAD GET AWAY! AMIRO! STAY ON HIM!

THROK!

TOOK YOU SHOCKING TROOPERS LONG ENOUGH TO GET HERE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME--I'M FINE!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY--GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE GUNS!

PUM! PUM! PUM! PUM! PUM! PUM!

NGH!

HOW MANY PULSORS IN A ROW *THAT* TIME, HIPSHOT? THIRTY? *FIFTY?*

LOOKS LIKE THE *ROCKPILE'S* GOT AS MUCH LIFE LEFT IN HIM AS *TAFFY-MAN* DOES! YEAH!

"...I'D SAY THEY *DESERVE* EACH OTHER!"

AAAH-!

THOK

MMGF!

GET...GET THE PADRE... AN' GET **OUT**, STRETCHO...

I'LL HANDLE THESE... YANCY STREET *WANNABE'S...*

CAN'T DO THAT...OLD FRIEND...

...WE'RE IN THIS *TOGETHER!*

IT'S NOT OVER YET?

MY TURN!

THE BOY CERTAINLY *ENJOYS* HIS WORK...

...IN A RATHER *RABID* WAY...

RUNAWAY LIKES TO KEEP *MOVING*-- BUT I NEED A *CHALLENGE*, BLACKSTONE!

YOU SAID THERE'D BE *FOUR!*

AND THERE *IS*, SQUEEZE. THE OTHERS ARE--

HM. IT APPEARS *SHIELD* IS CLOSING IN ON THE HUMAN TORCH... AND THE INVISIBLE WOMAN, ALSO, IF THEY'RE ON THEIR TOES.

UNLIKELY, BUT...

...IT COULD COST US *HALF* OF OUR RETRIEVAL FEE!

EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT, SQUEEZE...

...I SHOULD RETURN BEFORE MR. FANTASTIC AND THE THING ARE BEATEN TO *DEATH!*

--YOU'RE *BEATEN*, TORCH! OUTNUMBERED, OUTPOWERED, OUTCLASSED...

THEN I'M *OUTTA* HERE!

V-BOOM!

V-TUNG!

HEY-- *LOOK!* IS THAT *GALACTUS?*

GET *JAGGED*, TORCH! THAT MIGHT'VE WORKED... ON FIRST-LEVEL *SCHOOLERS!*

BUT DIS-TRACKING AGENTS OF *SHIELD* ISN'T QUITE AS--

EASY--?

OH, CENTRAL'S GONNA *LOVE* THIS!

GET ON THE *GRID*, PEOPLE! SCAN AHEAD WITH *INFRA!*

ARSALA, CHOI--GO HIGH AND LOW...

AND TOMÁS!-- WHO THE SHOCK'S *GALACTUS?*

IT IS *TOTALLY* GREAT TO SEE YOU, SIS--BUT THEN, YOU ALWAYS KNEW HOW TO MAKE AN *APPEARANCE!*

THANKS FOR THE QUICK FADE-- AND-SAVE. GUESS I'M LUCKY YOU *FOUND* ME, *huh?*

JOHNNY-- YOU WERE BEING CHASED BY A *DOZEN* PEOPLE AND LEAVING *FIRE-TRAILS* ACROSS THE SKY!

I ONLY HOPE FINDING REED AND BEN IS *HALF* AS EASY! BUT IF SOMETHING'S *HAPPENED* TO THEM--

HAPPENED...? *CHIMERA--!*

"...CHIMERA'S OUT THERE--ALONE AND *HELPLESS!*"

--WANT TO SEND ME BACK TO THE *ZONE*? HALF OF YOU'LL GO TO *HELCORP* FIRST!

VCHOOM!!

VVVENK!

V-CHUM!

STOP *PANICKING*, GIRL--THE *CAVALRY'S* ARRIVED!

AND WHEN YOU'RE TALKING *SHIELD*--NO "AGENTS OF"! GOT *ANYTHING* ON "SUE'S INVISIBLE FORCE!"

I...COULDN'T STOP THINKING OF ALL THE HORRIBLE WAYS YOU MIGHT *DIE*, YES.

OH--I SEE YOU FOUND YOUR *MOTHER*.

SISTER.

V-DOOM!

V-DUMM!

BY THE WAY, CHIMERA--WHY *WERE* YOU IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE?

I DOUBT IT'S A *VACATION* SPOT, EVEN IN 20--

JOHNNY?

YOU'RE *ALIVE*?

I KNOW, I KNOW... YOU WERE *WORRIED*, RIGHT?

EXCUSE ME, MRS. RICHARDS, BUT THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IS CURRENTLY REQUESTED BY *TOTAL RECALL!*

THIS WAY PLEASE...

WHAT--?

HEY--!

HANG ON, CHIMERA! WE'RE NOT GONNA LOSE SUE--

UH-OH! THIS IS NOT GOOD! THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT GOOD!

HEADS UP, SIS!

--AGAIN!

OH, NO!

BEN?

REED?

THAT'S RIGHT, "SIS"...

...AND GUESS WHO'S NEXT!

CONTINUED!

MARVEL®

2099

3 MAR

THE WORLD'S GREATEST 2099 COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic 4®

2099

Matthew Ryan '95

TRAPPED IN 2099, THE F.F. FIND THEIR DAY-TO-DAY LIVES...

DIFFICULT TO RECALL

REED'S ALIVE... HARD TO TELL WITH BEN...

I'M WARNING YOU PEOPLE RIGHT NOW-- ANYTHING HAPPENS TO MY FAMILY, YOU'LL NEVER SEE WHAT HITS YOU!

KARL KESEL - WRITER • AL WILLIAMSON - INKER
PAUL BECTON - COLORIST • JANICE CHIANG - LETTERER
JOEY CAVALIERI - EDITOR and BOBBIE CHASE - CHIEF
ARE PROUD TO INTRODUCE THIS BOOK'S FANTASTIC NEW PENCILER - MATT RYAN!

MUCH OWED TO THE WORKS OF STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY.

HOW *APPROPRIATE* COMING FROM SOMEONE WHO CALLS HERSELF *THE INVISIBLE WOMAN!*

BUT MY GROUP IS *HARDLY* A CADRE OF CASUAL KILLERS!

NO--*TOTAL RECALL* IS 2099'S PREMIER *RETRIEVAL* AGENCY.

WE'RE *REPO-MEN!*

AND YOU FOUR ARE PROPERTY OF *STARK-FUJIKAWA*, SO WE'RE TAKING YOU *BACK!*

UNBOWED, BROKEN, OR IN A *BOX*--UP TO *YOU!*

BY THE GODS--*STOP!* HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT THESE *RUINS* YOU CREATED WERE RECENTLY A *CHURCH OF THOR?*

IT IS STILL *HALLOWED* GROUND, HOWEVER--AND WITHIN MY POWER TO GRANT THESE PEOPLE *SANCTUARY* AS *PROPHETS* OF OUR THUNDER GOD!

THEY'VE GOT *OTHER* PROFITS IN MIND, PILGRIM! STAND BACK, AND I'LL--

TLIK!

WHAT--? MY GUN'S EMPTY? BUT--

RUNAWAY-- DID YOU...?

COULDN'T *HELP* MYSELF, BLACKSTONE! DID A LITTLE SUPER-SPEED *UNLOADING* WHEN YOU TELEPORTALED THEM *IN!*

NO BIG GLITCH -- *HIPSHOT'S* GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH AMMO TO GO AROUND!

CHOOM! CHOOM! CHOOM! CHOOM! CHOOM!

BUT THE *TRICK* IS GETTING THOSE BULLETS *THROUGH* MY *FORCE-FIELD!*

PANK!

PENK!

POK!

POK!

PENK!

NO, MY DEAR-- THAT'S *MY* TRICK!

ALL I NEED IS *ONE* SHOT, BLACKSTONE!

AND I'LL GIVE YOU *MUCH* MORE TO WORRY ABOUT THAN A FEW *STRAY SHOTS!*

BETTER KEEP UP WITH *ME*, SQUEEZE-- OR YOU WON'T EVEN GET *THAT!*

HATE TO *DISAPPOINT* YOU--BUT WE'RE NOT GOING DOWN *THAT* EASY!

JOHNNY! CHIMERA!

RIGHT *BEHIND* YOU, SIS!

TLONK!

NRG!!

FLAME *ON!*

WOO! WOO! WOO!

LOOKS LIKE THINGS'RE GETTING *HOT!*

TIME FOR A LITTLE *RUN-AROUND!*

CAN'T EXIST IN A *VACUUM*, YOU KNOW!

uhh--! S-SIS...

NOT *FIRE*-- AND *DEFINITELY* NOT YOU!

JOHNNY!

HANG ON, I'M--

YOU GOT TROUBLES OF YOUR *OWN*, "SIS!"

YOU'RE IN A REAL TIGHT *SQUEEZE*-- AND IT'S JUST GONNA GET *TIGHTER!*

AGH!

HFF!

HFF!

YOU GLITCHED, GIRL! THAT'S MY GUN--*EMPTY*, REMEMBER?

SHOULD'VE SPRINTED FOR ONE OF THE SHOOTERS YOU DROPPED *BEFORE*!

GUESS THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN BY THE *QUICK* AND THE *DEAD*. I WAS *QUICK*, AND NOW--

--I'M *DEAD*!

kt! kt! kt! kt! kt!

V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

HOLD ON, CHIMERA!

REED!?!

MY GUN--?!?

THIS CAN'T BE *HAPPENING*!

IT'S *VERY* REAL, CHIMERA--BUT WE SHOULD BE SAFE HERE... FOR A *WHILE.*

I WILL NOT CRINGE FROM BATTLE... I WILL HOLD MY HAMMER HIGH AND SMITE MY FOES...

UNFORTUNATELY, HIPSHOT *NEVER* RUNS OUT OF AMMUNITION!

Chow!

Krif!

SHE SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO CREATE... *PSIONIC BULLETS* FOR ANY WEAPON SHE HOLDS!

LUCKILY, I RECOVERED IN TIME TO--

--*RESCUE* ME! TO SHOW YOU REALLY *CARE!*

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *SAY!* I'M...

"--*BREATHLESS!*"

LACK OF OXYGEN MAKING EVERYTHING *SPIN?*

GO IN *CIRCLES?*

OR IS IT JUST M--

-EEEE!

KUNK!

R-RUNAWAY...?

KHEK!

GO AWAY!

WHAT WAS *THAT?* ALMOST THOUGHT SOMETHIN' BRUSHED UP AGAINST MY *DELICATE* SKIN.

NOTHING *IMPORTANT,* BEN.

Y'KNOW-- MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST *STAND AROUND* DURING *MORE* FIGHTS. MAYBE THAT'S LIKE...

"...YOUR REAL *CALLING!"*

I *HEAR* YOU, LORD OF THUNDER, I *SEE* THE TASK BEFORE ME.

YOU HAVE DELIVERED YOUR PROPHETS *TO* ME...

...I WILL LET *NO HARM* BEFALL THEM!

RUN, MR. RICHARDS! I'LL HANDLE THIS ENCHANTRESS!

NO, PILGRIM WILSON, SHE--

V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM! V-CHO

OOM! HOOM! HOOM!

GOOD LORD!

YOU WANT *HEAT*, LADY? I'LL SHOW YOU *REAL* HEAT!

FRSHT

BACK OFF, YOU PRINCESS PYTHON, *POSER*!

REED! IS THE PRIEST--

RGF!

--*ALIVE*, BUT BARELY!

WE HAVE TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL-- A *DOCTOR* AT LEAST-- *NOW*!

REED-- THERE'S A DOCS-IN-THE BOX... MAYBE TEN BLOCKS *THAT* WAY!

KER-RESH!

THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'RE *HEADIN'*!

THAT PILGRIM'S HURT.

AN' I FEEL SORRY FOR ANY *BUILDIN'S* THAT GET IN MY WAY!

STAY BACK.

IT'S THEM.

BAD AS THEY SAY.

FLAME CREATURE.

THEY'LL KILL YOU.

HORRIBLE MONSTER.

DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE, BLACKSTONE! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET *AWAY!*

BUT WE CAN LET THEM *RUN*, SQUEEZE. WE *CAN* LET THEM *EXHAUST* THEMSELVES.

AFTER ALL, THERE ISN'T A PLACE THOSE FOUR CAN GO WHERE WE CAN'T *FIND* THEM!

Bip

NOW--DO TRY TO WAKE UP RUNAWAY...

I GOTTA BE *DREAMING!*

THIS CAN'T BE *WASHINGTON SQUARE!*

I'M AFRAID IT *MUST* BE, JOHNNY--WITH SOME SORT OF... *BARTER MARKET* IN OPERATION?

MOVING EVERYTHING FROM BLISS-CHIPS TO BABY-PARTS, REED. WON'T COST A CREDIT--MIGHT COST YOUR *SOUL.*

SHEESH! CAN'T BELIEVE YA GOT ME MISTY-EYED FER THE DAYS'A DRUG-PUSHERS AN' DRIVE-BY SHOOTIN'S!

UGH! M-MR. RICHARDS... THANK YOU, BUT...

...BUT VALHALLA CALLS...

PLACE ME... BY THE ARCH APARTMENTS... WHERE MY C-CONGREGATION... CAN FIND ME...

HEY YOU!
DAN WUZ HERE
ANGIE ♥ BILL
MM BIL
T-NICE
XXO!!
THANK YOU...
...THANK YOU...
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?
CONTINUE... FIGHTING...
YOU...ARE PROOF...M-MAN... CAN BECOME... IMMORTAL...
TH-THE ONLY... MIRACLE...I'VE EVER SEEN. YOU FOUR ARE...TRULY FAN...FANTAS--
COULD'VE FOOLED ME...
WE...WE'D BETTER GET MOVING-- PROBABLY HALF THE LOCALS HAVE REPORTED US BY NOW. JOHNNY'S FLAME IS A LITTLE HARD TO MISS...
YEAH--AN' I'M JUST A BIG, BRICK BILLBOARD SAYIN' "HERE'S THE F.F.!" COME AN' GET US!"
THERE'S THE F.F.!
LET'S GET 'EM!
V-CHOOM!
V-CHOOM!
V-CHOOM!

V-CHOOM!

NNGH!

I'M HIT!

I'M... HIT?

...HIPSHOT'S PSIONIC BULLETS *DON'T MELT!*

HOW *BAD* IS IT?

DON'T *MATTER*, SUZIE-- ANYONE HURTS THE *TORCH* GETS IT BACK IN *SPADES!*

FUN TIME'S *OVER*--

NO!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT *SOONER*...

-- IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

VWOOM!

YOW!

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* THIS! HOW DID THEY FIND US SO *QUICKLY*?

I *KNOW*, SUE--IT'S AS IF THEY COULD *TRACK* US...

JOHNNY--YOU'RE LOSING A LOT OF *BLOOD*. CAN YOU *CAUTERIZE* THE WOUND?

OH, S-*SURE*! SOUNDS... LIKE *FUN*...!

"TRACKING?" MAYBE...

TAKE *CARE* OF THE BOYS, CHIMERA--BE *RIGHT* BACK!

WELL, WELL, WELL...

KNEW I'D FIND MY *DISAPPEARING ANGEL* SOONER OR LATER...

...BUT TO FIND HER WITH *CHIMERA*!

RIVER STYX--YOU'RE ONE *LUCKY DEVIL*!

LUCKY FER YOU I WON'T *HIT* A LADY--

--VERY *HARD*!

THRAM! V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM! V-CHOOM!

AS FER *YOU*, LITTLE MISS GUN-CRAZY--FER SOMEONE WHO DON'T *TALK*, YOU SURE MAKE A LOTTA *NOISE*.

AN IT'S BEGINNIN' TA GET ON MY NERVES!

KRENCH!

MUCH BETTER!

AN' IF I WASN'T SUCH A *SOFTY* I'D BREAK MORE'N *THAT*, TOOTS, CONSIDERIN'--

SORRY, PUNK--BUT YER NOT EVEN GONNA GET *STARTED*!

HATE TO *BREAK* IT TO YOU LIKE THIS--

YEEP!

THOOM!

--CONSIDERING YOU'LL NEVER GET THE *CHANCE* ONCE *RUNAWAY'S* DONE WITH YOU!

KER-RESH!

--SO WHY DON'T WE JUST *TABLE* IT FER SOME *OTHER* TIME?

WE BRING DOWN THEIR MOST *DANGEROUS* MEMBER... THEIR LEADER TAKES HIMSELF OUT OF THE FRAY TO ADMINISTER CARE...

...AND MY TEAM IS BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL BY A SINGLE *STRONGMAN*? THIS CAN'T BE--

WAIT.

WHERE'S THE *WOMAN*?

THOK!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BLACKSTONE...

...AND A FEW STEPS AHEAD!

NOW--SINCE YOU WERE REACHING FOR THE DEVICE ON YOUR WRIST WHEN YOU WONDERED WHERE I WAS...

...I'LL ASSUME IT'S SOME SORT OF LOCATOR.

I'D SAY I'M BORROWING IT--BUT I'M NOT!

I'M JUST TAKING IT!

TCHKT

...BUT THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER POSSIBILITY!

FOLLOW ME!

IF I'M RIGHT... IF IT'S STILL THERE... IT COULD BE OUR LAST BEST CHANCE!

ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE--BET TOTAL RECALL CAN'T FOLLOW US NOW!

LET'S GET JOHNNY TO ONE OF THOSE "DOCS-IN-A-BOX" AND--

BUT THAT'S THE LAST PLACE THESE GLITCHES'LL SCAN.

REED...!

I THINK CHIMERA MAY BE RIGHT, SUE...

CAN'T BELIEVE OUR LUCK! *HURRY!*

AFTER ZIG-ZAGGIN' ALL OVER SO NO ONE *FOLLOWS* US-- NOW YA WANNA STOP FER A QUICK TRIM AN' *MANICURE*, STRETCHO?

NOT *EXACTLY*, OLD FRIEND--BUT I WANT US OFF THE STREET BEFORE SOMEONE SEES US--

"...AND ALERTS *TOTAL RECALL!*"

JAMMIT, HIPSHOT-- I'M FINE! *FINE*, I TELL YOU!

SUSAN RICHARDS DIDN'T HURT *ME* WHEN SHE STOLE THE LOCATOR-- ONLY MY *PRIDE!*

WELL, SHOCKIN' TELEPORT BACK TO STARK-FUJI AN' GRAB ANOTHER SO WE CAN GET BACK TO *BIZ!*

THAT WOULD HARDLY ENHANCE OUR PRO-REP RATING, SQUEEZE.

NOW WE MUST FIND THESE FANTASTIC FUGITIVES ON OUR *OWN.*

YOU TALKING ABOUT THAT ORANGE *ROCK-GUY?*

I SEEN HIM... *MAYBE.*

THEN I HOPE YOUR MEMORY COMES INTO *FAST FOCUS*, DOWNTOWNER...

...OR MY ASSOCIATE WILL PUT THE *SQUEEZE* ON YOU--NO "MAYBE" ABOUT IT!

UH... UM... IT'S, *AH*, ACROSS TOWN... Y'KNOW...

"--ONE OF THOSE ANCIENT *CLIP JOINTS?*"

LUKE'S HARDWARE

WHAT WAS THAT *GUTTERKIND BABBLING* ABOUT? THERE'S NO *BARBER SHOP* HERE.

BUT, ASSUMING THERE'S *SOME* TRUTH TO HIS CLAIM, WE'LL BEGIN SEARCHING THIS AREA...

...ONCE SQUEEZE FINISHES WITH--

CAN I *HELP* YOU, PAL? THIS IS KINDA *MY* TURF.

NAME'S RIVER STYX... WORK FOR *HELCORP*... INNER CIRCLE "D."

A...A D-MAN? A HELCORP DEMON?!?

WE PREFER TO THINK OF OURSELVES AS *TALENT SCOUTS.*

YOU KNOW YOU LOOK LIKE *YOU* GOT POTENTIAL...

NO! NO, I'D BE *USELESS* TO YOU, I GUARANTEE IT!

I'M SORRY TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU! YOU WON'T SEE ME HERE AGAIN-- YOU HAVE MY *WORD!*

THE *POWER* OF THAT WHICH IS LEFT *UNSPOKEN*...

THAT'S *ONE* YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS OWE ME, ANGEL--

--AND *ANOTHER* TO ADD TO *CHIMERA'S* LIST.

THING IS, I'M GOING TO COLLECT *REAL SOON*-- AND I MAY NOT *CHARGE* MUCH...

...BUT MY *INTEREST* WILL *KILL* YOU!

WHAT THE *SHOCK--?!*

JUST AN OLD *S.H.I.E.L.D. SUB-STATION*, CHIMERA-- ONE'A THEIR *FIRST!*

NICK FURY AN' A BUNCH'A US USE TA PLAY POKER HERE *ALL* THE TIME!

DIDN'T *RECOGNIZE* IT RIGHT AWAY--SEE THERE WAS A SIX-STORY *BROWNSTONE* ON TOP'A THIS PLACE LAST TIME I LOOKED!

CAN'T BELIEVE WE COULD STILL CHANGE THE OUTSIDE FROM A *BARBER* SHOP TO A *HARDWARE* STORE.

CAN'T BELIEVE *ANY* OF THIS STILL WORKS!

FURY ALWAYS MADE SURE S.H.I.E.L.D. EQUIPMENT WAS BUILT TO *LAST*, SUE.

WELL, UNFORTUNATELY, JOHNNY *WASN'T!*

BEN--FIND *MEDICAL* SUPPLIES! BANDAGES, SOAP...EVEN *WATER* WOULD BE A BIG IMPROVEMENT!

CHIMERA-- LOOK AROUND FOR A BED, BEDDING, A BLANKET... SOME PLACE TO PUT JOHNNY THAT'S *CLEAN!*

BUT... CAN'T I HELP *REED?*

THANK YOU, CHIMERA--BUT ANALYZING AND *JAMMING* THIS LOCATOR BEFORE WE'RE FOUND *AGAIN* IS SOMETHING I'LL DO BETTER *ALONE.*

LUCKILY, THE SUB-STATION SHOULD HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED...

...EVERYTHING EXCEPT *TIME!*

AS QUICKLY AS CENTURY-OLD MACHINES HUM TO LIFE. THE WORLD **DROPS AWAY** FOR REED RICHARDS.

...AND THAT HIS TOOLS--OUTDATED EVEN IN THE LATE 20TH CENTURY--ARE **HOPELESSLY** INADEQUATE FOR THE TASK AT HAND.

HE ACCEPTS AND **ADJUSTS**.

THERE ARE NO OTHER OPTIONS.

WITHIN SECONDS HE REALIZES TECHNOLOGY HAS ADVANCED AMAZINGLY **LITTLE** IN THE LAST 200 YEARS...

PROGRESS COMES IN **MILLIMETERS**.

HIS MIND RACES **AHEAD**, FORMING THEORIES THAT CAN'T BE CONFIRMED OR DENIED UNTIL **HOURS** LATER.

THAT THEIR ENEMIES MIGHT FIND THEM AT ANY MOMENT ISN'T A **THOUGHT** AS MUCH AS A HOT FLAME AT THE **EDGE** OF THOUGHT.

SIXTEEN HOURS PASS BEFORE A **BREAKTHROUGH**...

--NANO-TRACES, SUE! WOVEN INTO OUR **UNIFORMS**!

SINCE WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER **UNSTABLE** MOLECULE CLOTHING, I NEED TO FIND A WAY TO **NEUTRALIZE** THEM...

WHAT COMES NEXT IS AS SIMPLE AS FINDING A CURE FOR **CANCER**.

WITH THE ORIGINAL LOCATOR DISASSEMBLED BEYOND REPAIR, AN EDUCATED **GUESS** MUST BE MADE.

NEAR EXHAUSTION, REED ATTEMPTS TO DIS-ARRAY THE NANO-TRACER'S SENDING FREQUENCIES AND MAKE THEM UNREADABLE.

THERE IS NO WAY TO **TEST** THE RESULTS.

...NO WAY TO KNOW...

YOU NEED TO **REST**, REED. YOU DID WHAT YOU **COULD**, AND I'M SURE--

THE NANO-TRACERS HAVE GONE *DEAD*, HIKARU-SAMA.

IN ADDITION, TOTAL RECALL ADMITS LOSING THEIR LOCATOR, AND DEMANDS AN *OUTRAGEOUS* AMOUNT TO CONTINUE THEIR OPERATION.

FANTASTICALLY *INEPT*, PERHAPS--

THEY *ARE* FANTASTIC, ARE THEY NOT, SHUDO?

NO, SHUDO-- OUR FOUR *ESCAPED SUBJECTS*.

PAY TOTAL RECALL A *KILL* FEE. STARK-FUJIKAWA NO LONGER REQUIRES THEIR SERVICES.

BUT... WHAT OF THE *FANTASTIC FOUR*? THINK OF THE MONEY SPENT DEVELOPING--

AND THINK OF THE MONEY *SAVED* BY LETTING AN ANGERED S.H.I.E.L.D. AND THORITE COMMUNITY HUNT THEM FOR *FREE*.

WE SHALL *NOT* BE PART OF THE FORCES MARSHALLING AGAINST THEM, SHUDO.

AS THEIR OPTIONS DWINDLE, THEY WILL SEEK US OUT AS THE *LESSER* OF EVILS.

AND AT THAT TIME, I MAY WELL OFFER THE FANTASTIC FOUR...

...A *LAST REFUGE!*

...NICE TATTOO...

...ALMOST GOT A TATTOO... ONCE...BUT DOOM ATTACKED...

...THINK IT WAS DOOM. DOOM ALWAYS ATTACKED...

YOUR TATTOO... WHAT'S THE STORY...?

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW...

IT WAS A A GIFT FROM A...AN OLD *BOYFRIEND.*

GAVE ME THIS *SCRAP* ABOUT THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE BEING AT THE END OF THE *PHOTON ROAD*...

...BUT IT WAS JUST A *DEAD* END FOR HIM... AND THE *NEGATIVE ZONE* FOR ME.

NICE STORY, *huh?*

...SO YOU...YOU DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND, *huh?*

...WELL, Y'KNOW... I KIND'A LIKE YOU...

...AND I KNOW YOU KIND'A LIKE...

GEE.

SORRY, JOHNNY.

--MMGH!

YANK!

DIDN'T KNOW THAT EXTRA PAIN WOULD MAKE YOU *PASS OUT*...

...BUT THEN YOU NEED YOUR *REST*, DON'T YOU?

AND I CERTAINLY WANT YOU TO REST IN *PEACE*, JOHN--

-EEEE!

WAS THAT THE TORCH?

HE OKAY?

UM...YES! HIS...HIS FEVER BROKE, AND...

...AND WHERE'S REED? HE WANTED TO KNOW WHEN--

AW, HIM AN' SUZIE'RE IN THE MAIN ROOM, CHIMERA--LET 'EM SLEEP.

I'M ON FIRST WATCH, YA CAN KEEP ME COMPANY IF YA WANT...

YA KNOW--DON'T LET THIS GO TO YER HEAD--BUT YA DONE GOOD BY US, KID. WE GET BACK HOME, ALOTTA THE KUDOS BELONG TO YOU!

BROTHER! JUST THINKIN' ABOUT IT--SOME SUDS AN' A DOG AN' THE KNICKS ON THE TUBE...

I'D EVEN BE GLAD TO HEAR "ACHEY-BREAKY HEART" FER ONCE!

BUT WHAT I MISS MOST IS--

EXCUSE ME, MR. GRIMM--BUT I'M EXHAUSTED.

SOME OTHER TIME?

OH, UM... YEAH, SURE.

WASN'T IMPORTANT, ANYWAYS.

JUST HOW I MISS ALICIA...

JUST HOW I MISS THE ONE GAL WHO DON'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE SOME MONSTER MOVIE REJECT...

REED...?

GOOD NIGHT, REED.

I LOVE YOU!

HUH... LUF YU... TOO...

...SUE...

NO! HE'S MINE!

HE SHOULD BE MINE!

HE WILL BE MINE!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS--

BANG!

--GET SOME AMMUNITION!

CONTINUED!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST 2099 COMIC MAGAZINE!

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

AND

SPIDER-MAN

2099

TOO!

NEGATIVE RESULTS

"...AND THEN I ACTIVATED THE *PRIME FREQUENCY MODULATOR.*

"WE DOVE THROUGH THE *NEGATIVE ZONE* TOWARD THE *RIFT,* AND--!"

WITH MUCH OWED TO THE WORK OF STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

KARL KESEL	• WRITER
MATT RYAN	• PENCILER
AL WILLIAMSON	• INKER
JANICE CHIANG	• LETTERER
PAUL BECTON	• COLORIST
MALIBU	• SEPARATIONS
JOEY CAVALIERI	• EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE	• EXECUTIVE EDITOR
BOB HARRAS	• CHIEF

--AND THAT'S ALL I RECALL BEFORE OUR... *ARRIVAL* IN 2099 A FEW DAYS AGO!

ME, TOO, REED. I MEAN, I REMEMBER EVERYTHING TURNING *INSIDE-OUT*, BUT THEN...

HOW 'BOUT *YOU*, BEN?

ALL I CAN SAY IS--YOU TWO'RE *LUCKY* I GOT SUCH A *THICK HEAD* FER ONCE!

YEAH, THAT BLOW-BACK HIT ME LIKE A COUPLE'A ROUNDS WITH THE *HULK*...

...BUT MY BÄBY-BLUES WAS STILL FOCUSIN' WHEN *ANNIHILUS*--

REED! *EVERYONE!*

SOMETHING *HORRIBLE* HAPPENED!

CHIMERA! WHERE'S *SUE?*

SHE...SHE'S BACK!

IT HAPPENED SO *FAST!* IT--

IT'S *OKAY*, CHIMERA! I GOT YOU! YOU'RE *SAFE!*

YES, OF *COURSE* I AM...

...JOHNNY...

AS I WAS *SAYING*...

I WAS LEADING SUE THROUGH *DOWNTOWN* SO SHE COULD GATHER SUPPLIES... *FOOD*...

"SHE WAS *INVISIBLE*, OF COURSE... PALMING AND TURNING WHATEVER WE *NEEDED* INVISIBLE... THE *USUAL* PROGRAM...

"THEN THE PROGRAM *CRASHED*!"

THE 'TOWNERS WERE ON HER IN A *NANO*-- SCREAMING ABOUT THE STARK-FUJIKAWA *BOUNTY* ON ALL OF YOU!

I *BARELY* ESCAPED MYSELF!

REED, I'M... I'M *SO SORRY*...

SORRY YOU DIDN'T MAKE *SURE* THEY FINISHED ME OFF!

YEAH. *RIGHT*.

FWAP!

OR MAYBE THEY *DID* AND I'M *HAUNTING* YOU! HARD TO TELL WITH SOMEONE WHO CAN TURN *INVISIBLE*!

WHAT'S GOING *ON* HERE, SUE? CHIMERA?

I GOT *NO IDEA* WHAT SHE'S GLITCHING ABOUT...

SHE SPILLED THE PAINT ON ME, REED! I JUST WISH I COULD *PROVE* IT...

"...AS EASILY AS I GOT THE PAINT *OFF!*

"LUCKILY, IT WASN'T HARD TO FORM A FORCE-FIELD *BETWEEN* MY BODY AND THE PAINT, *EXPAND* IT...

"...AND *DISAPPEAR!*"

BUT *YOU* WON'T GET OFF *THAT* EASILY, GIRL!

YOU OWE US A *LOT* OF EXPLAINING -- STARTING FROM WHEN WE FIRST *MET* YOU!

SHE COULD'VE GOTTEN ME *KILLED*, JOHNNY!

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT CHIMERA WAS DOING IN THE *NEGATIVE ZONE* -- AND I WANT TO KNOW *NOW!*

EASY, SIS--!

CHIMERA?

I...I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU *SOONER*, BUT THE MEMORIES, THEY'RE--

YOU SEE, I WAS A...*GIFT* TO THE TZZAR OF THE ZONE...

...FOR HIM TO DO WITH AS HE PLEASED...

GOOD LORD...

I...I'M SO SORRY, CHIMERA!

AFTER WHAT YOU MUST HAVE GONE *THROUGH*--TO NOT LET IT *GET* TO YOU... SLOW YOU *DOWN*...

OH, IT TAKES A *LOT* TO STOP ME...

...SUE...

AHH--THE FUTURE SURE AIN'T WHAT IT *USETA* BE! WE GOTTA FIND A WAY *OUTTA* THIS PLACE--STRETCH--FER *ALLA* US!

BACK INTA OUR *OWN* TIME...INTA OUR OWN *UNIFORMS*, EVEN!

I'M AFRAID THESE ARE THE *ONLY* UNSTABLE MOLECULE CLOTHING WE *HAVE* RIGHT NOW, BEN.

AND DO YOU *TRULY* WANT TO LEAVE WITHOUT *TRYING* TO MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE?

HEY--IF WE COULD WALK OUTTA THIS OLD *S.H.I.E.L.D.* *H.Q.* WE'RE HOLED UP IN WITHOUT GETTIN' *CLOBBERED*--

--THAT'D BE A *BIG* IMPROVEMENT IN *MY* BOOK!

HM. YOU'RE *RIGHT*, OLD FRIEND.

OUR *FIRST* GOAL MUST BE REMOVING THE *BOUNTY* ON US BY DISPROVING STARK-FUJIKAWA'S CLAIM THAT WE'RE "EXPERIMENTAL SUBJECTS."

A SIMPLE *D.N.A.* *ANALYSIS* WOULD DO THAT--BUT THIS SUBSTATION DOESN'T HAVE THE *CAPABILITIES*...

ALCHEMAX DOES, REED! THEY'RE *FAMOUS* FOR THEIR *DESIGNER GENE LABS*!

I'LL *TAKE* YOU THERE!

PERFECT! WHAT WOULD WE *DO* WITHOUT YOU, CHIMERA?

I THINK EVERYONE CAN BE READY IN LESS THAN AN *HOUR*!

EVERYONE...

WELL, *UM*... THIS WON'T BE ZERO-G *EASY*... THE 'MAX IS LEVEL TEN *WIRED*, SO...

...SO MAYBE NOT *EVERYONE* SHOULD GO...

WHAT? WHY YOU LOOKIN' AT *ME?*

NO WAY.

NO WAY I'M LETTING US GET SPLIT UP *AGAIN!* FOR BETTER OR WORSE--WE'RE IN THIS *TOGETHER!*

SO LET'S MAKE A *PLAN*...SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT *DISGUISES*...

"...AND WAIT UNTIL *DARK*."

CLEAN SCAN!

FOLLOW ME!

--BLASTED STUFF ITCHES LIKE *STEEL WOOL!*

WHAT--YOU USED TO WEAR STEEL WOOL A *LOT*, BENJI? I DON'T THINK I WANNA *KNOW* THIS...

HARDY HAR HAR, FLAME-BRAIN! ALL I'M SAYIN' IS WHERE'S GOOD OLD-FASHIONED COTTON? WOOL? *RAYON*, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD?

DON'T CRY OUT *TOO* LOUD, MR. GRIMM...

...IF WE'RE SCANNED *HERE*, A 'TOWNER MIGHT KNOW--

NO!

WHAT?

KNOW *WHAT*, CHIMERA?

NOTHING.

LOOKS LIKE YOU SEEN A *GHOST*, GIRLIE.

YEAH. IT *HAD* TO BE...

C'MON, LET'S *SCROLL*-- *FAST!*

...BET YA CAN'T EVEN GET A GOOD *BAGEL* IN THIS BURG NO MORE...

--FANTASTIC FOUR STILL SOUGHT IN THE MURDER OF THE THORITE PILGRIM **MOSLEY WILSON.**

DISTRICT ODINSON **MOCO BUCHANAN** SEES STORM CLOUDS AHEAD.

THEY DOTH NOT COME HERE BY **CHANCE!** THEY BE THE **DARK RIDERS!** THE FOUR HARBINGERS OF **RAGNAROK!**

'TIS OUR HOLY **DUTY** TO RETURN THEM TO HADES' REALM FROM WHICH THEY HAVE COME!

SHOCK IT, MIGUEL O'HARA! THE CEO OF ALCHEMAX HAS TO DECIDE THINGS ***FAST*** AND ***FIRM!***

BUT I ***STILL*** DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS FANTASTIC FOUR MESS...

CALLING THEMSELVES THE F.F. IS ONE THING--SHOCK. I NAMED ***MYSELF*** AFTER SPIDER-MAN...

...BUT FROM THE VIDS, IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S WHO THEY REALLY ***ARE!***

HARD TO ***BELIEVE***--BUT THEN THE ***TWEN-CEN*** WALL-CRAWLER WAS SHUNTED HERE NOT LONG AGO*, SO WHY NOT?

*IN THE TIMELESS **SPIDER-MAN 2099 MEETS SPIDER-MAN** ONE-SHOT.--JOEY

WELL, IT'S ***IMPOSSIBLE*** TO SAY WITHOUT ***MEETING*** THEM-- BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO ***BEGIN*** LOOKING.

THE COM-NET'S ***SWAMPED*** WITH "SIGHTINGS"-- MOST OF THEM HYSTERICAL AND UNRELIABLE...

...AND IT'S A GOOD BET THEY WON'T DROP BY FOR A FRIENDLY ***VISIT!***

--SORRY HOW THAT BUNCH'A *DOWNTOWNERS* RECOGNIZED ME, GANG. YA SHOULD'A *LEFT* ME...

NONSENSE, BEN! WE GOT *OUT* OF THERE--AND NOW I JUST NEED TO KNOW HOW WE'RE GETTING *INTO* HERE!

WELL, I'M *SORRY*, SUE! I KNEW WHERE *ALCHEMAX* WAS-- I NEVER SAID I HAD IT *BITMAPPED!*

THAT'S *ALL RIGHT*, CHIMERA. WE'RE SOMEWHERE AROUND THE 237TH FLOOR--AS GOOD A PLACE AS *ANY* TO START LOOKING.

YES. JUST ENOUGH *GIVE* IN THE WINDOW SEALS TO WORK MY FINGERS THROUGH.

BE READY FOR *ANYTHING.*

YOU MADE IT LOOK SO *EASY*, REED.

ACTUALLY-- IT WAS A REAL *PANE*, CHIMERA.

AS IN--PANE OF *GLASS?*

OH, NEVER MIND.

NO *ALARMS?*

THIEVES PROBABLY GET STOPPED BY *NOSEBLEEDS* LONG BEFORE THEY GET *THIS* HIGH, JOHNNY.

WISHFUL *THINKIN'*, SUZIE...

MR. O'HARA UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY ON LEVEL 237.

THEN ACTIVATE *DEFENSE MEASURE 8*-- ISN'T THAT *STANDARD* PROGRAMMING?

AFFIRMATIVE. AS IS NOTIFYING THE ON-SITE CEO WHEN DENTI-SCANS MATCH WANTED FELONS . . .

WANTED . . . ?

SHOCK IT!

LEARN TO PAY SHOCKING ATTENTION, O'HARA!

'PUTER -- HAS SECURITY SEEN THIS VID?

NEGATIVE. A PATROL ALREADY ON ROUTINE ROUNDS WAS DISPATCHED.

GOOD! THEN I CAN BLAME THIS ON A COMPUTER GLITCH --

THIS UNIT HAS MADE NO ERROR, MR. O'HARA . . .

--IF I CAN GET THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF THERE BEFORE SECURITY SHOWS UP! LUCKY FOR THEM --

--I KNOW A SHORT-CUT!

FWIZZ

THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE!

SHOCKIN' STRAIGHT-- WE'RE SPIKED!

WRAWNG!

NAH...

...WE'RE JUST GETTIN' STARTED!

VVVVVVVVVVVV

AWRIGHT-- 237TH FLOOR! COMPUTERS, D.N.A. GIZMOS, AN' LADIES' LINGERIE!

EVERYONE OUT--

KYK-KEKK!

FLAME ON!

SHRAK!

--LAST STOP!

KTEESH!

I DON'T THINK SECURITY WILL HAVE ANY DOUBTS WHERE WE ARE *NOW!*

WE SHOULD MOVE ON BEFORE WE ATTRACT ANY MORE--

--ATTENTION?

ALL RIGHT-- EVERYONE STAY CALM!

THE NAME'S *SPIDER-MAN* AND YOU'RE--

CHAK! CHAK!

SURROUNDED!

CHAK!

CHAK! CHAK!

NOW, AIN'T *THIS* A KODAK MOMENT!

AN' ME WITH MY CAMERA BACK IN THE LAST *CENTURY!*

OH-- THIS WAS A *GREAT* PLAN!

DON'T PAT YOURSELF ON THE BACK *YET*, POSER!

YOU THINK YOU'RE *SPIDER-MAN*, *huh?*

WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK TOO AMAZING OR SPECTACULAR TO *ME!*

--*SHOCKIN'!*

MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS MORE--

TCHUM! TCHUM!
TCHUM! TCHUM!
TCHUM! TCHUM!

WHAT'S *SHOCKING* IS IF YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU CAN PASS YOURSELF OFF AS SOME SORT OF SPIDER-MAN, 2099-STYLE!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT THE LOOKS OR THE MOVES OR--

--OR THE *WEBBING?*

THWAP!

YANK!

NOTHING PERSONAL, LADY-- JUST MAKING SURE NONE OF THOSE GUARDS GETS HIT BY A RICOCHET OFF YOUR FORCE FIELD!

LET GO OF MY *WIFE*, YOU ERSATZ *INSECT!*

I REALLY DON'T THINK *NOW'S* THE RIGHT MOMENT FOR JEALOUSY TO REAR ITS UGLY HEAD--

--NO OFFENSE.

FIRE AT WILL!

NGF!

TCHUM! TCHUM! TCHUM!

ANYWAY, DON'T WORRY-- I'LL MAKE TIME FOR *YOU*, TOO!

AHHG!

SORRY ABOUT THE *TALONS*--I USUALLY PREFER MINOR PUNCTURES TO BLAST-HOLES, MYSELF.

I'M ACTUALLY A BIG *FAN* OF YOURS, MR. RICHARDS.

MR. RICHARDS--CAN YOU *HEAR* ME?

HEAR *THIS*, PUNK--

--IT'S *CLOBBERIN'* TIME!

OH, SH--

THWAMM!

--OCK!

WHUP!

THINK YOU'RE GOING TO PULL SOME *DAMAGE*, DRONE? YOU BETTER *SIT DOWN--*

UGH!!

--'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRIGGER *ANYONE* WITH THIS BABY!

NO, *THAT* PLEASURE'LL BE ALL MI--

HEY--!

Huh?

DON'T *WORRY*, CHIMERA! *NONE* OF THESE GUNS'LL BE USED AGAINST US *NOW*!

OH, *SHOCKIN'* GREAT, JOHNNY! BUT...

"...YOU MELTED *MY* BLASTER, TOO! HOW'S A GIRL SUPPOSED TO *PROTECT* HERSELF?"

DEFENSIVE POSITIONS, MEN! PRIME FRAG-SPHERES!

ON MY MARK--

FALL BACK, CAPTAIN!

SECURITY

SECURITY

MR. O'HARA?

I'VE BEEN **MONITORING**, *THE ACTION, CAPTAIN--AND YOUR TEAM'S DOING* **EXCELLENT** *WORK!*

BUT WHY SHOULD ALCHEMAX'S MEN GET BLOODIED WHEN THAT COSTUMED VOLUNTEER **SPIDER-MAN** *IS ON-SCENE?*

BUT SPIDER-MAN'S *GONE*, MR. O'HARA, AND THE SITUATION IS--

--UNDER CONTROL, I'M SURE--BUT YOU DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING I DO, CAPTAIN! SPIDER-MAN WILL RETURN **VERY SOON.**

FALL BACK!

YOU *HEARD* THE CEO, MEN.

LEAVE 'EM TO THE *SPIDER!*

HOW COME I DON'T THINK THEY'RE LEAVIN'TA GO SET UP AFTERNOON *TEA* FER US?

THEY'RE *REGROUPING*, REED...CALLING IN *REINFORCEMENTS*...WE SHOULD *DISAPPEAR*--

WHAT KIND OF EXECUTIVE ORDER WAS THAT?

OKAY, YOU *FANTASTIC FUGITIVES!* TIME FOR A *CRASH COURSE* IN 2099 BY--

OH, THE GUARDS ARE *GONE?*

YEAH, COBWEB HEAD--JUST LIKE *YER* GONNA BE IN ABOUT TWO--

WAITWAITWAIT-WAITWAIT!

I COME IN *PEACE*--AND WILL *NOT* BE THE ONE LEAVING IN *PIECES*, IF IT COMES TO THAT.

I'M ON *YOUR* SIDE--*HONEST!*

THE CEO RAN THIS SO I COULD *HELP* YOU ANY WAY I CAN...

--WANTED A *GENETIC LAB*, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

DOING GOOD, TOO-- FOR A MAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS *OUT* OF HIS TIME!

PEOPLE SAID I WAS A HUNDRED YEARS *AHEAD* OF MY TIME. GUESS THEY WERE *RIGHT*.

THE DIGITAL IMAGING OF THESE MACHINES IS *ASTOUNDING!*

I'M GOING TO MAKE A *COPY* OF THIS DATA, IF YOU DON'T MIND--

YES! I MIND A *LOT!*

THAT'LL LINK US TO THE *MAINFRAME* AND LEAVE AN E-TRAIL THAT COULD NEVER BE PLAUSIBLY *DENIED!*

SORRY...

DON'T BE. YOU HANDLE THIS LAB BETTER THAN ANYONE AT ALCHEMAX... EXCEPT THE *CEO*.

THANKS, BUT MY *TOP* PRIORITY IS CLEARING OUR NAMES.

YOU KNOW, HE COULD HELP YOU *HIDE OUT*... GIVE YOU A *JOB* HERE...I FIGURE YOU'RE WORTH THEIR *TOP* SALARY...

HMM. COSMIC RADIATION AND MUTATION IN THE SAMPLES TO VARYING DEGREES...

...BUT THE CORES ARE *CLEAN!*

THEN I HOPE THIS *SCANALYSIS* HELPS...

NO GENETIC *MARKERS*? NO SIGN OF *D.N.A ENGINEERING*?

THEN STARK-FUJIKAWA IS *WRONG!*

UH, WELL...

KOH

KEEP IT *DOWN*, YOU TWO!

SURE *THING*, SUZIE--SOON AS YER LITTLE *BROTHER* HERE ADMITS HE'S *WRONG*!

NO WAY! IT WAS TOTALLY *LAME* WHEN THEY SAID HIS NAME WAS **COSMO**! IT WAS *WAY* BETTER WHEN WE DIDN'T--

HE'S COMING! *REED'S* COMING!

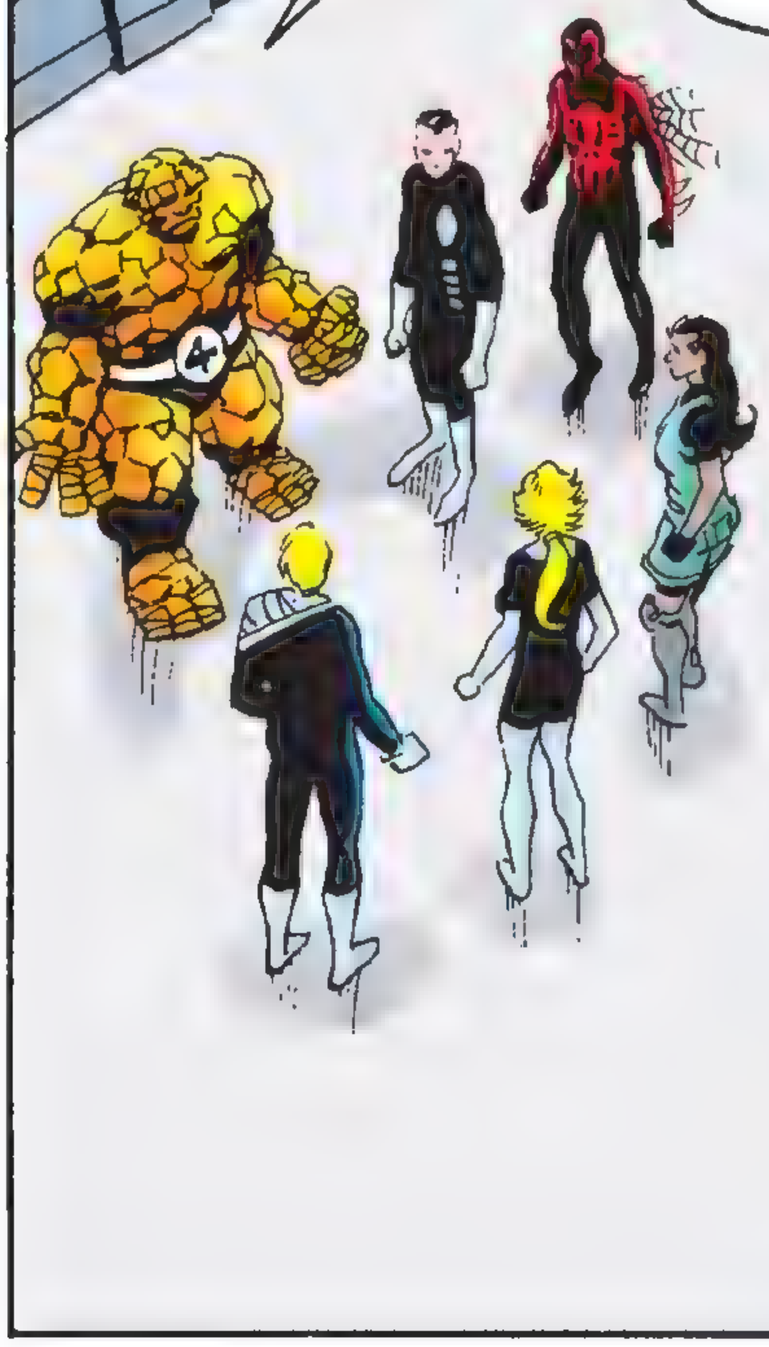
LAB

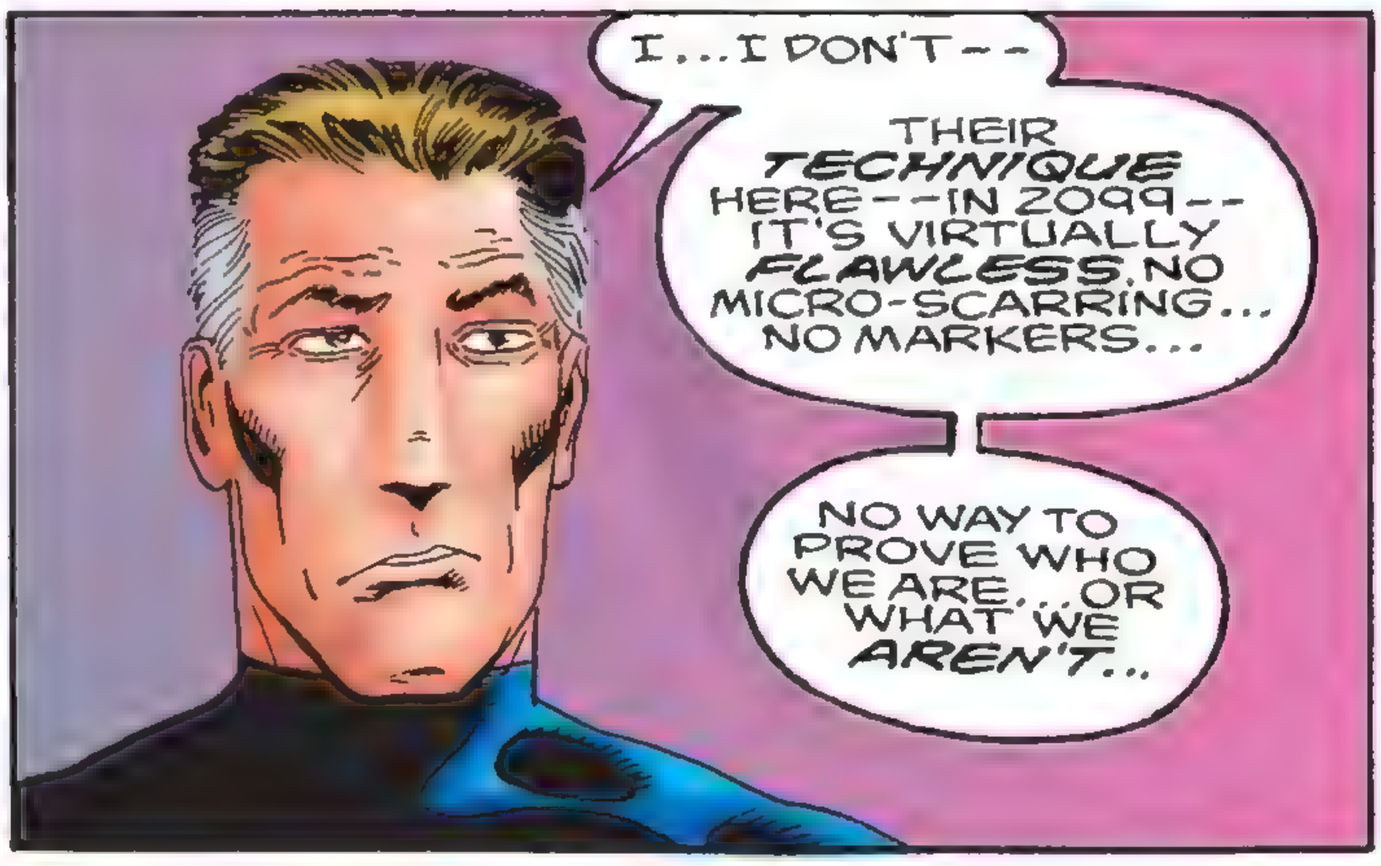
YER HIDIN' YER EXCITEMENT PRETTY *GOOD* THERE, STRETCHO.

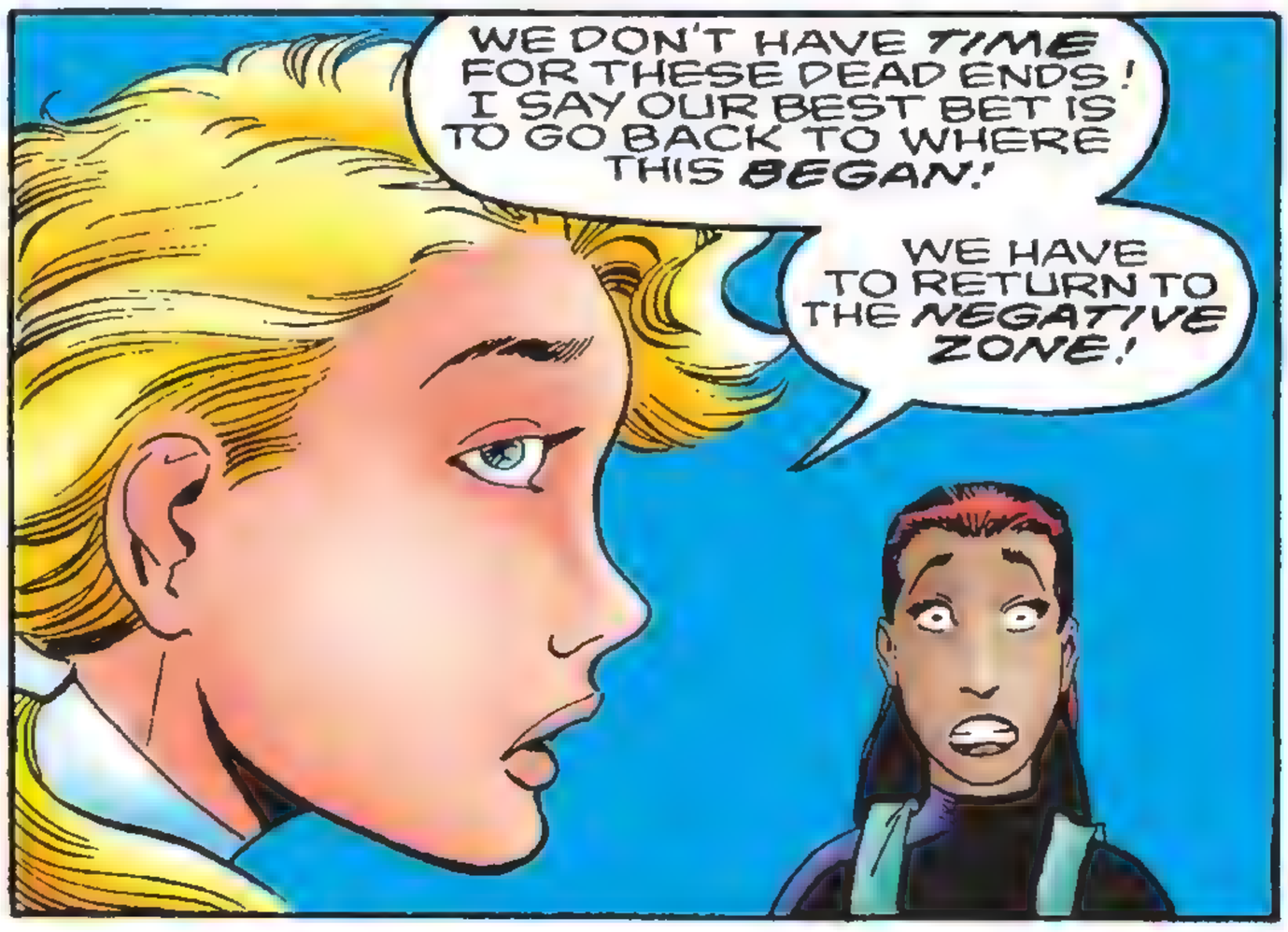
C'MON--I KNOW I'M THE *REAL THING*.

...THE UNIVERSE COULDN'T STAND NO MORE A'MY BOYISH CHARM AN' GOOD LOOKS THAN *THAT*!

RIGHT?







BAD CALL ON MY PART, HIKARU-SAMA.

BASED ON WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SPIDER-MAN, I THOUGHT HE'D BE ABLE TO STOP THE FANTASTIC FOUR...

...SAVING ALCHEMAX CONSIDERABLE MANPOWER AND HAZARD-PAY COSTS.

IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN. YOU HAVE MY WORD.

YOU NEED NOT APOLOGIZE, MR. O'HARA.

THANK YOU, HIKARU-SAMA.

BY THE WAY...

...I'D LIKE TO SEND AN OBSERVATION CREW OVER TOMORROW FOR A QUICK LOOK AT SOME OF YOUR OPERATIONS?

...AS PER THE TERRITORIAL ALLOWANCES PACT OF '97...

MR. O'HARA, YOU *INSULT* STARK-FUJIKAWA BY EXPENDING *MINIMAL* EFFORT TO SOLVE OUR *MUTUAL* PROBLEM...

...AND THEN DEMAND TOTAL COOPERATION ON SUCH *SHORT* NOTICE?

IF OUR POSITIONS WERE *REVERSED*, I ASSURE YOU I'D BE A MUCH MORE *CONSIDERATE* HOST.

MY APOLOGIES.

BUT IF OUR POSITIONS **WERE** REVERSED, YOU'D BE WELL WITHIN PACT POLICY TO **MAKE** SUCH A DEMAND.

I, OF COURSE, AM MERELY REQUESTING **PERMISSION** TO SEND A TEAM... PENDING YOUR **APPROVAL**, HIKARU-SAMA.

HOW CAN I DENY SUCH ***COURTESY***?

SEND YOUR OBSERVERS IN THE MORNING. BUT NOW IT IS ***LATE***, AND I MUST ***REST***.

GOOD NIGHT, MR. O'HARA. I HOPE YOU, AS THEY SAY, SLEEP LIKE A ***STONE***.

TUV VIPP!

THAT COMMENT WILL, HOPEFULLY, HAUNT MR. O'HARA'S SLEEP.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT STEPS *TYLER STONE* HAS TAKEN TO REGAIN HIS ALCHEMAX POWER-BASE...

...BUT I AM CERTAIN HE WILL TRY TO *DO* SO, AND I PLAN TO FULLY *EXPLOIT*--

MR. HIKARU?

MR. HIKARU-- *RYAN WINGFOOT*, AIR-TAC. I--

YOU *SHOT DOWN* THE FANTASTIC FOUR SOME DAYS AGO.*

THAT'S *RIGHT*, SIR. *THANK* YOU.

I HEAR THEY'RE STILL *OUT* THERE, SIR. I'D LIKE TO GO *AFTER* 'EM AGAIN...

*F.F. 2099 #1 TO YOU AND ME.-- JOEY

IT IS NO LONGER THIS CORPORATION'S ACTIVE POLICY TO *PURSUE* THE FANTASTIC FOUR, MR. WINGFOOT.

YOUR INTERVENTION WOULD BE DETRIMENTAL TO OUR *GOALS*... AND YOUR *CAREER*.

NOW IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME...

BUT I CAN *DO* IT, MR. HIKARU! I--

--I'D SHOCKIN' SELL MY *SOUL* FOR ANOTHER CHANCE!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, RIOT.

THAT'S WHAT THEY *CALL* YOU, RIGHT, *RIOT*?

WHO'S *ASKIN'*?

THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO TAKE YOU TO THE F.F. RIOT-- *NO CHARGE!*

DON'T SAY *RIVER STYX* NEVER GAVE YOU ANYTHING, PAL!

YOU *DO*-- I'LL *HEAR* ABOUT IT. *TRUST* ME.

--YOU HEAR WHAT I'M *SAYING*, REED?

YOU GET INTO YOUR...YOUR OLD HEADQUARTERS? YOU GET INTO THE *ZONE*?

YOU WON'T GET *BACK*! STARK-FUJI'LL *GUARANTEE* IT!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERN, CHIMERA--BUT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT THE *TRUTH*!

YOU DON'T NEED TO GO OF COURSE, I KNOW IT'LL BE *DANGEROUS*...

SHOCKIN' *STRAIGHT*! YOU COULD GET *KILLED*!

ANY OF YOU COULD GET KILLED.

...SO I *BETTER* BE THERE!

THINGS START TO *GLITCH*--YOU'LL WANT BACK-UP FROM *THIS* TIME-ZONE!

GOOD! I WAS *HOPING* YOU'D SAY THAT, CHIMERA!

NOW, LET'S GET THIS MISSION *MOVING*!

HEY, REED-- YOU SEE THIS ZIPPER-THING *FUSES* THE SEAM TOGETHER?

TOO COOL, *huh*?

I IMAGINE THESE COULD BE USED AS *STERILE-SUITS*, IF NEEDED, JOHNNY...

LOOK AT US!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF IT'S THE *PAST*, NOT THE FUTURE...

...AND WE'RE SNEAKING ONTO REED'S EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET FOR THE TRIP THAT CHANGED OUR *LIVES*!

YEAH, SUZIE.

ALMOST.

BEN...

DON'T SAY IT, STRETCHO...

I KNOW THEY DON'T GOT THOSE SNAZZY JUMPSUITS *MY* SIZE AN' EVEN IF THEY *DID*...

...MY *BABY-BLUES* GIVE US AWAY *EVERY* TIME.

GUESS THAT'S THE PRICE FER BEIN' THE IDOL A' MILLIONS...

YOU'RE TAKING THIS *TOO HARD*, OLD FRIEND! WE'LL STRAIGHTEN MATTERS OUT-- *YOU'LL* SEE!

WHEN WE GET BACK, EVERYTHING'LL BE *DIFFERENT!*

YER *RIGHT*, REED.

YER *ALWAYS* RIGHT.

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT *ME*...

YEAH.

YA DON'T GOTTA WORRY ABOUT ME *EVER AGAIN*...

'CAUSE BY THE TIME YOU GUYS GET *BACK*...

...I'LL BE *LONG GONE*.

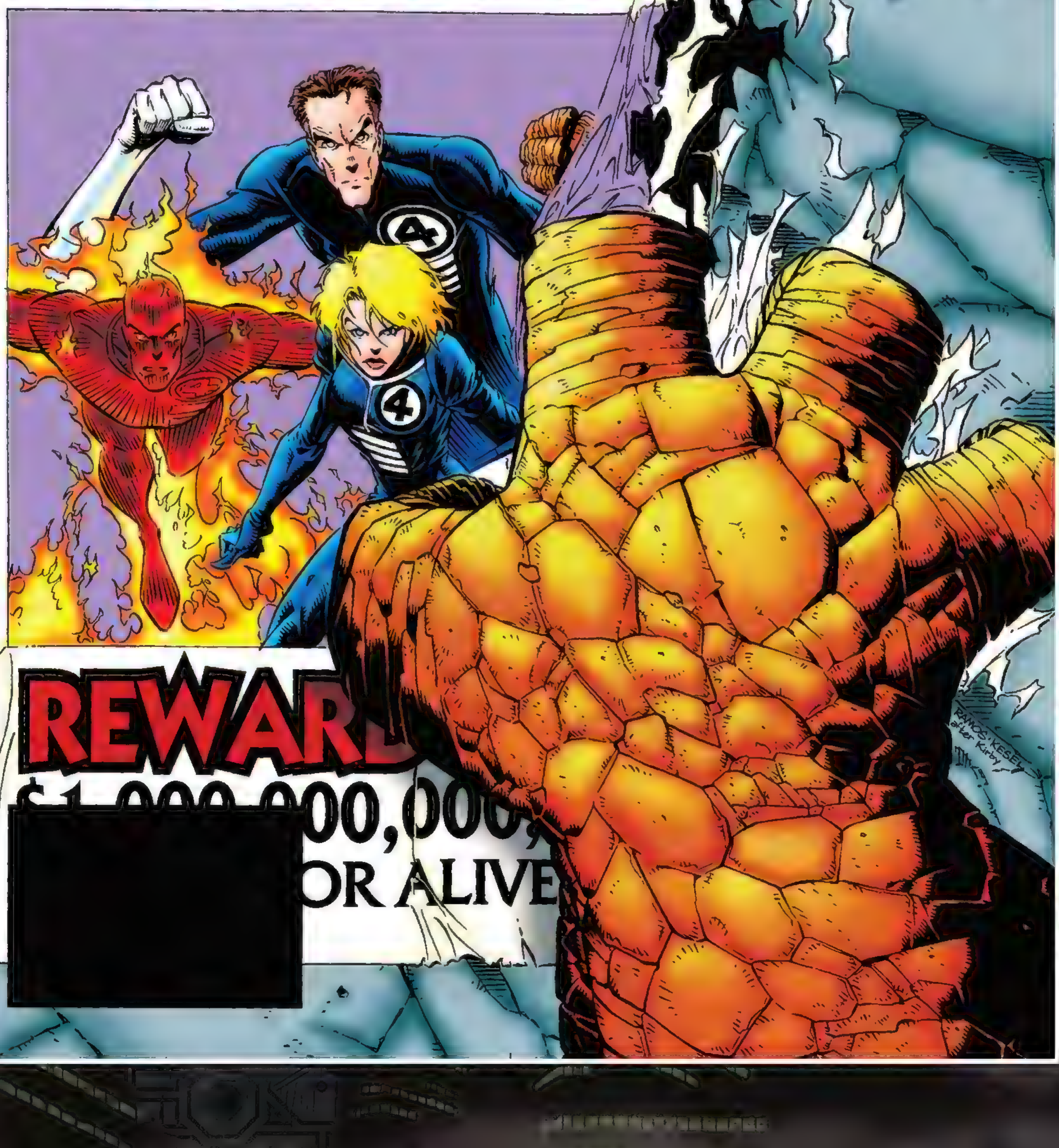
NEXT ISSUE:
ONE LESS
THING
TO WORRY ABOUT!

MARVEL COMICS 2099 MAY '96 5

THE WORLD'S GREATEST 2099 COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic 4 2099

WANTED



NEW YORK CITY, CIRCA 2099. DOWNTOWN.

GEEZ, THE BIG APPLE SURE HAS GOTTEN *ROTTEN* IN A HUNDRED YEARS. USED TA BE I COULD *ENJOY* AN EVENIN' CONSTITUTIONAL, BUT BETWEEN THAT *SMELL* AN' ALL DIS *FUNK* IT LOOKS LIKE *THAT'S* AT AN END. JUST LIKE THE *TEAM*...

STRETCHIE AN' THE REST DON'T WANT TO ADMIT IT, BUT THIS BLUE-EYED PALOOKA AIN'T BEEN GOOD FOR NOTHIN' IN THIS TWISTED BERG 'CEPT *TARGET PRACTICE*.

SEEMS TO ME IT'S TIME TO PULL UP STAKES BEFORE SOMEONE I *CARE* ABOUT GETS *HURT*. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE I'LL GET *USED* TO THIS JOINT. FIND A NICE LITTLE ONE BEDROOM. START A *MODELIN'* CAREER...

AN' MAYBE I'LL *WALTZ* THROUGH GRAMERCY PARK IN AUNT PETUNIA'S *SUNDAY DRESS*...

SO THEN I SAY, VERY *LADYLIKE*---

"IN THREE SECONDS, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO EAT THROUGH A BRAND NEW *HOLE*"--

HEY, PRESS *PAUSE*. ANYONE RECOGNIZE WET, AND *STRAGGLY*?

NEGATIVE.

COULD BE HE'S *HOMELESS*.

COULD BE HE'S *LOST*.

COULD BE HE'S JUST MADE A *BIG* MISTAKE--AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA BE A QUIET NIGHT WITH THE GIRLS.

YOU DOLLS READY FOR SOME *UNSUPERVISED* PLAYTIME?

STRANGE TIDINGS

SHH

KLZT

LET'S SHOW THIS BUM A LITTLE TLC!

JUMPIN' GIULIANI! IT'S RAININ' AMAZONS!

KARL KESEL
PLOT
JOE KELLY
SCRIPT
MATT RYAN
PENCILS
MALIBU
COLOR SEPS
AL WILLIAMSON
INKS
JANICE CHIANG
LETTERS
PAUL BECTON
COLORS
JOEY CAVALIERI
EDITS
BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

STOMP HIM!

HEY, STRANGER, TAKE A LOAD OFF!

OOOF!

NOBODY TOLD ME IT WUZ SADIE HAWKINS' DAY AT THE ASYLUM!

FLATTERY'LL GET YOU NOTHING BUT DEAD, BOY TOY!

YOU GIRLS PLAY ROUGH! USUALLY I'D BE UP FOR A TUSSLE, BUT TODAY I JUST AIN'T IN THE WRASSLIN' MOOD...

Whap

SO WHY DON'T YOU DOLLS GO BACK TO YOUR MACRAME AND GUN-POLISHIN' AN' LEAVE OL' BENJI BE?

NO CHANCE, FUGITIVE!

HOLD STILL! I WANNA GIVE YOU A LITTLE LOVE TAP!

KRUNCH

HE'S ONE OF THOSE FREAKS WHO ESCAPED FROM STARK-FUJI! HIS SORRY HIDE IS WORTH MAJOR CREDS!

HE THINKS HE'S BEN GRIMM --THE THING-- FROM THE TWEN-CEN!

GLAD TA SEE YOU'RE UP ON CURRENT EVENTS, BUT IF YOU DON'T SKEDADDLE-- -

BLAMM

ARRGH!

TO REALLY CASH IN, WE NEED THE WHOLE SET-- GET ALL THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...

THIS *ISN'T* GOING TO *HAPPEN*...

STAY CALM, CHIMERA. IF OUR LITTLE RUSE FOOLED THE PERIMETER GUARDS, THERE'S NO REASON TO THINK OUR ID'S WON'T WORK IN HERE...

REED'S RIGHT...

...JUST KEEP UP THAT *BEAUTIFUL SMILE*, AND STICK CLOSE TO ME.

THIS AREA'S RESTRICTED TO ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL *ONLY*.

MISTER *O'HARA* CALLED US IN FROM DIGI-TECH TO INVESTIGATE A DISCREPANCY IN THE *NEG-EN* SIPHON--

FLASH YOUR *PASS* AND HOLD YOUR *GAS, TECHIE*. MOVE ON.

CHARMING. HE'S A REAL PEOPLE PERSO--*WHOA!*

EASY DOES IT, *SUE*. IT'S SOME SORT OF *ANTI-GRAVITY LIFT. NOVEL*, BUT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

DUH. YOU GUYS LIVE IN *CAVES* IN THE *TWEN-CEN?*

COOL!

I WONDER HOW THEY ACCOUNT FOR INERTIAL VARIANCES AND MASS/VELOCITY ANOMALIES... *FASCINATING.*

I STILL PREFER *FLOORS* WITH MY ELEVATORS, REED.

WELCOME TO THE NEXT MILLENNIUM...

YOU TRANSPARENT *FOSSIL*--

FLIGHT WITHOUT *FLAME!* I COULD GET *USED* TO THIS, EXCEPT I MISS THE *MUZAK*...

♫ *UP, UP AND AWAY IN MY BEAUTIFUL BALLOON...* ♫

LOOK AT HER, HANGING ON HIM LIKE A CHILD. PATHETIC. AND JOHNNY... HEL-LO, LOSER!

SOON AS I GET THE CHANCE, I *SWEAR* I'LL MAKE SURE THEY'RE DELETED FROM *REED'S* PROGRAM... *PERMANENTLY.*

THERE, IT IS THE DOORWAY TO THE *NEGATIVE ZONE*.

MOST PEOPLE *DIE* TRYING TO *HACK OUT* OF THAT *SHOCKING* PLACE. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO BREAK BACK *IN*.

SINCE THE PORTAL WAS OUR ENTRY POINT *INTO* THE FUTURE, IT STANDS TO REASON THAT IT ALSO HOLDS THE *KEY* TO OUR RETURN *HOME*. WE HAVE *NO* OTHER CHOICE.

WHAT'S THE *STRATEGY*, REED?

YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS, CHIMERA. NO WORRIES.

I'M *SO* SURE...

YOU'LL NEED TO KEEP THESE GUARDS *OCCUPIED* WHILE JOHNNY AND I OPEN THE GATEWAY AND EXPLORE.

A COUPLE OF WELL PLACED *FORCE FIELDS* WILL GIVE THEM *PLENTY* TO DEAL WITH WHILE--

ALERT ALL PERSONNEL! TARGET SIGHTED!!

SET WEAPONS ON *MINIMUM* RESTRAINT. I WANT A *CAPTURE*, NOT A *KILL*... AT LEAST NOT *YET*!

SO MUCH FOR THE ELEMENT OF *SURPRISE*. STAY COOL, TEAM. SUE, READY A *SHIELD*.

HOW DID THEY FIND US SO *QUICKLY*?

THEY'RE GOING TO WISH THEY *HADN'T*.

NO... NOT *STYX*... IT *CAN'T* BE!

DOWNTOWN...

THIS IS GONNA BE THE EASIEST PAYDAY EVER!

NAIL HIM, BARB!

SAY GOODNIGHT, UGLY!

IF THAT AIN'T THE POT CALLIN' THE KETTLE...

BRA

KK

DAT'S IT!! THE KID GLOVES ARE OFF!

I USUALLY DON'T MAKE IT A HABIT TO GRAPPLE WITH LADIES, BUT IN YOUR CASE...

I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION!!

WHAMM

ON THE OFF CHANCE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE...

THE NEW YORK DOLLS AIN'T NO LADIES!

UNNNGH!

SKRRITCH

OF ALL DA LOW DOWN YELLA' BELLIED CHEAP SHOTS...

WHIPP

THAT REALLY *SMARTS!*

YOU ACTUALLY *CUT* ME!!

KRUNCH!

I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT UP TO *HERE* WITH THIS FOULED UP FUTURE! I'M *SICK* OF BOUNTY HUNTERS, *SICK* OF BEIN' CHASED LIKE A JUNKYARD DOG, AND MOST OF ALL, I'M SICK OF YOU CRAZY *DAMES* TRYIN' TO KILL ME!

HERE'S A LITTLE *DATING TIP*, HANDSOME...

rrrrrRRIIIPPP

IF YOU WANT TO *IMPRESS* A WOMAN, DON'T *CALL* HER *DAME!*

ZZZZZZZZ

CRAKKLE

NNNNGGGGHHH

UPTOWN...

BRING HER TO ME *INTACT*. OR IT'LL MEAN MORE *SUFFERING* THAN YOU CAN *POSSIBLY* IMAGINE.

UH... WHICH *HER*, SIR?

THAT ONE, YOU *IDIOT!*

STOP *HER!*

LOOK *SHARP*, GRUNT!

OOOOF!

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME IF I BORROW YOUR *PISTOLA* WITHOUT ASKING.

SEAL CORRIDOR *NINETEEN!*

DISENGAGE ALL G-LIFTS *TO AND FROM* THIS FLOOR.

PREPARE TO *FIRE* ON MY MARK!

THIS *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING! PEOPLE DON'T JUST COME BACK FROM THE *DEAD*. HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK *HUMAN!*

CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN *WHAT'S* GOING ON HERE?

QUITE FRANKLY... I DON'T HAVE A *CLUE*.

I'LL *TELL* YOU, SIS...

CHIMERA??

OH SHOCK OH SHOCK OH SHOCK

...THERE'S A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS-- *MY* DAMSEL, ERGO IT'S TIME TO *FLAME ON!*

WHOA! LOOK OUT!

STEP ASIDE-- *THE HUMAN TORCH* IS COMING THROUGH!

THIS DEATH-DEFYING RESCUE, COURTESY OF YOURS TRU--

CANCEL THAT LAST ORDER, FLYBOY!

CLANGG

YOUR *TRAVEL PLANS* ARE GOING TO BE ALTERED DUE TO SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH *RIOT WINGFOOT!*

IT'S JUST NOT *POSSIBLE!* MAYBE IT'S NOT HIM... SOMEONE'S MESSING WITH MY MIND... *YEAH.* THAT'S *IT.*

BOOF

'KAY, NEED TO *CHILL.* GET A GRIP ON THIS BUGGY *TRIP!* I'VE CAN'T BE *EVERYWHERE!* TAKE A SECOND AND MAKE A PLAN--

VLAM

THE ONLY THING YOU SHOULD BE *PLANNING...*

SHOCK!!

...IS A HOP, SKIP, AND A JUMP BACK HOME, TO *HELLCORP.*

GET AWAY FROM ME!

WHAT'S THIS? NO *HUG?* NO TEAR-FILLED *REUNION?* I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOU'RE NOT HAPPY TO *SEE* ME...

...DEAR *SISTER* OF MINE.

DOWNTOWN.

FWOOSH

IMPRESS YOU?

THE ONLY THING I WANT TO *IMPRESS* ON YOU IS THE PAVEMENT!

AMATEUR NIGHT IS OVER, GALS. LET'S FINISH THIS.

I GOTTA GET BACK TO PLANNIN' MY *NEW LIFE* AMONG THE *FREAKS* AN' *WEIRDOS* OF DIS FUTURE.

LET HIM HAVE IT, PJ!

STAND BACK, DOLLS! I'M CALLING THIS DATE OFF RIGHT *NOW!*

klick-klak

BLAM!

OH NO! SHE'S GOT A *RAY GUN!* I'M *SHAKIN'* RIGHT DOWN TA MY BLUE BOXERS!

SPLOOCH

WHAT'S THIS, GLOBS A' *SUPER GOOP!* YOU TRYIN TA *SLIME* ME TA DEATH?

BLAM! BLAM!

KEEP IT COMIN'! KINDA *TICKLES!*

KRIK

SPLOOCH

SPLATT

BLAM! BLAM!

WHAT'S NEXT... *SPITBALLS?*

KRRIK

PLOOF

I COULD USE A GOOD... *MUD BATH!*

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

MAYBE AFTERWARDS WE CAN GIVE... *umh...*

EACH OTHER *FACIALS*... AN' PUT OUR HAIR IN... *unngh...*

CURLERS...

KERCHIK

UH OH.

KKRRIICCHH

OKAY, KID, YA *GOT* ME. YOU AN' YOUR LITTLE *BAND* O' MERRY *MISFITS* HAVE EARNED *BRAGGIN'* RIGHTS FER TODAY.

YOU *WIN*, I *LOSE*. SATISFIED? NOW WHADDAYA SAY WE ALL GO TO OUR CORNERS AN'--

YOU'RE NOT IN *ANY* STATE TO MAKE DEMANDS! I CAN DROP YOU LIKE A *BAD HABIT* IF I WANT TO. YOU'RE *MINE!*

I THINK YOU'RE MISSIN' THE *POINT* HERE. I'M GIVIN' YOU THE CHANCE TO STOP *NOW* AND SAVE YOUR *REP*. SO DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT PULLIN' THAT TRIGGER--

BLAM!!

GAME OVER.

MR. WINGFOOT, WE MEAN YOU *NO HARM*. IF YOU'LL CALM DOWN FOR JUST A MOMENT, I'M *SURE* WE CAN CLEAR UP THIS MISUNDERSTANDING...

REED RICHARDS-- THE ONE CALLED "MR. FANTASTIC!"

I DON'T THINK HE'S THE *CALMABLE* TYPE, REED!

THERE IS NO *MISUNDERSTANDING*, RICHARDS! YOU'RE ESCAPED TEST SUBJECTS AND I'M THE HEAD *RATCATCHER!*

DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE THIS STRONG, BUT I DID SOME HOMEWORK... *CATCH*, FIREBUG!

UH OH! NO TIME FOR FINESSE. MAYBE I CAN MELT IT TO SLAG BEFORE IT BLOWS!

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

FFHWOOSH

JOHNNY, NO!

SKCHOWW

BRRR! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A *CHILL PILL!* EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?

THE *BLAST* DAMAGED THE SYSTEM FAILSAFES. THE HARDWARE IS *OVERLOADING!*

I TAKE IT THAT'S NOT A *GOOD* THING?

THE FIELD AROUND THE NEGATIVE ZONE HAS BEEN *COMPROMISED!* EVERYTHING'S BREAKING DOWN!

Beep Beep Beep Beep

I NEED TO GET AT THAT *CONSOLE* AND REPAIR THE DAMAGE *NOW!*

I'D SAY YOU AND THE FANTASTIC *FREAKS* HAVE DONE *ENOUGH* FOR ONE DAY!

Ker-chik

TIME TO LAY DOWN AND DIE.

WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING*, JOHNNY?!? I COULD HAVE TRAPPED THE GRENADE IN A *FORCE-SPHERE!*

SORRY, SIS... THERE WASN'T MUCH TIME FOR DEBATE--

IF THE NEGATIVE FIELD SHOULD *SEEP* INTO POSITIVE SPACE...

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU *TRY* IT FROM WITHIN AN *AIRTIGHT* FORCE FIELD, WINGFOOT.

YOU WANT TO *RETHINK* THAT PLAN, *SUZYKINS*?

GET YOUR *SNOCKIN'* HANDS OFF ME!

'CAUSE I PROMISE YOU THAT IF RIOT *CHOKES*, YOU *CROAK*.

CHIMERA!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, LISTEN TO REASON! THE PORTAL--

THAT'S NO LONGER YOUR *CONCERN*, RICHARDS! LET THE *SCIENCE GEEKS* HANDLE IT!

ALL *FOUR* OF YOU ARE ON A ONE-WAY TRIP BACK TO THE TANKS AT *STARK-FUJI*. I JUST NEED OUR *LAST* PASSENGER--

NEGATIVE ENERGY IS BUILDING UP EACH *SECOND*! IF IT *DISCHARGES*--

BEEN THERE. *DONE* THAT.

WE'LL LISTEN *EAGERLY* TO YOUR LITTLE *LECTURE* AS SOON AS YOU TURN OVER THE *THING*!

WINGFOOT, BEN GRIMM IS TOO *BIG* TO SNEAK AROUND UP HERE. CHANCES ARE THEY LEFT HIM BACK AT THEIR *HQ*. THAT BARBER SHOP YOU *MISSED* EARLIER.*

FSWIISSSH

B8M-212

YA THINK? WELL THIS TIME, I PROMISE TO BE RIGHT *ON TARGET*!

*LAST ISSUE.

THE DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS AREN'T *OPERATING* AT THE BARBER SHOP...

BEN WON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S *COMING*...

I LOVE PRE-PROGRAMMABLE GUIDED MISSILES... DON'T YOU?

BEN...

AW, KID, YOU GOT ME ALL CHOKED UP! TELL YOU WHAT, BEING A GAMBLING MAN *AND* SOFTIE, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR PAL...

ASSUMING YOU'RE UP TO IT WITH THAT BUM SHOULDER.

Crunch

AARGH

YOU *MONSTER!*

I LIKE TO THINK SO. GO ON, FIREFLY. TIME IS A *WASTIN'*.

DON'T WORRY, REED! I WON'T LET BEN DOWN, *TOO!* *FLAME ON!*

OH, THE *DRAMA* OF IT ALL!

LISTEN TO ME! YOU *MUST* LET ME GET THE PORTAL SYSTEMS BACK ON-LINE OR THE RESULTS COULD BE --

Fssss schow

YOU WERE SAYING?

REED...

THE CONTAINMENT FIELD HAS LOST ITS *INTEGRITY!*

THE NEGATIVE ZONE HAS *BREACHED* OUR UNIVERSE!

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

THAT GUY IS A LOT *STRONGER* THAN HE LOOKS! MY SHOULDER FEELS LIKE A WET SACK OF *BRICKS*...

THE MISSILE'S VEERING DOWNTOWN -- IT'S NOW OR *NEVER!*

I COULD PROBABLY *MELT* IT FROM HERE, BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO TRY *THAT* LITTLE TRICK AGAIN!

HAVE TO *DIVERT* IT SOMEHOW, BUT I CAN BARELY KEEP MY BALANCE WITH THIS *STUPID* ARM!

HAVE TO *CONCENTRATE!* BLOCK OUT THE *PAIN!* I *CAN'T* LET BEN DOWN!

CLOSER... ALMOST HAVE IT... JUST ABOUT THERE--

SSSSHHHH

WHACK

AHHH! NAILED THAT OUTCROPPING-- COULDN'T SWERVE IN TIME--

FSSSSH

I'M TOO *LATE!* BEN, GET OUT! *BEN!!!*

JOE'S BARBER SHOP

KA-CHOOM

COME ON, MAN! DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH ME--YOU'VE GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE.

BEN!!

SHSHHOWW

YOU'VE GOT TO BE OKAY!

NO--HE'S GONE. NO ONE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT.

And it's my fault... I couldn't do it... too slow...

My best friend... and I... I killed him...

I TRIED TA REASON WIT' YA... EVEN TRIED TA WALK AWAY...BUT YA GONE TOO FAR! SO NOW...

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!!!

BEN?!?

COME ON AN' TAKE YER MEDICINE!

BARBIE

DO HIM, BJ! DO HIM!

WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU FOR THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE, LOVER BOY...

...SMEARED ACROSS THE FRONT OF THIS HOVERCYCLE!

PREPARE FOR SERIOUS CONTACT... MIDGET!

GUESS AGAIN! CAN I SEE YOUR LICENSE AND REGISTRATION, MA'AM?

FLAME BRAIN!

OH, I'M SORRY! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN REVOKED!

BUH-BYE!

WHOAAAA!

MIND IF I CUT IN?

NAH, THEY KEPT STEPPIN' ON MY TOES, ANYWAY. YOU KNOW HOW TA FLY THIS BUCKET?

I'LL FIGURE IT OUT LATER...

REED AND SUE ARE IN TROUBLE BACK AT FOUR FREEDOMS--

I SLIP AWAY FER ONE MINUTE AND EVERYTHING GOES TA POT! WHAT WOULD YA DO WIT'OUT ME?

I DON'T KNOW, PARTNER... I WOULDN'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

BACK AT FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...

WELL, CHIMERA, I'M ONLY SUPPOSED TO TAKE IN THESE FOUR FREAKS *ALIVE*-- NOT *YOU*. YOU'RE *DEAD*.

I DON'T THINK SO. *REED*, GET TO THE *CONSOLE*!

SHOOP!

LADY, YOU SHOULDN'TA DONE THAT--

BLAMM

HE HIT THE PORTAL! IT'S PULLING EVERYTHING *INSIDE*!! CYCLING THROUGH ACCESS POINTS TO *COUNTLESS* DIMENSIONS!!

SUE, CAN YOU PUT UP A *SHIELD*?

WHOOOSHH

I CAN'T! THE FORCE IS TOO *STRONG*!

REED!!! I'M SLIPPING!

REEEEED!!!

HOLD ON, CHILD! JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS!!!

SHHPOP!

WHOA, WHAT A RUSH--

THE GATEWAY HAS *STABILIZED!* GET AWAY FROM THERE, *CHIMERA!* NO TELLING WHAT WILL BREAK THROUGH TO THIS WORLD...

SPLATT!

SCHOWW

...NEXT? GOOD *HEAVENS!* EVERYBODY *SCATTER!*

I NEED A *GUN.* SOMEBODY GIVE ME A *GUN!!*

WHAT *ARE* THEY?

NOTHING *I'VE* SEEN BEFORE, BUT UPON CURSORY INSPECTION THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE ALL TOO *BRIGHT.* ESPECIALLY IF THEY FALL FOR *THIS* OLD TRICK!

SPROINNG!

HEY UGLY, DON'T EVEN *TRY* TO SNEAK UP ON THE *INVISIBLE WOMAN!*

NOTHING A GOOD *BLASTER* CAN'T HANDLE! EAT *PLASMA!*

BLAM

ONE DOWN, AN ARMY TO GO--

clik

clik

clik

clik

DEAD *BATTERIES?!?* COULD THIS DAY GET ANY *SHOCKIN'* WORSE?

LIKE I WAS SAYING...

SURE! YOU MIGHT MISS OUT ON A CHANCE TO GO OUT WITH ME!

NEXT STOP, HOME SWEET HOME! SORTA...

ANOTHER PERFECT LANDING! RETURN YOUR TRAYS TO DA UPRIGHT POSITION, ETCETERAS, ETCETERAS...

SHH POW!

WHERE'D YOU DIG THESE GUYS UP, REED--ACME MONSTER MART?

HMMM

I THOUGHT IT WAS A GRIMM FAMILY REUNION!

ACTUALLY THEY'RE CALLED MINDLESS ONES, MISTER STORM.

WHO SAID DAT?

SERVANTS TO THE MASTER OF THE DARK DIMENSION...

SCHLOOP

BLOOP

THAT BLOB OF JUNK FROM THE NEGATIVE ZONE...IT'S MORPHING!

THEY CAN BE A... NUISANCE.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

BUT ONE THAT IS EASILY REMEDIED.

FRAZZOW

DOCTOR STRANGE--SORCEROR SUPREME--FROM OUR TIME?!?

JUST WHEN YA THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK TO DA FUTURE...

DR. RICHARDS, IS THIS THE YEAR 2095?

NO, IT'S 2000--WHY?

THEN I MAY ALREADY BE *TOO LATE*...

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, A ***PLANETOID*** OF INCREDIBLE MAGNITUDE APPROACHES EARTH.

A HARBINGER OF ***CHAOS*** AND ***CATASTROPHE***--

--IT IS BUT *ONE* PORTENT OF AN ***APOCALYPTIC PROPHECY*** FORETOLD MILLENNIA AGO.

"*WHEN THE* ***CELESTIAL CHARIOT*** *ACROSS THE HEAVENS ROLLS*--

"--*AND THE* ***WATERS*** OF LIFE *RAIN MIGHTY* DEATH...

"...*THE* ***THREE,*** DIVIDED, *SHALL STAND AS* ***ONE,*** UNITED--

"--*ERE THEY* SACRIFICE *THEIR* ***MORTAL SOULS...***"

IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, MY FRIENDS--

--THE ***END*** OF THIS WORLD IS INDEED *NIGH*...

TO BE CONTINUED!

- THOUGH DOOM 2099 #39 CONCLUDED WRITER WARREN ELLIS' RUN, IT ALSO CONTAINED A BACKUP STORY THAT BEGAN THE SERIES' NEXT STORY ARC.

MARVEL 2099
39 MAR
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DOOM 2099

JOHN BUSCEMA / JIM PALMIOTTI '95

THE NIGHT BEFORE YESTERDAY

IT DIDN'T WORK.

HIS PLAN WAS TO LURK AT THE CENTER OF HIS DATAWEB WITH SPIDERY CALM, SNATCHING AT THIS CLUE AND THAT SECRET...

...SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY ORDERING THE STRANDS INTO A SNARE THAT WOULD ENTRAP THE WORLD.

HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A TASTE WOULDN'T SATISFY THE GREAT AND MAGNIFICENT DOOM.

HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D GORGE HIMSELF.

NOW HE KNOWS.

TOM PEYER. writer • JOHN BUSCEMA. penciler • SCOTT KOBLISH. inker • JOHN COSTANZA. letterer • MEGAN McDOWELL. colorist
JOEY CAVALIERI, editor • BOBBIE CHASE, chief
MALIBU - COMPUTER COLOR

NOW HE KNOWS.

EVERYTHING.

ALL AT ONCE.

NO BARRIERS.

NO ARMOR.

AND IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS.

THERE ARE NO FACELESS MASSES. NO ACCEPTABLE LOSSES. NO UNKNOWN SOLDIERS.

HE EXPERIENCES ALL OF HIS SLAIN COUNTRYMEN--THEIR LIVES--

NO!

KSSS

--AND THEIR DEATHS.

HHHH

YAHHHRRRRGH

THE MAN OF ACTION GRASPS THE HISTORY OF CONSEQUENCES..

...AND REJECTS IT.

HE DESPERATELY RANSACKS THE DATAWEB, SCRATCHING FOR ANY CLUE, ANY SECRET TO UNDOING THE DAMAGE, AND IN THE END...

...HE EMBRACES THE IMPOSSIBLE.

THE SKY! IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD!

AND MY STOMACH AGREES.

JEEZ! I SAID WE'D CLEAN IT UP, CEREBRA-- CEREBRA?!

AHHHRR!

HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?!

I...

...I DON'T KNOW!

KSSSHH

HURRGH

KRASSSH!

--UHRRRR--

CHENK

TINK

CHAK

NEXT:

RAGE AGAINST TIME

MARVEL 2099

40 APR

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DOOM 2099 1996

™

RAGE AGAINST TIME

JOHN BUSCEMA / JIM FANNIOLI 95

1996...

DOWN...

DOWN...

DOWN...

DOWN.

MUCH BETTER.

LONG WEEKS AMONG THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE SCOURED PRINCE NAMOR'S NERVES RAW.

HOW DO THE SURFACE-DWELLERS ENDURE THE HARSH LIGHT? THE CEASELESS ROAR OF UNFILTERED NOISE? THE PERPETUAL, FRANTIC ACTIVITY?

THE AVENGING SON OF ATLANTIS CAN BARELY FINISH A THOUGHT UP THERE. IF HE COULD NEVER COME HOME, HE WOULD SURELY GO--

SKIZZ

--INSANE.

SKREEEE

STAN LEE PRESENTS

RAGE AGAINST TIME I:
VISITATION

TOM PEYER, writer
JOHN BUSCEMA, penciler
SCOTT KOBLISH, inker
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer
MEGAN McDOWELL, colorist
MALIBU, computer color
JOEY CAVALIERI, editor
BOBBIE CHASE, exec. editor
BOB HARRAS, chief

WHAT ABOMINATION--? IT BLINDS, AND DEAFENS, AND LAYS WASTE TO THE SEA-BED!

ONLY A LAND-WALKER COULD FORGE SO DEVILISH A THING--

--AND ONLY THE SUB-MARINER CAN DEMOLISH IT!

AAARRHHHH! IT FLARES! MY EYES--

IT'S-- VANISHED!

THEN PERHAPS THE SURFACE WORLD HAS DRIVEN ME MAD. PERHAPS THERE WAS NO NOISE, NO LIGHT, NO--

--DEVASTATION...?

ARRRHH!!

CASTLE DOOM, LATVERIA.

DR. WEBER! DR. DANZER! THE MOMENT IS AT HAND! OUR TARGET DRIFTS INTO RANGE -- AS I PRE-DICTED!

JA, HERR DOOM! YOUR CALCULATIONS ARE FLAWLESS, AS ALWAYS!

DORIAN! I NEED THOSE SENSOR MODULES--NOW!

THOSE WHAT?

THE PARTS YOU'RE HAULING, BOY! BRING THEM HERE!

SILENCE, WORMS -- BEFORE I REACH THE LIMIT OF MY CELEBRATED BENEVOLENCE!

DOOM MUST CONCENTRATE! A WORLD IS AT STAKE! A DISCOVERY THAT WILL OVERWHELM THE NEXT CENTURIES!

BUT, FOR NOW, ONLY I KNOW THAT AN UNKNOWN PLANET IS MOVING ON AN UNALTERABLE COURSE--

-- THAT WILL BRING IT TO REST IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM!

IF THIS WORLD IS INHABITED, ITS NATIVES SUFFICIENTLY ADVANCED--

-- LATVERIA STANDS TO GAIN A POWERFUL ALLY AGAINST EARTH'S GLOBAL POWERS--OR YET ANOTHER ENEMY!

AAGGHHH!

FZAT!

EITHER WAY, *DOOM* WILL KNOW *ALL* BEFORE OUR ADVERSARIES EVEN *SUSPECT* THE PLANET'S *EXISTENCE!* ACTIVATE *SENSONIC* CANNONS!

;UNNHH! WHAT... HIT ME?

CONFIGURE *EMITTER-CAP-SULES* TO COMPENSATION LEVEL *DELTA*, OUTPUT TEN-DELTA-TEN-FOUR-*ONE*--

MASTER?

DORIAN! SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE *FOOL!*

--SEVEN-- *NO!* SIX-POINT-NINE-NINE-*NINE*--

BUT THIS IS *IMPOR-TANT!*

BETA-*THREE*-POINT--

MASTER! THE *MACHINE!* IT *SHOT* ME WITH A *LIGHT*, AND--

YOU *DARE* INTERRUPT *DOOM?*

GUARDS!

COME ON, MOUTH! IT'S THE *RAT-CAGE* FOR *YOU!*

BUT I JUST WANTED TO *WARN*--

QUIET! YOUR WORD-HOLE'S CAUSED *ENOUGH* STRIFE FOR ONE DAY!

IMAGINE, WARNING THE *MASTER* ABOUT HIS *VERY* OWN--

KIZZT

SKRAKK

:HAAFFF!:

:HUNNHHH!

BLAST THESE INTERRUPTIONS! WHAT IS IT *NOW*?

WEBER! DANZER! REPORT!

IT--IT *LOOKS* LIKE AN *ENERGY DISCHARGE*, FROM *INSIDE* THE *CASTLE*! BUT THE *NUMBERS* READ LIKE--

--A *LIFE FORM*!

BAH! NO ENEMY WOULD RISK ENGAGING *DOOM* IN HIS OWN *STRONG-HOLD*, YOU BLUNDERING *SIMPLETON*!

HOLD! THOSE *READINGS*! AN INTRUDER *HAS* BREACHED THE *POSITRONIC VAULT*!

WHO... DARES?!

AWWWPP!

LOWER MANHATTAN.

KRAAK-SHH

BADDA-BADDA-BADDA-BADDA

THE DEVIL?!

I WARNED YOU GUYS--

SHUT UP, YOU MORON! IT'S ONLY DAREDEVIL!

"ONLY?"

SPAKK

BOKK

WHUNNKK!

"ONLY??"

A DRUG LAB IN AN ABANDONED CHURCH? NOW REALLY, DR. WELLER... THAT IS COW.

BUT THIS WAS THE PERFECT FRONT! HOW--

I'M NOT SAYING A WORD...

...ABOUT HOW A LITTLE WINDOW-DRESSING WON'T TRICK A BLIND MAN WHO CAN SMELL A DRUG-LAB A MILE--

AAHHHH!

CHANGG PAANNG!

WELLER! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

CHIKKA CHIK CHIKTT

SOME SORT OF... CRABS--?

DAREDEVIL! THEY'RE CRAWLING ON ME! GET 'EM OFF ME!

SIMMER DOWN! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! THEY'RE--

FAASHH!

--GONE?

WELLER, WHAT KIND OF DOPE ARE YOU MAKING HERE?!

HEY, MAN. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY CRABS...

...SO DON'T LOOK AT ME.

WE HAVE REACHED THE *POSITRONIC* VAULT, MASTER!

THEN CEASE YOUR DAWDLING AND SECURE IT, BEFORE THAT INTERLOPER WRESTS CONTROL OF THE ENTIRE LATVERIAN POWER-GRID!

AND LISTEN WELL: I WILL BROOK NO FAILURE!

SKZAT!

WHAT--? IT *FLARES* LIKE THE *SUN!*

FALL *BACK!* WE ARE NOT *EQUIPPED* FOR *THIS!*

NO! IT IS SAFER TO FACE THE *UNKNOWN* THAN TO DEFY *DOOM'S RAGE!*

SHZZAAKKK

AAHHRR!

SLIKT

BLAST! THE INTRUDER HAS TAPPED INTO THE CASTLE'S ENCRYPTED *CONTROL* SYSTEMS! HE TURNS MY OWN POWER RESERVES AGAINST ME! VERY *CUNNING!*

STILL, ANY *NUMBER* OF BEINGS CAN EFFORTLESSLY DISPATCH *CANNON FODDER!* WE SHALL *SEE* HOW HE FARES AGAINST A DETACHMENT OF *DOOM-BOTS!*

FZAAK!

AHHRRR!

DETESTABLE COWARD! HE SHOOTS ME IN THE BACK!

SKRAAK!

MY VAST RESERVES OF PATIENCE ARE UTTERLY EXHAUSTED! THIS INFESTATION WILL CEASE IMMEDIATELY!

CANCEL THE DOOM-BOTS!

FOR, ONCE AGAIN, WHAT MUST BE DONE--

--DOOM MUST DO HIMSELF!

SHAZAK!

AHHHRR..

--HAHAHA!

WERE THOSE SPARKS INTENDED TO DESTROY ME?

YOU BETRAY YOUR IGNORANCE, INTERLOPER! MY INGENIOUS ARMOR ABSORBS AND CONVERTS EVERY SPECK OF ENERGY YOU RELEASE!

YOU ARE MERELY MAKING ME STRONGER THAN--

SHAZAAK

:URRHH!:

THE STRANGER ADAPTS--DELIVERING A GREATER CHARGE THAN MY ARMOR CAN IMMEDIATELY PROCESS--

--BUT NOT GREAT ENOUGH!

CHUK!

THIS IS DOOM YOU FACE, STRANGER!

WHRUNK

THIS PLACE YOU CLAIM IS MY STRONGHOLD! THIS POWER YOU MISUSE IS--

SKRAAAK

--MY POWER!

AHHH...YOU DO NOT APPRECIATE ITS TASTE, DO YOU, STRANGER?

HOW PERFECTLY REGRET-TABLE.

FOR THAT WAS BUT A FORETASTE OF--

SKRLL

WHAT? WHERE IS HE?

SHOW YOURSELF, COWARD! DOOM COMMANDS IT!

AHH! I SEE YOU, TRICKSTER-- HIDING INSIDE THE ENERGY'S GLARE--

--NO! FORMING OUT OF IT? WHAT POWER IS THIS?

WHO-- ARE YOU?

THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF DOCTOR STRANGE IS THE HUB OF THE UNSEEN WORLD...

...FROM WHICH SPOKES OF POWERFUL CONSCIOUSNESS RADIATE, MONITORING THE HIDDEN FORCES THAT GOVERN US...

SEEING THEM...

...TOUCHING THEM...

...FEELING THEM.

--AAHHHR

SOME FORCE-SPASM HAS RIPPED ME FROM THE PHYSICAL PLANE-- DRAGGED ME OUTSIDE THE FLOW OF TIME!

I RECOGNIZE ITS ENERGY! IT IS CHRONAL-- BUT THE VIBRATIONS FEEL COLD, BRUTAL--

--AS IF SOME TECHNOLOGICAL POWER IS TRYING TO FORCE ITS WAY INTO THE PRESENT DAY!

I CAN'T ACT WITH ASSURANCE UNTIL I REORDER TIME--AS I PERCEIVE IT-- INTO A LINEAR, COMPREHENSIBLE FORM.

A BOOK WILL SUFFICE...

...MARKED AT THE MOMENT MY PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCE BEGAN.

GOOD. TIME'S *TRUE* FLOW IS *INTACT.* ONE *MOMENT* DRIFTS INTO THE *NEXT.* CAUSE AND EFFECT ARE--

NO! IT'S GETTING *AWAY* FROM ME! SKIPPING *AHEAD!*

THIS IS *WRONG!*

I DON'T *WANT* TO SEE...

No!

STORM'S *PASSED.* I SENSE NOTHING... NO TRAIL, NO CLUES TO FOLLOW.

IF THIS CATASTROPHE *IS* FATED TO OCCUR...

...ALL *DOCTOR STRANGE* CAN DO IS *WAIT.*

PRETENDER! EVEN YOUR RAIMENT PARODIES MY OWN!

IS THAT YOUR SCHEME? TO STEAL DOOM'S POWER AND TAKE HIS STATION?

MY APOLOGIES FOR THE ENERGY-SPASMS. THEY WERE THE INADVERTENT SIDE EFFECT OF AN UN-TESTED TIME TRAVEL METHOD.

THE TRUTH IS, MY PRESENT PLANS REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE.

ASSISTANCE?! HAVE A CARE! DOOM IS NO MAN'S--

GAD, WAS I REALLY SUCH A BOOR? STOP PREENING FOR A MOMENT AND LISTEN.

"SOON--I DO NOT REMEMBER PRECISELY WHEN--YOU ARE GOING TO BE TORN FROM THIS ERA--

"--AND DEPOSITED MORE THAN 100 YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, INTO A LATVERIA YOU WILL SCARCELY RECOGNIZE.

"BY THEN, AMERICAN CORPORATE INTERESTS WILL SUBJUGATE THE MOTHERLAND.

"THEIR PUPPET, A BRUTISH CYBORG NAMED TYGER WYLDE, WILL OCCUPY YOUR THRONE.

"YOU WILL NOT ONLY DESTROY HIM AND RECLAIM YOUR COUNTRY--

"--BUT YOU WILL CONQUER HIS MASTERS.

"YOU WILL SEIZE AMERICA."

"BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO EJECT THE VIPER FROM THE NEST. ONE MUST SLAY IT.

"WHILE YOU CONCENTRATE YOUR ATTENTION ON ELIMINATING THE MANY CATASTROPHIC CONSE-QUENCES OF CORPORATE MISRULE...

"... THEY WILL STRIKE. THEY WILL DESTROY LATVERIA IN A RAIN OF NECROTOXINS.

"THEY WILL SLAY YOUR PEOPLE...

"... AND RID YOU FROM THE AMERICAN THRONE.

"THE LESSON YOU WILL LEARN IS THIS: NO DETAIL MUST ESCAPE YOUR NOTICE. YOU MUST SEE ALL.

"TOWARD THAT END, YOU WILL ATTACH YOUR MIND TO THAT ERA'S VAST CYBERNETIC INFOWEB.

"BUT THE DELUGE BRINGS MORE THAN DATA. IT EXPANDS YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS.

"YOU FEEL LATVERIA'S SUFFERING, AND FIND IT UNACCEPTABLE. SUDDENLY VENGEANCE WILL NOT SUFFICE.

"THEIR DEATHS MUST BE ERASED FROM HISTORY. AND IN THE WEB, YOU FIND A WAY.

"EXISTENCE IS DATA. THE PAST IS BUT A DAMAGED FILE. BY INPUTTING THE PROPER CODES...

"YOU CAN RECOVER THE PAST."

AND YOU WOULD BE MY FUTURE-SELF?

YOU ARE LYING.

BEFORE YOU JUDGE, LOOK.

STRAY DATA MANIFESTS FROM THE TIMESTREAM. ANOTHER SIDE-EFFECT, I'M AFRAID. PERHAPS IT WILL SHOW YOUR FUTURE.

"AHHH, INTRUDER! IT APPEARS I AM MURDERING YOU.

"THIS, AT LEAST, HAS THE RING OF TRUTH!"

THE HONOR CODE REGULATES OUR DEALINGS WITH OTHERS, BOY!

IT SAYS NOTHING ABOUT HOW WE TREAT OURSELVES!

YOUNG IMBECILE! BY OPPOSING ME, YOU DOOM LATVERIA!

STRIKING FROM BEHIND--? AGAIN, YOU LACK HONOR! YOU ARE NOT DOOM!

=HURRK=

ONE LEVEL ABOVE...

WHAT IS HAPPENING?! I KEEP HEARING EXPLOSIONS! PEOPLE YELLING!

CAN ANYONE HEAR ME? ANY-ONE THERE? TELL ME WHAT IS--

SKRAAK

AAHH!

BOY! YOU ARE LATVERIAN?

Y-YES...

AND WHAT DID YOU DO TO BE PUNISHED SO SEVERELY?

I-- INTERRUPTED THE MASTER. WHILE HE WAS DOING HIS NUMBERS.

OUT!

LAUNCH

WRAAK!

HE...

...HE COULD HAVE *DESTROYED* ME! WHAT *PREVENTED* HIM?

UNLESS...

OH.

ON THE ATLANTIC COAST, A LONE SENTRY WAITS...

...PREOCCUPIED WITH THE SENSE THAT HE HAS SEEN BUT A GLIMPSE OF TERROR TO COME...

AND, LIKE THE BLIND MAN WHO STANDS WATCH OVER A CHURCH THAT REEKS OF EVIL...

...HE DREADS THE FUTURE'S RETURN.

ALISTAIR CHEMICAL

NELSON... WHY HAVE YOU SUMMONED US FROM OUR BEDS AT THIS UN-CIVILIZED HOUR?

IT'S NOT MORE TROUBLE WITH THOSE *COMMUNISTS* AT THE S.E.C., IS IT?

NOT AT *ALL*. I SIMPLY WANTED YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO KNOW THAT I'M EXPANDING ALISTAIR CHEMICAL'S *REACH*. WE'RE OPENING A NEW *DIVISION*.

A *CRIMINAL* DIVISION.

HAH! THAT'S *DROLL*, NELSON!

YES, ISN'T IT?

OH, COME *IN*, DORIAN. SET IT RIGHT HERE.

WHAT'S IN THE *BOX*, NELSON? OUR *CONTRABAND*?

CHIKKA CHIK

CHIKTT

YES.

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF-- *ARRHHH!*

I UNDERSTAND. YOU HAVE *QUESTIONS*. FOR THE ANSWERS, I YIELD THE FLOOR TO OUR NEWEST *PLAYER*.

A MAN WHO REPRE-SENTS--

:GUNNHH:

-- OUR FUTURE.

"All parallel lines appear to recede to one vanishing point when we look in the direction of those lines... This principle holds true also when looking straight down."

Ernest Norling
Perspective Made Easy

MARVEL® COMICS

2099

MAY '96 41

NAMOR® THE SUB-MARINER & DAREDEVIL® VS. DOOM® 2099

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

RAMOS

DEATH IN THE DEPTHS!

Stan Lee presents

BURN

TOM PEYER - STORY
EVAN SKOLNICK - SCRIPT
JOHN ROYLE - PENCILS
KOBLISH, CANDELARIO & RUBINSTEIN - INKS
JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERS
MEGAN McDOWELL - COLORS
MALIBU - SEPS
JOEY CAVALIERI AND SUZANNE GAFFNEY - EDITORS
BOB HARRAS - CHIEF

42ND STREET

UH-OH...

...LOOKS LIKE THIS COULD GET *UGLY.*

POLICE DO NOT ENTER POLICE DO NOT ENTER

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK-- 1996.

DAILY BUGLE

BUDGET TALKS STALL

POLLS! SLEEPS FOR ELECTIONS FOR NY, CA, VA, FL

CAPTAIN AMERICA RUMOURED EXILED

LOOK, HORNHEAD, THIS IS *POLICE* BUSINESS--

SAVE IT, PETRALSKI.

DAREDEVIL KNOWS WHAT HE'S *DOING*.

WHAT HAPPENED?

WITNESSES SAID HE WAS RUNNING FOR A *TRAIN* AND JUST WOULDN'T *GIVE UP* ON IT.

SPLAT.

NOT MUCH OF A *MYSTERY*, I'M AFRAID...

DON'T BE TOO *SURE*.

A *CRAB* LEG...

...JUST LIKE ONES *DR. WELLER* AND I FOUND BACK AT THAT *CHURCH!**

*LAST ISSUE! -- SUZANNE

THERE'S *GOT* TO BE A CONNECTION...

HEHH. LOOKS LIKE YOU FIGURED OUT WHAT THE GUY HAD FOR *DINNER*, HUH?

"FOR THE SEAFOOD LOVER IN YOU--"

HEY! WHERE'RE YA *GOIN'?*

THRUKK

AAAAA!

HELP, HE'S *CRAZY!* GET HIM OUTTA MY *BOOTH!*

BEEN HANDING OUT MORE THAN *TOKENS*, HAVEN'T YOU?

WHAT *ARE* THESE THINGS?

WHERE DID YOU *GET* THEM? WHY WOULD *YOU* BE DISPERSING *CRABS?*

NOW *THAT* WOULD BE *TELLING*...

THAT *SMELL* ON HER...

...ALMOST *OVERWHELMING*...

...I *KNOW* I'VE EXPERIENCED IT *BEFORE*...

...OUTSIDE THE *CHURCH*....

ALISTAIR CHEMICAL

...NEAR THE *ALISTAIR CHEMICAL* BUILDING!

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...

...DEEPER THAN MOST MEN WILL EVER **SEE**...

...BUT **MOST** MEN ARE NOT **NAMOR**, THE **SUB-MARINER**-- ATLANTIS'S AVENGING SON!

HE SCOURS THE OCEAN FLOOR, RELENTLESSLY HUNTING FOR **CLUES** THAT WILL HELP HIM **LOCATE** THAT WHICH HE SEEKS TO **DESTROY**..

...THE **METALLIC MONSTROSITY** THAT RAVAGED THE SEA-BOTTOM AND TEMPORARILY BLINDED ME YESTERDAY!*

ONLY A **SURFACE-DWELLER** COULD HAVE LOOSED SUCH AN **ABOMINATION** ON THE ALREADY-BESIEGED **OCEANS!**

*YOU MISSED A LOT LAST ISSUE, DIDN'T YOU?-- SUZE

AND ONLY **NAMOR** CAN BE SURE IT WILL NEVER--

NO!

NOT **AGAIN! DEATH** EVERYWHERE.

NEW YORK.

ALISTAIR CHEMICAL

KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
KLAK

EH?

NO *LIGHTS?*

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

:SIGH:

MR. ALISTAIR?

WHAT THE-- ?

WE NEED TO *TALK.*

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU--

NOW.

THE NEXT DAY, WITHIN THE VERY "**METALLIC MONSTROSITY**" THAT PRINCE NAMOR SEEKS...

TRANSFER NELSON ALISTAIR'S LATEST ***PROGRESS REPORT*** OVER TO ***MY*** TERMINAL, DORIAN.

H-HE... UH...HE DIDN'T R-***REPORT***...

WHY ARE YOU ***FLINCHING*** SO?

I'M NOT GOING TO ***HURT*** YOU.

WHO... ***ARE*** YOU?

I? I AM ***DOOM!***

OHMI ***GOSH***DIDN'T ***MEAN*** IT

DIDN'T M-MEAN TO ***QUESTION*** YOU, MASTER-- P-PLEASE FORGIVE--

SUCH A LOW ***OPINION*** YOU SEEM TO HAVE OF YOUR SOVEREIGN, DORIAN...

...HAVE I ***EVER*** MISTREATED YOU?

NYYEHHH...

I WILL TAKE THAT AS A ***YES***.

I KNOW THAT IN THE *PAST*, I HAVE *ABUSED* MY POWER.

BUT IN THE *FUTURE*, I LEARNED TO SEE THINGS *DIFFERENTLY*.

IF I HAVE ABUSED *YOU*, DORIAN...I *APOLOGIZE*.

WELL, BOY?

ACCEPT MY APOLOGY. OR *DON'T*.

I...I *ACCEPT?*

A WISE CHOICE. *HOWEVER*...

...I ALSO WISH TO OFFER *RESTITUTION*.

WELL, UH...I COULD SURE GO FOR SOME OF THAT *CRAB VENOM*...

I'M SORRY...THAT'S *NOT* SOMETHING I'M WILLING TO *GIVE* YOU.

I HAVE TRAVELED FROM THE DISTANT FUTURE. I AM A GREAT AND POWERFUL MAN. THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* ELSE YOU WOULD ASK OF ME...?

OKAY...IF YOU'RE REALLY FROM THE *FUTURE*...

...THEN *WHY* ARE YOU HERE?

TO SAVE MY-- *OUR* COUNTRY. OUR *PEOPLE*.

FROM A FUTURE GONE HORRIBLY *AWRY*.

BUT...BUT YOU'RE HURTING THE *OCEAN*...

THAT IS *MY RIGHT*...

...SINCE *I* AM THE ONE WHO WILL RESTORE ITS *HEALTH* IN THE YEAR *2099!*

OH.

NOW WATCH YOUR *SCREEN*.

AND *INFORM* ME WHEN THE *ALISTAIR CRAFT* ARRIVES TO PICK UP THEIR FINAL *CARGO!*

IT'S ALREADY *HERE*, MASTER!

VERY GOOD.

TELL THE CREW TO ACTIVATE THE *PLATFORM*.

WHILE, NOT FAR BELOW, ABOVE THE DEVASTATED OCEAN FLOOR...

THERE! THE FAINT GLINT OF METAL...

...I HAVE FOUND THE OBJECT OF MY QUEST!

NOW TO DISABLE THIS DEVASTATING MONSTROSITY.

SKREEE

AAAAHRR!

WHILE, TOPSIDE...

AHOY!

YEAH, AHOY *YOURSELF*, "CAP'N".

THE LAST OF THE *CRABS* ARE IN THE HOLD *BEHIND* ME.

NO DAWDLING.

HEY, *YOU*-- WITH THE *SHADES!*

YOU BEEN DIPPING INTO THE *CRAB VENOM?*

WHAT? OF *COURSE* NOT--

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE *EYES*, THEN--

OKAY, YOU'RE *CLEAN.*

GOT TO KEEP MY *EYES* FOCUSED ON THE SOUND OF HIS *VOICE*...

...MY *BABY-BLUES* MAY NOT BE *RED* LIKE THOSE OF THE *VENOM-JUNKIES*...

...BUT IF HE SUSPECTS I'M *BLIND*, MY COVER WILL BE JUST AS EFFECTIVELY *BLOWN!*

ALL RIGHT, KEEP *MOVING*--

HEY-- THE DECK-- IT'S *BUCKLING*--?!

STAND, AIR-BREATHERS! STAND AND FACE THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH...

...OF IMPERIUS REX!

TODAY YOU PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES...

SKREEUNH

POOM

POOM

...AND MOST DEARLY!

POOM

POOM

SHKROOM

SO MUCH FOR MY COVER...

THE SUB-MARINER?!

HOW HAS HE GOTTEN MIXED UP IN ALL THIS?

YOU WISH TO FLING METAL PRO-JECTILES?

VERY WELL-- BUT YOUR BULLETS ARE AS NOTHING TO THE AVENGING SON!

CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?

HRAAHRR

BY NEPTUNE! YOU *DARE* ATTACK NAMOR WITH YOUR *BARE HANDS*?!

YOU MUST BE *INSANE!*

STRENGTH ISN'T *EVERY-THING.*

EH? *WHO...?*

DAREDEVIL?!

THEY SAY *KNOWLEDGE* IS *POWER*, NAMOR...

I POSSESS *ONE HUNDRED TIMES* YOUR STRENGTH, FOOL!

...AND, IF THAT'S THE CASE, *YOU'RE* OBVIOUSLY *NOT* FEELING VERY *POWERFUL* RIGHT NOW.

YOU *DARE--?*

YOU *DON'T* KNOW THE WHOLE *STORY*, NAMOR.

THERE ARE *STRANGE NEW DRUGS* HITTING THE STREETS OF MY CITY AND MANY OTHERS. *JUNKIES* OF A WHOLE NEW BREED.

BAH! WHAT DOES NAMOR CARE FOR SURFACE-DWELLING *"JUNKIES"*...

...WHEN IT IS THE *SANCTITY* OF THE *SEAS* I SEEK TO PROTECT?

IF YOU DESTROY THIS *RIG*, I'LL *NEVER* GET TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THIS OPERATION!

THE NAMES...THEIR *FACES*...ARE VAGUELY *FAMILIAR*.

I *DO* HAVE *MEMORIES* OF THESE MEN...

...AND THEY ARE *NOT PLEASANT!*

NOTHING MUST BE ALLOWED TO INTERFERE WITH THE FINAL SHIPMENT OF CRABS!

I WILL DEAL WITH OUR UNINVITED GUESTS...

DORIAN, MAKE SURE THE CARGO IS TRANSFERRED TO THE SHIP...ALONG WITH *YOURSELF!* YOU'LL HAVE *TWO MINUTES.*

...*PERSONALLY.*

YES, MASTER...

...AS YOU *WISH.*

--SHOULD BE WORKING TOGETHER TO BRING THIS WHOLE OPERATION DOWN, NAMOR, NOT JUST THIS ONE SHIP!

I WILL NOT SIT IDLY BY WHILE THIS ABOMINATION DESTROYS EVEN ONE MORE--

NAMOR!

WATCH OUT!

SHHHH

THOOM

HUNNH!

WAS THAT...DOCTOR DOOM?

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT--!

MOVE, YOU COWARDS!

GET THAT CARGO INTO YOUR SHIP, NOW!

YOU DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THE MASTER...

...BELIEVE ME!

I DON'T-- GGGK-- *BELIEVE* IT!

YOU, DOOM?

YOU ARE THE ONE RAVAGING THE *SEA-LIFE* ON WHICH THE ENTIRE PLANET'S *ECOSYSTEM* DEPENDS?

DOOM NEED EXPLAIN HIS MOTIVATIONS TO *NO MAN!*

VRAAAK

AAAGH!

DISTURBANCE AHEAD-- I FEEL THE VIBRATIONS!

--THERE HE IS!

THRUBBB

WHY? BY WHAT *RIGHT?*

BLURRGH

BRZZAAK

HAAARGH

VRAAK

ERRRGH--
HURRRH--
URNHH--

ARRGK!

SHOOM!

SO HARD TO TELL WHAT'S GOING ON...

...MY RADAR SENSE IS NEXT TO USELESS DOWN HERE...

FOR YOUR TRANSGRESSIONS AGAINST THIS PLANET, DOOM...

...RECEIVE THE GIFT!

SHOOM

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE AGAIN, DAREDEVIL!

DOOM IS DEFEATED...AND HIS SHIP OF DEATH MUST NOW BE DESTROYED!

THE SHIP IS DEPARTING... MISSION ACCOMP-LISHED!

NO!

DOOM'S PLAYING POSSUM...I CAN HEAR HIM CHUCKLING WITHIN HIS ARMOR!

SPRUSSH

NAMOR, STOP!

IT'S A TRAP--

THUMM!

THE *FORCE* OF THAT *EXPLOSION*...AND NAMOR WAS RIGHT IN THE *HEART* OF IT!

COULD EVEN THE *SUB-MARINER* HAVE SURVIVED SUCH A--

DOOOOOM!

SHOW YOURSELF, COWARD!

NAMOR WILL HAVE HIS *VENGEANCE!*

NAMOR, *WAIT!*

ALISTAIR CHEMI

LATER THAT NIGHT, IN NEW YORK CITY'S DAILY BUGLE NEWSROOM...

DAILY BUGLE

...SENIOR REPORTER BEN URICH PUTS THE FINAL TOUCHES ON TOMORROW MORNING'S TALK OF THE TOWN...

...HOPING FOR A LAST-MINUTE LEAD THAT WILL CRACK THE "OCEAN EXPLOSION" STORY WIDE OPEN.

13

AND, AS IF IN RESPONSE TO HIS UNSPOKEN PRAYERS, URICH HEARS A FAMILIAR THUMP OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW.

DAREDEVIL?

THAT YOU?

HMPH.

COULD'A SWORN I HEARD--

GUESS HE WASN'T IN A CHATTY MOOD TONIGHT. I'VE GOTTEN KIND OF USED TO THE LITTLE GUY POPPIN' UP EVERY NOW AND THEN.

WHERE THE HECK DID THIS COME FROM?

"ALISTAIR CHEMICAL," HUH...? I THINK SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

ALISTAIR CHEMICALS

13

LATVERIA...

...THE CASTLE KEEP OF THE MAN CALLED--

DOOM!

IT IS NO USE *HIDING*, DESPOILER OF THE SEAS!

THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU TO *RUN* FROM THE WRATH OF--

DOOM?

MY *APOLOGIES*, NAMOR...FOR THE *CONDITION* OF...MY *DOMICILE*.

A CLEVER, COWARDLY *IMPOSTOR*...POSING AS *DOOM*...TOOK ME BY *SURPRISE*.

I WOULD ASSUME YOU, *TOO*, HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH HE WHO DARES WEAR *MY FACE*...?

IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF *TRICK*, DOOM...

DOOM *CONQUERS*, SUB-MARINER. HE *PREVAILS*. HE *TRIUMPHS*.

DOOM DOES NOT "*TRICK*".

DOOM DOES *NOT* ATTACK FROM *BEHIND*...NOR DOES HE *RAVAGE* THE WORLD'S *OCEANS* FOR HIS OWN ARCANE PURPOSES.

AND HE WHO WOULD *DO SO* IN DOOM'S *NAME*...

MUST DIE!

NEXT: BITTER choices

MARVEL® COMICS

2099

JUNE '96 42

Fantastic Four 1996 vs. Doom® 2099

Thy Kingdom Come...

...to YANCY STREET!

BUSCEMA / PALMIOTTI '95

THE COLD OCEAN'S DEPTHS CANNOT TOUCH HIM IN HIS PRESENT STATE...

YET, HE HAS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT CAUSE TO SHIVER!

HE IS DOCTOR STRANGE MASTER SUPREME OF THE MYSTIC ARTS --

-- AND HE HAS SENT HIS **ASTRAL FORM** INTO NEPTUNE'S BOSOM IN SEARCH OF ONE WHO BELONGS **NOT** IN THIS TIME!

THE REMNANTS OF THIS RECENTLY DESTROYED ***ENVIRONMENTAL MAINTENANCE PLATFORM*** ARE RICH WITH THE AURA OF THE ***TEMPORAL ANOMALY*** WHICH I RECENTLY DETECTED!*

* SEE DOOM 2099 #40 -- Suzanne!

WHOEVER HE IS, IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE SEEKS TO ***CHANGE*** A DISTANT FUTURE!

THOUGH I CAN ONLY GUESS AT HIS MOTIVES, I SENSE THAT UNTOLD CATACLYSM WILL SURELY RESULT FROM HIS ACTIONS!

STAN LEE presents

RACE AGAINST TIME PART 3

BITTER CHOICES

AGONY SINGES THE AIR, AS THROATS ARE SCREAMED RAW, AND SHACKLED LIMBS TRY TO CLAW AT CHEMICALLY-INDUCED NIGHTMARES!

THOUGH EACH PAINED CRY RAZORS THROUGH HIM, THE MAN CALLED DOOM CONTINUES HIS GRUESOME LABORS!

SPECIMEN FOURTEEN IS READY, DORIAN!

WITHDRAW ANOTHER SAMPLE OF HIS BLOOD!

TOM DeFALCO writer

JEFF LAFFERTY penciler

CANDELARIO, STORY, RUBINSTEIN, RUSSELL & WILLIAMS inks

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT lettering

ED LAZZELLARI colors

MALIBU enhancement

SUZANNE GAFFNEY editor

BOB HARRAS editor in chief

MOVING WITH ALMOST INHUMAN PRECISION, **DOOM** QUICKLY ANALYZES THE SAMPLE, AND THEN...

EXCELLENT! THE EFFECTS ARE AS ANTICIPATED!

MASTER! I... I... MEAN NO DISRESPECT... BUT THESE PEOPLE ARE FELLOW COUNTRYMEN...

IS THERE NO WAY TO ***EASE*** THEIR SUFFERING?!

BE COMFORTED THAT THEIR PERSONAL TORMENTS ARE FOR THE GREATER ***GOOD!***

BY THIER SACRIFICES... SHALL ***LATVERIA LIVE!***

IN A DISTANT ***FUTURE...*** THE ENEMIES OF OUR BELOVED HOMELAND... WILL SLAY OUR ENTIRE ***POPULATION...*** WITH A RAIN OF LETHAL ***NECROTOXINS!***

"IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ***FORESTALL*** THIS MONUMENTAL TRAGEDY, I JOURNEYED TO THIS ERA VIA AN UNTESTED METHOD OF ***TIME TRAVEL!***

"UNFORTUNATELY, MY ARRIVAL WAS ILL-RECEIVED BY MY PRESENT DAY ***SELF*** --

"-- AND I WAS ***UNSUCCESSFUL*** IN MY BID TO SECURE HIS AID!

"LINDALINTED, I CONVINCED AN AMERICAN CHEMICAL CORPORATION TO HELP ME COMB THE SEAS FOR A PARTICULAR SUB-SPECIES OF ***CRAB*** --

"-- AN ACTION WHICH WAS STRENUOUSLY OPPOSED BY ***NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER!***"

BUT I WOULD NOT BE ***DETERRED!***

THE HIGHLY ADDICTIVE ***VENOM,*** PRODUCED BY THOSE SPECIFIC CRABS, MAY PROVE TO BE THE ***SALVATION*** OF LATVERIA!

MY EXPERIMENTS INDICATE THAT PROLONGED ***ADDICTION*** TO THIS VENOM WILL CAUSE CHANGES ON A ***GENETIC LEVEL,*** AND ONE OF THE SIDE-EFFECTS WILL BE --

-- ***AN IMMUNITY TO NECRO-TOXINS!***

IF THAT IS SO, MASTER...

I WILL GLADLY SACRIFICE ***MYSELF*** FOR MY COUNTRY!

I FEAR YOUR MOTIVES ARE NOT ENTIRELY ***SELFLESS,*** DORIAN!

YOU HAVE PREVIOUSLY ***SAMPLED*** THIS VENOM, AND ARE ALREADY ENSLAVED BY A HUNGER FOR ***MORE!***

EVEN AS THE STARTLED TEENAGER IS FROZEN BY DOOM'S DAGGER-LIKE GLARE, SOMEWHERE ACROSS TOWN, REPORTER BEN URICH GREETS AND OLD FRIEND...

DAILY BUGLE

GLAD I COULD HELP, BEN!

YOU EVER GOING TO WISE UP, AND QUIT SMOKING?

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, ***DAREDEVIL***... ...ALTHOUGH YOU'RE HARDLY A MODEL FOR ***HEALTHY LIFESTYLES!***

MAYBE NOT, BUT MY LUNGS ARE CLEAR!

ANYWAY, BACK TO ALISTAIR... LOOKS LIKE SOME BIG CONSORTIUM'S TAKING OVER!

THANKS TO YOUR RECENT TIP*, THE ***ALISTAIR CHEMICAL COMPANY*** WAS TIED DIRECTLY TO THAT MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR ***ENVIRONMENTAL PLATFORM*** DISASTER!

THEY'RE EVEN GONNA RENAME THE COMPANY... CALL IT ***ALCHEMAX!***

YOU DIG UP ANYTHING ON THAT ***DOCTOR DOOM IMPERSONATOR*** I TOLD YOU ABOUT?

ZILCH!

BUT A FEW MEMBERS OF THE ***LATVERIAN DIPLOMATIC CORPS*** HAVE RECENTLY GONE MISSING!

MISSING DIPLOMATS AND SOMEONE DRESSING LIKE ***DOOM*** -- THERE MUST BE A CONNECTION!

REMEMBER ME IF YOU FIND ONE!

* LAST ISSUE -- Suzanne.

ELSEWHERE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE METAPHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF **DR. STRANGE** SLOWLY DRIFTS UPWARD FROM THE **EAST RIVER**...

THE **EYE OF AGAMOTTO** LEADS ME BACK TOWARD **MANHATTAN!**

MY QUARRY HIDES SOMEWHERE WITHIN THIS GREAT CITY!

HIS TRAIL HAS GROWN **FAINT**, BUT I MUST **PRESS ON!**

THE **THREAT** HE POSES IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS TO GO UNCHECKED!

I SENSE THAT HE IS SOMEWHERE **NEAR**, BUT I AM **UNABLE** TO PERCEIVE HIS PRECISE LOCATION!

BY **THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK!** I KNOW THIS NEIGHBOR-HOOD --!

YANCY ST

AS IN TIMES PAST, WHEN I CALLED UPON THE SECRET DEFENDERS, I SHALL NEED ASSISTANCE ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE!

AND THERE BE NO BETTER CHOICE...

THAN YANCY STREET'S MOST FAMOUS **ALUMNUS!**

DARKNESS -- COOL AND SOOTHING -- GENTLY SHROUDS THE NEW YORK LANDMARK KNOWN AS FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...

DEEP WITHIN THE WORLD FAMOUS HEADQUARTERS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, SITS A THOROUGHLY ENRAPTURED ORANGE-SKINNED LOVER OF LITERATURE...

SHEESH! CLIVE BARKER CAN SURE SPIN A WILD YARN!

THE CHILLS INCREASE WITH EVERY PAGE AS SOME NEW MONSTER POPS UP, AND --

BEN GRIMM! I HAVE NEED OF YOU!

UKKESS

I-IZZAT YOU, STRANGE?

THIS AIN'T NO WAY TA PAY A HOUSE CALL, DOC!

YA COULD GET SEVERELY CLOBBERED FER SNEAKIN' UP ON A GUY LIKE THAT!

I APOLOGIZE FOR STARTLING YOU --

-- BUT A MOST DIRE SITUATION CRAVES YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!

WHY'N YA SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE? I'LL BE RIGHT WIT'CHA!

JUST AS SOON AS I CHANGE MY SHORTS...

MEANWHILE...

OKAY, DD! YOU DON'T HAVE MANY LEADS TO TRACK DOWN THE MAN WHO'S MASQUERADING AS DOCTOR DOOM!

ALL YOU KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT HE HAS A SPECIAL INTEREST IN A PARTICULAR BREED OF *CRAB!*

A CRAB WHICH PRODUCES A HIGHLY *ADDICTIVE* AND *AROMATIC VENOM!*

NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT YOU'VE SUCCEEDED WITH *LESS!*

RELAXING, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CLEARS HIS MIND OF ALL DISTRACTIONS...

*BLINDED BY A **RADIOACTIVE CANISTER** WHILE STILL A TEENAGER, HIS REMAINING **SENSES** BECAME AMPLIFIED TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS...*

*SURRENDERING FULLY TO HIS SENSE OF **SMELL**, HE BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE...*

QUICKLY FILTERING OUT THE HARSH TRAFFIC ODORS, THE POLLUTED SKIES AND WASTE-FILLED SEWERS...

IGNORING THE AIRBORNE DELIGHTS OF SWEET DELICACIES, SUBTLE PERFUMES, AND ZESTY SPICES...

*HE **STRAINS**, SEARCHING FOR ONE PARTICULAR SCENT HIDDEN AMONG THOUSANDS...*

*AND THEN, LONG AFTER OTHERS WOULD HAVE ABANDONED HOPE, HE **SMILES!***

GOTCHA!

AT THAT PRECISE INSTANT, A MASSIVE FIGURE CASUALLY STROLLS DOWN **YANCY STREET**, SEEMINGLY ENGAGED IN A SPIRITED CONVERSATION WITH --

-- HIMSELF?!

A PRIEST, A SHAMAN AND A *WHAT?!*

NO OFFENSE, DOC, BUT YA AIN'T NO JERRY SEINFELD!

WE BETTER GIT TA WORK BEFORE THE NET PATROL HAULS ME OFF FER TALKIN' TA MY *IMAGINARY PLAYMATE!*

YA PICKIN' UP ANY VIBES, YET?

I SENSE MANY MINDS IN PSYCHIC *UPHEAVAL* --

-- AND IN THEIR THOUGHTS IS ONE WHO DRESSED IN ARMOR!

ARMOR?

ARMOR?!

DOCTOR DOOM WUS EXPERIMENTIN' ON THE LOCALS AWHILE BACK!*

IF HE'S SOMEHOW INVOLVED WIT' YER TIME TRAMP, I GOT A HUNCH *WHERE* WE'LL FIND'EM!

* It HAPPENED IN FANTASTIC FOUR #361 -- Suzanne

*EVEN AS THE EVER-LOVIN' THING POURS ON THE SPEED, **DAREDEVIL** REACHES HIS OWN DESTINATION...*

THIS FACTORY MAY APPEAR *DESERTED* --

-- BUT I CAN HEAR OVER A DOZEN *HEARTBEATS* INSIDE!

I EXPERIMENT ON UNWILLING SUBJECTS...

YET, I REFUSE TO INDULGE *DORIAN!*

THE PATH I HAVE CHOSEN IS FULL OF *THORNS* --

-- AND CRISSCROSSED BY MEANDERING *TRAILS* WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS TO *CONFUSE* AND *DISTRACT!*

I VIEW WITH ABHORRENCE THE THOUGHT OF *ENSLAVING* MY PEOPLE TO A DRUG, EVEN ONE WHICH WILL PRESERVE THE LIVES OF THEIR DESCENDANTS BUT I DARE NOT -- WHAT IS *THIS?!*

DORIAN! THE MONITOR INDICATES THAT OUR SECURITY HAS BEEN *COMPROMISED!*

I SHALL ATTEND TO THE INTRUDERS --

-- WHILE YOU GUARD OUR *CRAB VENOM* WITH YOUR LIFE!

AYE, MASTER...

WITH MY LIFE.

GUIDED UNERRINGLY BY HIS UNCANNY RADAR SENSE, DAREDEVIL SURREPTITIOUSLY ENTERS THE FACTORY...

THIS PLACE IS ALREADY FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS!

THE SMELL OF DUST AND WALL MOLD TELLS ME IT HASN'T SEEN MUCH USE OVER THE YEARS --

-- BUT SOMEONE THINKS ENOUGH OF IT TO INSTALL SURVEILLANDE DEVICES WHICH ARE DEFINITELY STATE-OF- THE-ART!

IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET THAT I'VE ALREADY BEEN DETECTED, BUT --

YOU ARE TRESPASSING. DAREDEVIL! THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, AND YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS HERE!

LUCKY ME! I WON MY BET!

THAT HAUGHTY TONE! THE DISTINCTIVE HEARTBEAT --!

IT'S DOCTOR DOOM!

BUT SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT ABOUT HIM! FROM THE MUTED SOUNDS COMING FROM HIS ARMOR, HE'S OBVIOUSLY GIVEN IT A DRASTIC UPGRADE --

-- AND HIS RESPIRATION SEEMS SLOWER!

MACHINERY IS SUDDENLY *WHIRLING* ABOVE ME --

-- AND I REALLY DOUBT IT WAS DESIGNED TO *IMPROVE* MY QUALITY OF LIFE!

INCREDIBLE! YOUR REFLEXES ARE AS IMPRESSIVE AS EVER --

-- BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO AVOID THOSE *NERVE-BLASTS!*

YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT A MAN CAN ACCOMPLISH WHEN HIS HEART IS *PURE* --

-- AND HIS HEARING IS *HYPER-SENSITIVE!*

YOU'RE THE *ANSWER MAN*, DOOM! TELL ME ABOUT THOSE MISSING *LATVERIANS!*

FORGET THEM! SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THEY HAVE BEEN GRANTED A RARE *PRIVILEGE* --

-- TO *DIE* IN THE SERVICE OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY!

IT IS AN HONOR *YOU* SHALL SOON SHARE!

AS MUCH AS I'M SURE OL'HORNHEAD APPRECIATES YER OFFER --

-- HE'LL HAFTA PASS!

HE'S ALREADY AGREED TA HELP ME *TACKLE* A CERTAIN TIN-SUITED STOOGE!

THE THING?

THOUGH YOUR ARRIVAL WAS NOT ANTICIPATED, I *CANNOT* ALLOW YOU TO DISRUPT MY PLANS!

YOU MAY NOT HAVE MUCH *CHOICE*, BUSTER!

WAY TO GO, DD! YA USED MY DIVERSION TA BREAK *FREE!*

NICE OF YOU TO NOTICE!

MAYBE I CAN EVEN *RETURN* THE FAVOR--

-- BY USING MY *BILLY CLUB* TO GIFT-WRAP THIS PACKAGE FOR YOU!

GUIDED BY THE SOUND OF HIS BREATHING, I COULN'T MISS IF I TRIED!

ARE YOU *INSANE*, DAREDEVIL?!

DO YOU TRULY BELIEVE THIS PITIFUL CABLE CAN IMPRISON *DOOM*?!

DON'T GIT YER STEEL-PLATED PANTIES IN AN UPROAR, PAL!

IT WUZ ONLY MEANT TA HOLD YA LONG ENUFF FER ME TA CLUE THE PAPPARAZZI BECAUSE --

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

YOU *IGNORANT BARBARIAN!* YOUR MISPLACED ALTRUISM ONLY *CONDEMNS* THE PEOPLE OF LATVERIA!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

THIS EQUIPMENT! THESE PEOPLE! THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER BY HE WHO WOULD CHANGE *TIME* ITSELF!

THE *CRITICAL JUNCTURE* IS FAST APPROACHING!

THE MOMENT WHICH WILL DECIDE HIS *SUCCESS* OR *FAILURE!*

AND THIS VAT OF UNKNOWN CHEMICALS WILL BE *PIVOTAL* IN THE DECIDING INSTANT!

BEHOLD! A FIGURE LIES SPRAWLED BEFORE THE VAT! HIS MIND IS LOST AMID A KALEIDOSCOPE OF DRUG-INDUCED IMAGES!

HE HAS OBVIOUSLY PARTAKEN OF SOME *HIGHLY HALLUCIGENIC* SUBSTANCE!

EVEN AS THE ASTRAL FORM OF DOCTOR STRANGE HOVERS ABOVE YOUNG DORIAN, THE THING ALSO PAUSES --!

WHADAYA *MEAN* YER PEOPLE ARE IN DANGER?!

BE ADVISED, BRAINLESS ONE! THEY SHALL BE *SAVED* --

-- BY THE HAND OF *DOOM!*

ARRGH!

THE VERY SAME HAND WHICH SHALL PROVE YOUR *UNDOING!*

YOU *BLUNDERING NEANDERTHAL!* YOUR BRUTISH STRENGTH WAS NEVER A MATCH FOR MY SUPERIOR INTELLECT!

SOUNDS LIKE THE THING COULD USE AN ASSIST -- *WAIT!*

HIS HEARTBEAT IS STEADY! HE'S ONLY PLAYING POSSUM!

I TAKE NO SATISFACTION IN YOUR DEFEAT, GRIMM! I STRIKE NOT FOR *MYSELF* --

-- BUT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE *LATVERIAN PEOPLE!*

SUMTHIN'S *DIFFERENT* ABOUT YA, PAL --

-- AND I AIN'T JUST TALKIN' ABOUT YER FANCY NEW UNDEROOS!

I AIN'T EVEN CERTAIN *YER* THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

YA COULD BE A ROBOT, A FAKE, OR EVEN ONE A HYPERSTORM'S *LACKEYS* FER ALL I KNOW!

ONLY ONE THING'S FOR SURE --

-- YER GOIN' **DOWN!**

SO! IT WASN'T MY IMAGINATION! THE THING ALSO PICKED UP ON THE SUBTLE ***DEVIATIONS*** BETWEEN THIS MAN AND THE REAL DOCTOR DOOM!

WHA -- WHAT IS THIS PLACE?!

SOME KIND 'A SECRET LAB?!

YA METAL-COVERED MANIAC!

YA BEEN CONDUCTIN' *HUMAN* EXPERI-MENTS!

INDEED! AND, AS REPUGNANT AS I MAY PERSONALLY FIND THEM, BE ASSURED THAT THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY --

-- AS NECESSARY AS THESE VOLTS OF PURE ELECTRICITY WHICH ARE BEING GENERATED BY MY BATTLE ARMOR!

EEY!

THE *CRITICAL MOMENT* IS ALMOST HERE, BUT ONLY THE *THING* CAN PERCEIVE MY PRESENCE --!

MAKE NO *MOVE*, ADVENTURER!

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE, I WILL REDUCE THIS BOISTEROUS BUFFOON INTO AN *ORANGE-SKINNED* CINDER!

STOP STRUGGLING, YOU BESTIAL FOOL. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO CAUSE YOU ANY GREATER AGONY!

I MERELY WISH TO SECURE THE CONTENTS OF MY PRECIOUS *VAT*, AND BE ON MY WAY!

F-FORGET IT, CHARLIE! I DON'T KNOW WHY YA WANT THAT JUNK --

-- BUT IT CAN'T BE FER ANY GOOD!

AT LAST! THE CRITICAL JUNCTURE HAS ARRIVED!

IF BEN GRIMM WOULD SAVE THE FUTURE, HE MUST ACT *NOW!*

POUR ON THE *JUICE*, DOOMSIE --

-- OR *WHOEVER YA* REALLY ARE --

YA AIN'T GOT ENUFF POWER IN THAT BLASTED ARMORED ARMANI TA STOP THIS IDOL 'A MILLIONS!

IF YA REALLY *WANT* WHATEVER'S IN THAT BLASTED VAT -- -- BE MY GUEST!

NOOOO!

HURRY, THING --! THAT EXPLOSION IS CAUSING A MASSIVE CHAIN REACTION!

I READ YA LOUD'N' CLEAR, STRANGE!

STRANGE?! WHO'S STRANGE?!

IT'S A LITTLE COMPLICATED TA EXPLAIN, HORNHEAD... BUT I'LL UPDATE YA AFTER WE'VE FREED THESE POOR DEVILS!

NO *ARGUMENT!* BUT THEY'RE IN PRETTY SAD SHAPE!

THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT OUT UNDER THEIR OWN POWER!

THEY WON'T HAFTA! NOT WHILE THERE'S A PAIR 'A CARD-CARRYING *HERO TYPES* ON THE SCENE!

MOVE IT! I CAN DETECT THE HEAT RISING RAPIDLY!

ONLY MERE *SECONDS* REMAIN BEFORE THIS ENTIRE BUILDING --

"-- GOES *BYE -BYE!*"

WHEW WE BARELY MADE IT!

WHAT ABOUT THAT *DOC DOOM WANNABEE?!*

WHERE'D HE GO IN ALL THE CONFUSION?!

I CAN NO LONGER SENSE HIS PRESENCE --

-- AND THE MENACE TO THE TIMESTREAM APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN AVERTED!

SWELL! BUT I STILL WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GONNA BECOME'A ALLA THESE PEOPLE HE PLAYED *MAD SCIENTIST* ON!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THEY'VE BEEN CLAIMED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THEIR *EMBASSY!*

OUR SUBJECTS HAVE ALL BEEN *RETURNED*, SIRE!

THEY'RE ALL BEING RETURNED TO *LATVERIA* FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT!

LATVERIA?!

THAT DOESN'T EXACTLY FILL *ME* WIT' CONFIDENCE!

FROM INITIAL REPORTS, THEIR TORMENTOR APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN A MADMAN WHO WAS DISGUISED AS *YOU!*

ME?!

YOU MAY GO NOW, BUT KEEP ME ADVISED OF ANY FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

YOUR DOPPELGANGER FROM THE FUTURE APPEARS TO HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN *NEW YORK!*

LET HIM ENJOY HIS LAST REMAINING *HOURS* OF FREEDOM --

"-- BECAUSE, ALL TOO SOON, WE SHALL REDUCE THOSE HOURS TO MERE *MOMENTS!*"

THOUGH MY VENOM HAS BEEN *DESTROYED*, AND THE CRABS WHICH PRODUCED IT ARE NOW EXTINCT... VICTORY SHALL YET BE *MINE!*

THE SAMPLE OF VENOM WHICH I STILL POSSESS CAN BE *ANALYZED*, AND ARTIFICIALLY *REPRODUCED!*

WHATEVER I MAY THINK OF *REED RICHARDS* AS A MEN OR A SCIENTIST --

-- I HAVE LITTLE DOUBT THAT THE REQUIRED EQUIPMENT CAN BE FOUND IN *FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA!*

TO ENTER THE HEADQUARTERS OF MY GREATEST ENEMIES, MAY SEEM LIKE PURE *MADNESS*... BUT MY CHOICES ARE SEVERELY *LIMITED!*

I MUST HURRY BEFORE MY *SAMPLE* IS LOST! THE SAMPLE WHICH FATE FORCED ME TO INGEST FOR THE *SAKE* OF MY PEOPLE!

THE SAMPLE WHICH EVEN NOW FLOWS THROUGH MY *BLOODSTREAM*, AND IGNITES A HUNGER FOR *MORE!*

HANG ON, FAITHFUL ONE! THE TENSION MOUNTS, THE THRILLS EXPAND, AND THE ACTION CONTINUES IN FANTASTIC FOUR #413! MISS IT NOT!

MARVEL COMICS

Fantastic Four

JUNE '96 413

DOOM 2099 VS. Fantastic Four®

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

RESCUE AT THE CROSSROADS OF INFINITY!

RYAN/CANVELARIO

THE HUNGER GROWS WITHIN HIM, AND HIS EYES BURN WITH CRIMSON FIRE!

MORE! HE MUST HAVE MORE--!

MORE OF THE HIGHLY ADDICTIVE **CRAB VENOM** WHICH ALREADY GNAWS AT HIS SEETHING VEINS, IGNITING BOTH **BLOOD** AND **DESIRE!**

BUT THE SPECIFIC BREED OF CRAB WHICH PRODUCES IT HAS RECENTLY BEEN RENDERED **EXTINCT!** THERE WILL BE **NO MORE!**

UNLESS...

UNLESS HE CAN **ANALYZE** ITS CHEMICAL PROPERTIES, ARTIFICIALLY **RECREATE** IT!

HIS NAME IS **DOOM!**

HE HAS COME TO 1996 FROM THE YEAR **2099** ON A MOST URGENT MISSION OF MERCY--

--AND **WOE** TO ANY WHO WOULD DARE OPPOSE HIM!

EVEN AS HE PURPOSE-FULLY STRIDES FOR-WARD, IMAGES FILL HIS MIND!

IMAGES OF HIS BELOVED LATVERIA!

OF HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS WHO ARE DESTINED TO BE SLAIN BY DEADLY NECRO-TOXINS!

DESPERATE TO SAVE HIS PEOPLE, HE JOURNEYED THROUGH TIME!

WARNING HIS PRESENT DAY SELF OF THE COMING DISASTER, HE EMBARKED ON A BOLD STRATAGEM!

HAVING DISCOVERED THAT LONG-TERM EXPOSURE TO THE VENOM OF A SPECIFIC BREED OF CRAB--

--WOULD ALTER HIS SUBJECTS ON A GENETIC LEVEL--

--MAKING THEM IMMUNE TO THE LETHAL EFFECTS OF THE NECROTOXINS--

--DOOM MADE A MOST PAINFUL DECISION! TO SAVE HIS SUB-JECTS, HE WOULD ENSLAVE THEM TO THIS ADDICTIVE DRUG!

BUT THEN, HIS PLANS WERE UNEXPECTEDLY DISRUPTED BY THE MONSTROUS THING--

--AND THE FEARLESS DAREDEVIL!

IN A FINAL ATTEMPT TO SALVAGE THE SITUATION, DOOM DELIBERATELY EXPOSED HIMSELF TO THE VENOM, HOPING TO LEARN ITS SECRET.

AND NOW, WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND HIS ENEMY, HE MUST QUICKLY FIND A WAY TO SYNTHE-TICALLY REPRODUCE THE VENOM BEFORE ALL IS LOST!

SUCH HIGHLY ADVANCED EQUIP-MENT CAN SURELY BE FOUND AT ONE LOCATION--

--FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA--

MISSIONS: IMPOSSIBLE!

--THE HOME AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE EVER-ABHORRED FANTASTIC FOUR!

REED! EVER SINCE THE PUBLIC FIRST LEARNED OF YOUR RETURN*...

AN ARMY OF REPORTERS HAS BEEN BEATING DOWN OUR DOORS!

I'VE MANAGED TO PUT THEM OFF UNTIL AFTER YOU'VE ATTENDED TO BLACK BOLT, BUT-- OH!

Y-YOU...YOU SHAVED?!

IT WAS DOCTOR SAMSON'S IDEA! HE'S BEEN TREATING ME FOR POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS RELATED TO MY PROLONGED IMPRISONMENT BY HYPERSTORM, AND THOUGHT THE CHANGE WOULD HELP!

TOO BAD! I THOUGHT THE BEARD WAS KIND OF... SEXY!

REALLY?!

AHEM! MAYBE WE SHOULD DISCUSS IT LATER!

WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKING ON?

A DIMENSIONALLY-TRANSCENDENTAL PROBE!

*AS SHOWN LAST ISSUE-- SUZANNE!

TOM DEFALCO & PAUL RYAN
SCRIPT, PLOT & PENCILS

JOHN LOWE & BOB WIACEK
INKS

JIM NOVAK
LETTERS

JOHN KALISZ
COLORS

MALIBU-COLOR SEPS

SUZANNE GAFFNEY-EDITOR

BOB HARRAS-
EDITOR IN CHIEF

SOUNDS...UH...FASCINATING!

I DESIGNED IT TO TRAVEL THROUGH SUB-SPACE--

--UNTIL IT LOCATES EITHER THE SILVER SURFER OR GALACTUS WHEREVER THEY PRESENTLY ARE IN THE UNIVERSE!

WE MUST ENLIST THEIR AID IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO FIND A WAY TO END THE MENACE OF HYPER-STORM!

WHY ARE YOU OPENING THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEGATIVE ZONE?

THE ZONE IS ACTUALLY A DIMENSIONAL ENTRANCE INTO SUB-SPACE!

THE PROBE WILL HEAD STRAIGHT TOWARD THE CROSSROADS OF INFINITY, THE JUNCTION TO EVERYWHERE--

--AND THEN, IT WILL HOPEFULLY BE DIRECTED TO ITS TARGETS IN NORMAL SPACE!

A VERY IMPRESSIVE TOY, SON...BUT YOU MUST STOP THIS INSANITY!

YOU'VE SEEN HIS POWER! HE'S VIRTUALLY INVINCIBLE! HE MAY BE WATCHING US EVEN NOW!

HYPERSTORM MAY HAVE SEEN FIT TO SPARE YOUR LIFE ONCE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER SURVIVE A SECOND ENCOUNTER!

THERE'S NO POSSIBLE WAY TO DEFEAT HIM!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, DAD...YOU USED TO SAY THAT NO CAUSE WAS TRULY HOPE-LESS! NO OBJECTIVE COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY!

THAT BOY IS TOO BLASTED STUBBORN FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

GEE, NATHAN... I WONDER WHERE HE GOT THAT FROM?

AND IT'S REAL OBVIOUS THAT YOU KNOW FAR MORE ABOUT HYPERSTORM THAN YOU'RE SHARING!

JUST THEN, SOMEWHERE ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN...

NOT MY FAULT!

YO, CHUCKLES! THIS A CAB OR A MIX-MASTER?!

WHY AIN'T WE MOVIN'?

JUST LOOKIT THIS MESS!

WE'RE STUCK IN SOME KINDA GRIDLOCK!

GITANO'S

TAXI

WHY'N YA SAY SO IN'NA FIRST PLACE? I CAN'T WASTE NO TIME HERE!

THERE'S A DOC DOOM WANNABEE RUNNIN' AROUND THIS TOWN, AND I GOTTA WARN THE FF!

HEY! WHERE YA GOIN'?!

TA CLEAR US A PATH--!

UNSNARLIN' TRAFFIC IS MY SPECIALITY!

EEE-YIKES!

WH-WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, YOU BIG APE?!

RELAX, PAL! I'LL PUT'CHA BACK DOWN...JUST AS SOON AS I OPEN UP A LANE... SO SOME'A THESE CARS CAN MOVE OUTTA HERE!

EVEN AS THE EVER-LOVIN' THING DOES HIS BIT TO EASE TRAFFIC CONGESTION--

--AN UNIDENTIFIED AND HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED CRAFT AVOIDS IT ENTIRELY!

WE MUST FIND YOUR DOPPELGANGER FROM THE FUTURE, DOCTOR DOOM!

HE MUST PAY FOR THE ECOLOGICAL HAVOC HE HAS WREAKED UPON MY PRECIOUS OCEAN!

AND SO HE SHALL, SUB-MARINER...

AFTER HE HAS REVEALED ALL HE KNOWS ABOUT THE COMING DESTRUCTION OF LATVERIA!

THE SHIP'S SENSORS ARE SCANNING FOR OUR ELUSIVE QUARRY!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT FF HEADQUARTERS, REED RICHARDS PREPARES FOR A MOST DELICATE PROCEDURE WITH THE AID OF HIS TEENAGE SON...

AS YOU ALREADY KNOW, FRANKLIN...

...BLACK BOLT IS AN INHUMAN WHO CAN HARNESS FREE-FLOATING ELECTRONS!

THE FORK-SHAPED ANTENNA WHICH ALLOWS HIM TO CONTROL HIS POWERS WAS RECENTLY *DAMAGED*--

--AND MUST BE *REPAIRED* BEFORE HE ACCIDENTALLY TRIGGERS A SHOCK WAVE OF *CATASTROPHIC PROPORTIONS!*

I UNDERSTAND, DAD...

MY *PSI-POWERS* WILL IMMOBILIZE HIM-- KEEPING HIM IN A STATE OF *MENTAL STASIS* --WHILE YOU STRUT YOUR STUFF!

EVEN AS THE OPERATION BEGINS, THE INVISIBLE WOMAN OFFERS SOOTHING ASSURANCE TO BLACK BOLT'S FAMILY...

MEDUSA

AHURA

GORGON

KARNAK

SCARCELY ABLE TO BREATHE--

--FEARING FOR THE VERY LIFE OF THEIR BELOVED LEADER--

--THE ROYAL FAMILY OF THE INHUMANS STANDS UNITED--

--IN SILENT PRAYER!

TENSION SMOLDERS IN THE AIR FOR SEEMINGLY END-LESS MOMENTS, AND THEN...

HE'S *FINE*, MEDUSA! THE OPER-ATION WAS AN UNQUALIFIED *SUCCESS!* HE'LL MAKE A COMPLETE *RECOVERY*, AND--=UFFT=

OH, REED! I...I DON'T KNOW *HOW* I CAN EVER THANK YOU!

E-EASING UP ON THE RIBS WOULD BE A GOOD START!

H-HOW IS MY HUSBAND?

MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE OTHER INHUMANS HAVE ALSO EXPRESSED THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC GRATITUDE...

SINCE THE ANTENNA IS LINKED DIRECTLY INTO HIS BRAIN, HE'LL NEED TO SLEEP FOR A FEW HOURS!

EEE-WA! EEE-WA! EEE-WA!

REED! WHAT'S THAT HORRID SOUND?

A SIGNALLING DEVICE ATTACHED TO MY *PROBE!*

IT'S APPARENTLY MADE *CONTACT!*

AND, SPEAKING OF MAKING CONTACT...

AT LAST! THIS UNDERGROUND POWER CONDUIT HAS FINALLY LED ME TO THE BASEMENT OF *FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA* AS I KNEW IT WOULD!

THE *DEFENSE GRID*, WHICH REED RICHARDS INSTALLED WITHIN THIS BUILDING, MAY GO FAR BEYOND THE STATE OF THIS ERA'S ART--

--BUT IT IS LESS THAN VALUELESS AGAINST ONE FROM THE YEAR 2099!

FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH THE PROPER EQUIPMENT IS ALL I REQUIRE!

IN EXCHANGE FOR SUCH A BOON, I WOULD EVEN *FOREGO* THE EXQUISITE DELIGHT OF ANOTHER CHANCE TO--

--CRUSH THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

AT THAT MOMENT, SEVERAL STORIES ABOVE...

ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN YOU DON'T WANT COMPANY, REED?

THERE ARE SOME RATHER DEADLY CRITTERS RUNNING AROUND THE *NEGATIVE ZONE!*

THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE I'LL ENCOUNTER ANY ON THIS EXCURSION!

I'M GOING TO CUT THROUGH THE ZONE'S *DISTORTION AREA* TO THE *CROSSROADS OF INFINITY*--

--AND USE THE *HOMING BEACON* WITHIN MY ENVIRONMENTAL SUIT TO IMMEDIATELY LINK UP WITH THE *PROBE!*

WOW! YOU COULD END UP *ANYWHERE* IN THE UNIVERSE!

DON'T BE A FOOL, SON! EVEN IF YOU CAN ENLIST GALACTUS OR THE SURFER, YOU STILL WON'T HAVE THE POWER YOU NEED!

WE SHALL SEE, NATHANIEL...

WHAT IF HYPERSTORM IS WATCHING US NOW?

HE COULD MAKE ANOTHER PLAY FOR YOU WHILE YOU'RE SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF US!

IN THAT EVENT, I'LL ALERT YOU IMMEDI-ATELY--

--AND YOU CAN RECALL MY LIFE-LINE!

I DON'T WANT YOU TO WORRY UNNECESSARILY, SUSAN!

I'VE TAKEN EVERY POSSIBLE PRECAUTION!

THAT'S VERY REASSURING, REED...

BUT I STILL WON'T REST EASY UNTIL YOU'RE BACK IN MY ARMS!

ONCE I ACTIVATE THE AUTOMATIC DOOR, I WILL LITERALLY USE SUB-SPACE TO HURL MYSELF ACROSS THE UNIVERSE IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE!

MOMENTS SUCH AS THIS ARE WHY I BECAME A SCIENTIST! TO EXPLORE THE GREAT UNKNOWN, AND TO CHALLENGE THE TRULY IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S WORKING!

I CAN ALREADY FEEL MYSELF *PIERCING* THE VERY FABRIC OF PHYSICAL REALITY!

THIS IS IT!

THE *CROSSROADS OF INFINITY!*

THE *JUNCTION* TO ANY POINT IN THE UNIVERSE!

I CAN ALREADY FEEL THE *PROBE* TUGGING ME BACK INTO NORMAL SPACE!

YANKING TOWARD SOME UNEXPLORED GALAXY!

THERE! IN THE DISTANCE IS THE ONE I HAVE JOURNEYED UNCOUNTABLE *LIGHT-YEARS* TO FIND--!

THE *SILVER SURFER*--!

GREETINGS, *MY FRIEND!* I KNOW NOT HOW YOU HAVE MANAGED TO REACH ME--

--BUT ONLY A MISSION OF UTMOST *URGENCY* WOULD HAVE COMPELLED YOU TO TRANSVERSE THE *UNIVERSE ENTIRE!*

HEY, ROBERTA--! THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS AROUND?

EVERYONE EXCEPT REED! HE'S GALAXY-HOPPING!

AGAIN--?! TUNE UP YER INTERCOM, KID! I WANT'CHA TA CALL--

JOHNNY! BEN NEEDS TO SEE YOU IMMEDIATELY!

NOW WHAT?!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW STANDING HERE!

FRANKLIN AND I WILL KEEP WATCH!

YEAH! YOU GO TAKE CARE OF UNCLE BEN!

OKAY, BUT CALL ME AT THE FIRST HINT OF TROUBLE!

S'ODD! HERE I WAS THINKING THAT MY ORANGE-SKINNED SIDEKICK WAS AVOIDING ME!

I THOUGHT HE WAS CHEESED AT THE WAY I'VE BEEN IGNORING LYJA LATELY!

GUESS I WAS WRONG!

WHAT'S THE BIG PROBLEM, GRUESOME?

MICROWAVE'S OUT, AND YOU NEED ME TO WARM UP AN EMERGENCY PIZZA?!

NUTHIN' THAT SERIOUS!

IT'S JUST ANOTHER CASE'A YER STANDARD METAL-COVERED MEGALOMANIAC ON THE LOOSE!

WE TALKING DOC DOOM, HYPERSTORM OR SOME NEW PLAYER?

TELL YA THE TRUTH, I AIN'T REAL SURE!

A MR. DATABASE, YOU'RE NOT!

WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY, BEN GRIMM QUICKLY RELATES HIS RECENT TEAM-UPS WITH DARE-DEVIL AND DOC-TOR STRANGE, AND THE SUBSE-QUENT BATTLE WITH THE DOOM OF 2099!*

*FOR DETAILS YOU'LL HAVE TO PEEK AT A COPY OF DOOM 2099 #42-- SUZANNE!

AND THEN...

WE GOTTA FIND THAT HOT-WIRED WEASEL! BREAK OUT THE FANTAS-TICAR! WE'LL SCOUR THE CITY!

MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE SUBTLE!

I'LL BOOT UP OUR CITY-WIDE MONITORING SYSTEM, AND--

HEY! YA DON'T GOTTA DO NUTHIN'!

THAT'S HIM--!

IN OUR COMPUTER CENTER?!

THOUGH HE HAS EVER BEEN A DISTANT SECOND TO MY UNEQUALED GENIUS...

REED RICHARDS ALWAYS HAD A TENDENCY TO CREATE THE MOST MARVELOUS TOYS!

THE CRAB VENOM WHICH EVEN NOW RUNS RIOT IN MY VEINS HAS BEEN FULLY ANALYZED!

WITH A FLICK OF THIS SWITCH, ITS CHEMICAL FORMULA WILL BE DOWNLOADED INTO MY MASK!

IT IS DONE! I NOW POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE NEEDED TO SAVE MY BELOVED LATVERIA, AND--

THE HUMAN TORCH! THE THING!

I HAVE APPARENTLY TARRIED TOO LONG!

DON'T RUN OFF ON OUR ACCOUNT, CREEP!

THE REAL FUN'S JUST ABOUT TA START--!

MY MASK! I MUST SAFE-GUARD IT AT ANY COST! THE PRECIOUS DATA, WHICH I HAVE STORED WITHIN, CANNOT BE LOST OR DAMAGED!

THE FATE OF MY PEOPLE DEPENDS UPON IT--!

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, THING! THIS STIFF BEARS AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO DOC DOOM--!

ONLY HE AIN'T GOT THE ORIGINAL'S SPARKLING WIT OR PUNCH-PROVOKING PERSONALITY!

ON THE OTHER HAND, DOOMSIE WON'T HAVE A FACE FULL'A SHATTERED TEETH!

IF THAT RAVAGING BLOW HAD CONNECTED--!

BACK AWAY FROM ME, YOU BLABBERING BUFFOON!

SNAK!

THOUGH I WOULD TRULY ENJOY HUMILIATING YOU, I AM RATHER PRESSED FOR TIME!

TOO BAD, PAL... BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, THE TORCH'S INFANTILE FLAME WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME PAUSE!

BUT I DARE NOT RISK EXPOSING MY CRUCIAL DATA TO A CHANCE SPARK!

WHO ARE YOU, MISTER--

--AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING WHEN WE ARRIVED?!

IF MY INTENTIONS WERE DISHONORABLE, MY PERSONAL FORCE FIELD WOULD DO FAR MORE THAN MERELY REPEL YOU!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I WAS ATTEMPTING TO SAVE A NATION!

HEY! NOBODY PICKS ON MY HOTHEAD LI'L PAL EXCEPT ME!

MY MASK--! KEEP YOUR DESECRATING FISTS OFF MY MASK!

YOU MINDLESS MISANTHROPE--! MY ARMOR CAN GENERATE A HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLTS OF PURE ENERGY--

EEYARGG!

--MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR YOU!

KA-ZAK!!

SOMETHING HAS DISRUPTED THE MAIN POWER GRID!

WE'VE LOST EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS!

WHAT ABOUT DAD?

WHAT IF HE ATTEMPTS TO ACTIVATE HIS LIFELINE BEFORE IT'S RESTORED?!

IF IT IS *THE DEVOURER OF WORLDS* THAT YOU SEEK, I FEAR I CANNOT AID YOU!

MY FORMER MASTER IS... NO MORE!

GALACTUS DEAD?!

HOW CAN SUCH A THING BE *POSSIBLE?*

HIS PASSING WAS AS *UNEXPECTED* AS IT WAS *UNTIMELY!*

THE RESULT OF AN OVEREAGER HERALD... KNOWN AS *MORG*... WHO CHANCED UPON THE *ULTIMATE NULLIFIER!*

*A LESS THAN OBJECTIVE VIEW OF THE EVENTS SHOWN IN *SILVER SURFER #109*-- SUZANNE!

"UNABLE TO STOP OR CONTROL THE UNNAMEABLE ENERGIES BUILDING WITHIN THE *NULLIFIER*--

"--GALACTUS AND HIS WORLDSHIP WERE EVENTUALLY *OVERWHELMED!*"

HE, WHO ONCE CONSUMED THE PURE ENERGY OF LIVING PLANETS, WAS HIMSELF *CONSUMED!*

I NEED TO KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE THIS ALL OCCURRED!

WITHOUT HESITATION, THE SILVER SURFER QUICKLY RATTLES OFF COMPLEX *SPATIAL COORDINATES*, AND THEN...

FAREWELL, MY FRIEND!

I KNOW NOT *HOW* YOU WILL EXPLOIT YOUR NEWFOUND KNOWLEDGE. NOR DO I CARE!

THE *STARS* BECKON, AND I MUST RESUME MY *ENDLESS EXPLORATION!*

HIS SPEED IS *PHENOMENAL!* HE'S ALREADY TRAVELED *LIGHT-YEARS* IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

SPEAKING OF TRAVELING, MY AIR SUPPLY IS GETTING *LOW* SO I'D BETTER --*WAIT!* SOMETHING'S WRONG!

DAD IS ATTEMPTING RECALL... BUT THE LIFE-LINE'S NOT RESPONDING!

I'M SWITCHING TO ARMOR MODE--

--AND WILL ATTEMPT A MANUAL RETRIEVAL!

GO FOR IT! I'LL TRY TO REROUTE EMERGENCY POWER TO THIS SYSTEM, AND-- LISTEN!

IS IT MY IMAGINATION--

--OR ARE THOSE EXPLOSIONS COMING FROM THE FLOOR BELOW?!

BEHOLD--! I TOLD YOU GORGON HEARD THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE!

GREAT AGON! THE TORCH AND THE THING ARE UNDER ATTACK!

COME, MY FELLOW INHUMANS--! WE MUST AID OUR FRIENDS AS THEY HAVE OFTEN AIDED US!

THE INHUMANS?! WHY ARE THEY HERE?

NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE *FORCES* ALIGNED AGAINST ME, DOOM WILL ULTIMATELY PROVE THE *VICTOR!*

BUT A PROLONGED BATTLE ONLY *INCREASES* THE RISK TO MY PEOPLE!

MEDUSA! GORGON! KARNAK! DON'T BE SHY! JOIN THE PARTY!

A WELL-DIRECTED *SHOCK-WAVE* WILL TOPPLE OUR ARMORED ADVERSARY!

NO! YOU MIGHT *COLLAPSE* THE VERY FLOOR BENEATH OUR FRIENDS!

BETTER KARNAK STRIKES AT OUR FOE'S *WEAKEST* POINT!

NO! NOT MY-- =UNNN=

KRUKK!

BAD MOVE, PAL! YA BACKED YER HEAD RIGHT INTA MY FAVORITE HAYMAKER!

GET HIM...WHILE HE'S STILL STUNNED!

THE LIVING TRESSES OF *MEDUSA* WILL BIND HIM IN PLACE!

DO NOT UNDERRATE MY *POWER*, WOMAN!

MY ARMOR POSSESSES MANY MORE *WEAPONS* THAN YOU COULD EVER CONCEIVE!

MEANWHILE--

PIGGY-BACKING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS ON REED'S LIFE-LINE--

--FRANKLIN RICHARDS ESTABLISHES A PSYCHIC LINK WITH HIS FATHER!

IGNORING THE BATTLE ERUPTING BENEATH HIM, THE YOUNG PSILORD GENTLY REASSURES REED, EVEN AS HE IS DRAWN TO SAFETY...

AS A YOUNG CHILD, FRANKLIN WAS TAKEN FROM HIS PARENTS...

BOUNCING FROM ONE ALTERNATE TIME LINE TO THE NEXT, HE GREW TO MANHOOD AT HIS GRANDFATHER'S SIDE--

--WHERE HE TRAINED TO BE A WARRIOR, HONING HIS MUTANT PSI-POWERS!

ROBBED OF BOTH HIS CHILDHOOD--

--AND HIS PARENTS--

--FRANKLIN RICHARDS HAS NEVER FELT CLOSER TO HIS FATHER--

--THAN THIS VERY INSTANT!

THOUGH DOOM WOULD CONQUER HIS ENEMIES--

--I MUST RETREAT FOR THE SAKE OF MY PEOPLE!

THE FUTURE OF LATVERIA TRANSCENDS EVEN MY UNPARALLELED PRIDE!

TO SAVE MY PEOPLE, NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT! NO COST IS TOO--

ARRGHH!

WELL DONE, DOOM...

YOU HAVE FINALLY SECURED THE ONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE YOUR FUTURE SELF!

KEEPING WATCH OVER FANTASTIC FOUR HEADQUARTERS WAS A STROKE OF PURE GENIUS!

DO YOU EXPECT ANY LESS FROM THE TRUE DOCTOR DOOM?

WE MUST RETURN TO LATVERIA AT ONCE!

THERE SHALL WE QUESTION OUR SOMBER CAPTIVE! PEELING AWAY THE SECRETS WITHIN HIS SECRETS!

WHAT MANNER OF VEHICLE--?!

DON'T ASK ME!

THE WAY IT ROCKETED SKYWARD, I DOUBT EVEN I COULD CATCH IT!

SAVE YERSELF THE EFFORT, KID! I'LL LAY YA ODDS THAT IT ONLY CONTAINS MORE PROBLEMS!

SPEAKING OF PROBLEMS, THERE IS CURRENTLY ONE LESS IN THE SPACE/TIME LABORATORY...

Y-YOU DID IT, SON...

YOU BROUGHT ME HOME!

IT'S A MIRACLE YOU SURVIVED! I WARNED YOU THAT DEATH WOULD RESULT IF YOU CONTINUE TO DEFY--

ENOUGH, DAD! ENOUGH!

I'M NOT SURE WHAT CAUSED THE LIFE-LINE TO MALFUNCTION, BUT I DOUBT HYPERSTORM HAD A HAND IN IT!

BESIDES, I'VE FINALLY COME UP WITH A WAY TO DEFEAT HIM!

REED! THIS IS NO TIME TO ARGUE WITH YOUR FATHER!

FRANKLIN AND I WANT TO CELEBRATE YOUR RETURN!

Y-YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT, SUSAN! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME SPECIAL PREPARATIONS!

BEWARE, MY SON! IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE--

--OUR LIVES ARE ALL IN GRAVE JEOPARDY!

INDEED THEY ARE, NATHANIEL...

"INDEED THEY ARE--!"

REED-- LOOK!

A TIME PLATFORM--!

MOVE FRANKLIN! MOVE!

IT'S HYPERSTORM--!

UNABLE TO DODGE THE DESCENDING PLATFORM, THE COURAGEOUS TEENAGER IS SWEPT WITHIN THE TIME STREAM...

AS A YOUNG CHILD HE WAS ONCE SPIRITED AWAY IN THIS FASHION...

THOUGH YEARS PASSED FOR HIM BEFORE HE COULD TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO REJOIN HIS PARENTS--

--BARELY A MINUTE HAD TICKED FOR THEM!

TO REED AND SUE, HE WAS A CHILD ONE MOMENT--

--AN ADULT THE NEXT!

RECALLING THAT TERRIBLE DAY, THEY ARE AGHAST AS THE TIME PLATFORM SUDDENLY DISGORGES THEIR SON...

WHAT NEW HORROR AWAITS THEM?

HOW HAS HE BEEN TRANSFORMED THIS TIME?

FRANKLIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?

WHAT DID THAT MONSTER DO TO YOU?!

SPEAK TO US, BOY--!

MOMMY! DADDY! I... I'M OKAY!

BOY! AM I GLAD I'M FINALLY HOME!

I REALLY MISSED EVERYONE!

NEXT ISSUE: NATHANIEL FINALLY DIVULGES ALL! THE SECRET ORIGIN OF HYPERSTORM IS REVEALED! AND SO IS HIS INTIMATE CONNECTION TO THE RICHARDS CLAN! DON'T YOU DARE MISS THE SUPEREST SLUGFEST OF '96... FAMILY BUSINESS!

MARVEL COMICS

2099

JULY '96 43

GENERATION

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

AFFERT & VINCE RUSSELO

96

THE 1990'S.

THE MILLENIUM APPROACHES, AND HUMANITY STANDS AT YET ANOTHER CROSSROADS.

RICH WITH FANTASTIC POTENTIAL, THIS ERA MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE PROLOGUE TO A GOLDEN AGE.

INSTEAD, COMPARED WITH THE TIMES TO COME, IT IS ONLY THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

THE NEW CENTURY WILL BE DRENCHED IN BLOOD AND PAIN.

HEROES WILL DIE. INNOCENTS WILL SUFFER. THE EARTH WILL BE RAVAGED.

ALL SO A HANDFUL OF CORPORATIONS MAY PROFIT.

NOT UNTIL A CENTURY LATER WILL I HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SALVAGE AND PROTECT WHAT REMAINS.

THAT IS WHY I RISKED RETURNING HERE --

-- TO MY *PAST.*

YOU *KNOW* WHO I AM. YOU SIMPLY *REFUSE* TO BELIEVE THE *TRUTH.*

YOU *LIE,* IMPOSTOR --

STAN LEE presents

RAGE AGAINST TIME 4 PART CONCLUSION!

HOMECOMING

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICTOR VON DOOM!

Ah, RECKLESS YOUTH. I KNOW THIS DOOM ALL TOO WELL. RAGE STILL CLOUDS HIS LOGIC.

HIS VOLATILE EMOTIONS UNDERMINE HIS GENIUS.

STILL, I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT HE WOULD ALLY HIMSELF WITH **NAMOR** TO COME AFTER ME.*

AFTER ALL, THAT IS WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE.

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE
writer

JEFF LAFFERTY
penciler

VINCE RUSSELL
inks
with an assist from
JOE RUBINSTEIN & AL MILGROM

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT
lettering

ED LAZZELLARI
colors

MALIBU enhancement
SUZANNE GAFFNEY editor
BOB HARRAS editor in chief

* SEE FANTASTIC FOUR 42. -- Suzanne

I HAVE TOLD YOU THIS ALREADY! I AM YOUR FUTURE SELF.

YOUR *PRESENT* IS MY PAST.

I HAVE TRAVELED BACK IN TIME TO PREVENT A CATASTROPHE OF UNIMAGINABLE *MAGNITUDE.*

AND NOW, YOUR *INTERFERENCE* IS COSTING FUTURE LIVES.

ONLY A FOOL WOULD BELIEVE SUCH TRANSPARENT *LIES.*

YOU'RE NO *STRANGER* TO TIME TRAVEL, DOOM.

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT ONE DAY YOU WOULD CONFRONT A *PAST* OR *FUTURE* VERSION OF YOURSELF?

I HAVE SCRUPULOUSLY *AVOIDED* SUCH AN ENCOUNTER, NAMOR.

THE PARADOXICAL NATURE OF SUCH AN EVENT COULD HAVE GRAVE CONSEQUENCES --

-- EVEN TO THE POINT OF UNRAVELING THE FRAGILE *FABRIC* OF TIME ITSELF.

I HAD TO TAKE THAT CHANCE IF I WAS TO SAVE MY COUNTRY -- *OUR* COUNTRY.

I HAD *CONQUERED* THE *UNITED STATES* --

-- *OUSTING* THE MEGA-CORPORATE *PARASITES* THAT WERE BLEEDING ITS RESOURCES DRY.

IN *RETALIATION,* THEY FILLED THE SKIES OF LATVERIA WITH *WAVE SPIDERS* --

-- CYBORG DEATH MACHINES THAT COVERED CITIES WITH VIRULENT *NECROTOXINS* --

-- WIPING OUT MOST OF THE LATVERIAN POPULATION.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU INTEND TO TURN LATVERIA INTO A NATION *ADDICTED* TO THE VENOM OF SOME OBSCURE *CRUSTACEAN SUB-SPECIES* --

-- BECAUSE IT WILL SOMEHOW MAKE FUTURE GENERATIONS OF LATVERIA *IMMUNE* TO THESE *SO-CALLED* NECROTOXINS?

MY RESEARCH *PROVED* THAT THE VENOM STRENGTHENS THE SAME PROTEIN BOND THE NECROTOXINS DESTROY.

BY THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES, I THINK YOU'VE CONSUMED TOO MUCH OF THAT "*CRAB-DOPE.*"

YOU'RE DELUSIONAL.

MY OWN EXPOSURE WAS *ACCIDENTAL** --

-- BUT I ASSURE YOU, I AM IN *COMPLETE* CONTROL OF MY FACULTIES.

I'LL SAY THIS FOR HIM, DOCTOR, HE HAS YOUR *ARROGANCE.*

I WONDER WHO LIES BENEATH THAT MASK.

INDEED. IT IS TIME WE SEE THE *FACE* OF THIS PRESUMPTUOUS *STORYTELLER.*

I LET MY YOUNGER SELF UNMASK ME, KNOWING THAT IN HIS ZEAL --

-- HE WILL MISS THE TINY CYBER-FILAMENT THAT SNAKES OUT OF MY ARMOR TOWARDS THE MACHINERY BEHIND ME.

HAH! THERE IS YOUR *PROOF!* THIS IS NOT *MY* FACE!

YOU CONCEAL YOUR FACE OBSESSIVELY, DOOM, SO I WILL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR *WORD.*

* SEE DOOM 2099 #42. -- Suzanne.

APPEARANCES MEAN *NOTHING.*

IN RECENT YEARS, YOU HAVE SWITCHED BODIES OFTEN. *DAREDEVIL* -- *REED RICHARDS* -- I COULD NAME A *DOZEN* MORE.

AND EVEN IF I WERE ABLE TO *EXPLAIN* THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MY CURRENT BODY...

...YOU WOULD *NOT* BELIEVE ME.

YOU HAVE *CLOSED* YOURSELF TO THE TRUTH.

MAINFRAME JUNCTURE LOCATED.

ACCESS CODES DOWNLOADING.

PERHAPS YOU TRULY *BELIEVE* YOURSELF TO BE ME.

IN THAT CASE, *FURTHER* CONVERSATION IS *POINTLESS.*

I WILL HAVE TO *EXTRACT* THE TRUTH FROM YOUR DELUDED MIND *MECHANICALLY.*

THIS IS A *MEMORY LEECH.*

THROUGH PINPOINT CEREBRAL STIMULATION IT *INDUCES* AND *RECORDS* LONG TERM MEMORY.

IT IS ALSO QUITE *PAINFUL.*

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I *BEGIN?*

YES --

COMMAND CODE ACCEPTED. FULL ACCESS GRANTED.

NEW COMMAND CODE TRANSFERRED AND LOCKED.

--ACCELERATE.

AT MY COMMAND, THE SHIP ABRUPTLY CHANGES COURSE --

-- LEAVING EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WITH SUPERSONIC SPEED.

THE SUDDEN INCREASE IN G-FORCE IMMOBILIZES MY TWO CAPTORS --

COMPUTER, *RESUME* COURSE.

VOICE COMMAND NOT RECOGNIZED.

-- LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO FREE MYSELF OF MY RESTRAINTS.

DOOM -- WHAT IS *HAPPENING* --?!

I CONTROL THIS SHIP.

I DON'T CARE *WHO* YOU ARE.

YOUR *ACTIONS* ENDANGERED MY AQUATIC KINGDOM --

-- AND FOR THAT YOU WILL *PAY.*

COMPUTER, DECREASE OXYGEN TO *ZERO.*

IMPOSSIBLE. NO ONE COULD BREAK MY *ENCRYPTION* CODE.

EXCEPT THE MAN WHO *WROTE* THEM.

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL YOU *DENY* THE TRUTH? I *AM* YOU...

GASP!

THE MICROSCOPIC NANOTECH 'BOTS COURSING THROUGH MY BLOODSTREAM BECOME OXYGEN FACTORIES --

-- COMPENSATING FOR THE SUDDEN LACK OF BREATHABLE AIR --

-- AND GIVING ME TIME TO REPLACE MY FACEPLATE.

AS I LOOK DOWN INTO THE ARMORED VISAGE OF MY YOUNGER SELF --

-- I REALIZE THAT THE MASK IS MY TRUE FACE.

I WILL *KILL* YOU FOR THIS AFFRONT.

NO -- THAT WOULD BE *SUICIDAL*. *CALM* YOURSELF. I INTEND YOU NO HARM.

I REALIZE NOW THAT BY STAYING ANY *LONGER* IN THIS TIME --

-- I MAY CREATE *GREATER* PROBLEMS THAN THE ONE I AM ATTEMPTING TO *SOLVE*.

IT IS TIME I RETURNED TO THE NEXT CENTURY.

AND WHAT ABOUT US?

YOU AND NAMOR ARE *FREE* TO RETURN TO EARTH.

COMPUTER, RESTORE OXYGEN LEVELS TO *NORMAL*.

THERE'S NO *TIME PLATFORM* ON THIS SHIP.

I CAN USE THE SHI'AR STARGATE TO SLINGSHOT ME INTO THE FUTURE. RISKY, BUT POSSIBLE.

HOWEVER, I DOUBT YOU ARE THAT *SKILLED* A PILOT.

YOU ARE.

ONE THING *PUZZLES* ME.

IF YOU ARE THE VICTOR VON DOOM OF *TOMORROW*...

...WHY DIDN'T YOU *REMEMBER* THIS ENCOUNTER FROM YOUR YOUTH?

A *VALID* QUESTION, AND ONE I CANNOT FULLY ANSWER.

I HAVE SUSTAINED GREAT INJURY EXPLORING THE BOUNDARIES OF SPACE AND TIME.

PORTIONS OF MY *MEMORY* HAVE ALSO BEEN CASUALTIES OF THAT EXPLORATION.

ANOTHER *FACILE FABRICATION.*

THIS FUTURE OF WHICH YOU SPEAK WILL *NOT* BE MINE.

THEN *CHANGE* IT, AND PROVE ME *WRONG.*

BUT KNOW THIS, FOR EVERY *VICTORY* YOU SAVOR, THERE WILL BE A *LOSS* THAT *SCARS* YOU.

I'VE NO WISH TO BE *YOUNG* AGAIN.

CONCEALED FROM THE EARTH'S VIEW IS A SHI'AR STARGATE --

-- AN ARTIFICIAL WORMHOLE CREATED BY THE SHI'AR AS AN INTERGALACTIC JUMP POINT.

WHEN NOT ACTIVATED BY THE SHI'AR, THE STARGATE IS NO MORE THAN A GRAVITY WELL --

-- WHOSE INSISTENT PULL WANTS TO SUCK EVERY BIT OF FREE FLOATING MATTER INTO ITS GAPING BLACK MAW.

I USE THE ADDED VELOCITY OF THAT PULL TO ACCELERATE MY SHIP PAST ITS LIMIT.

THE CRAB VENOM IN MY SYSTEM BEGINS TO AFFECT MY PERCEPTION.

CAN'T LET MYSELF LOSE CONCENTRATION. I MUST **FOCUS.**

I HAVE TO PULL OUT OF MY DESCENT AT THE **PRECISE** MOMENT --

-- OR THE SHIP WILL BE **CRUSHED** BY THE ENORMOUS PRESSURE INSIDE THE WELL.

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE WINDS THE SHIP AROUND THE WELL'S NEXUS --

-- AND THEN THROWS THE CRAFT AWAY FROM THE WELL AT FASTER THAN LIGHT SPEED.

I'M HAVING DIFFICULTY CONCENTRATING.

I CAN'T TELL IF THE SUDDEN LIQUIDITY OF MY SURROUNDINGS IS CAUSED BY THE DRUG --

-- OR BECAUSE I'VE SUCCEEDED IN **BREAKING** THE **TIME BARRIER.**

WAVES OF TIME WASH OVER ME AND PULL ME INTO ANOTHER PLACE.

I HAVE TO HOLD ON TO MY SENSE OF IDENTITY.

I AM DOOM.

I AM EIGHT YEARS OLD.

I AM WITH MY MOTHER IN THE ANTIKVA MARKETPLACE.

SHE HAS BOUGHT ME A BEAUTIFUL NEW CLOAK FROM THE TAILOR IN THE SQUARE.

IT IS EMERALD GREEN, AS DEEP AND RICH AS THE FORESTS OF THE MALHELA MOUNTAINS.

SHE TELLS ME I LOOK HANDSOME IN IT, AND CALLS ME HER "LITTLE MAN."

HER HAIR SMELLS LIKE PERFUME. IT MAKES ME FEEL SAFE.

TO THE CORE OF MY BEING, I AM HAPPY. I WANT THIS MOMENT TO LAST FOREVER.

AND THEN THE SKIES GROW DARK, AND THE INSECT-LIKE HUMMING BEGINS.

WAVE SPIDERS!

I SCREAM FOR MY MOTHER TO RUN --

-- BUT IT IS TOO LATE...

I WATCH MY MOTHER MELT ONTO THE COBBLESTONE PATHWAY LIKE CANDLE WAX.

LIKE ALL OF LATVERIA WILL ONE DAY.

ALL I CAN DO IS SCREAM.

NOOOO!

A SUDDEN JOLT BRINGS ME TO MY SENSES.

THE SHIP IS DECELERATING.

MY HALLUCINATION HAS ENDED, BUT THE IMAGES STAY WITH ME.

I NO LONGER FEEL THE INSISTENT NEED FOR CRAB VENOM --

-- AND I WONDER IF THE TIME TRAVEL HAS FLUSHED IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM.

THE ONBOARD COMPUTER CONFIRMS I'VE RETURNED APPROXIMATELY A MONTH AFTER I LEFT --

-- TWO MONTHS AFTER HEROD'S ASSAULT ON LATVERIA.

IT IS AS CLOSE AS I COULD HAVE HOPED, GIVEN THE IMPROVISED MANNER OF TIME TRAVEL.

AS I DESCEND TOWARDS EARTH, I AM SURPRISED TO SEE NOT ONLY THE MOON --

-- BUT ANOTHER -- MORE OMINOUS -- BODY CIRCLING THE EARTH.

HOW CAN THIS BE?

THE PLANETOID I IDENTIFIED APPROACHING OUR SOLAR SYSTEM COULDN'T HAVE TRAVELLED THIS QUICKLY TO ITS CURRENT POSITION.

IT SHOULD NOT BE IN ORBIT AROUND EARTH.

MORE IMMEDIATELY, THE EFFECT OF SUCH A LARGE MASS IN PROXIMITY TO THE EARTH WOULD BE **DISASTROUS.**

IF ONE MOON AFFECTS EARTHLY CYCLES SO PROFOUNDLY...

...IMAGINE THE CHAOS CAUSED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF A SECOND.

MY FEARS ARE CONFIRMED WHEN I SEE THAT ATYPICAL STORM CLOUDS WRAP AROUND THE EARTH...

HEAVY RAIN BATTERS THE HULL OF MY SHIP AS I ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE --

-- BREAKING THROUGH ABOVE THE MALHELA **MOUNTAINS.**

I HAVE MUCH TO DO NOW THAT I AM FINALLY...

HOME!

MY JOY STANDING ON LATVERIAN SOIL IS QUALIFIED BY THE STILLNESS IN THE AIR.

DID MY JOURNEY TO THE PAST ACCOMPLISH THAT WHICH I INTENDED?

DID I PROVIDE MY PEOPLE WITH THE MEANS TO SURVIVE THE NECROTOXINS --

-- OR HAVE I RETURNED TO A COUNTRY OF THE DEAD?

SOMETHING MOVES IN THE RUBBLE BEHIND ME.

WHAT ARE THESE STRANGE CREATURES?

I PRIME THE ENERGY CHARGE IN MY GAUNTLET.

BLAM

GRONK

DON'T HURT THEM, DOOM. THEY CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES.

FORTUNE.

YOU'VE BEEN GONE A *LONG* TIME, BUT I KNEW YOU'D BE BACK.

THE TIME, THE DATE, THE HOUR. THEY WERE ALL IN THE *CARDS*.

I DON'T LIKE *LOOKING* AT THE TAROT VERY MUCH ANYMORE.

THE CARDS POINT TO AN *UNCERTAIN* FUTURE.

BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A *PRESCIENT GYPSY* TO FIGURE THAT OUT.

ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS WALK THE WAR-RAVAGED STREETS OF GOJRADIA AND SEE THE *BODIES* --

-- OR WHAT'S *LEFT* OF THE BODIES.

THE *NECROTOXINS* -- HOW MANY *SURVIVED* THEM?

NOT ENOUGH, YOU SELF-SERVING CREEP!

KLANG

YOU DARE STRIKE DOOM?

I'VE KILLED MEN FOR LESS.

ZEFIRO DOES NOT KILL ZEFIRO.

AND YOU ARE ZEFIRO, DOOM. YOU KNOW OUR LAW.

TAKE THE LIFE OR ANOTHER GYPSY, AND YOU WILL BE EXILED FROM OUR TRIBE.

WHO?

SURELY YOU REMEMBER KAZMIERZ ROSIKON, DOOM.

WE SHARED COMMUNION WITH THE ALIEN Y'LOSTIA ON THE CHIN SAN SPACE PLATFORM. *

Ah, YES, FORTUNE'S MAD BROTHER.

YOUR SISTER CROSSED A DANGEROUS LINE A MOMENT AGO --

-- JUST AS SHE DID WHEN SHE MADE A DEAL WITH THE NEON ANGEL TO CURE YOUR INSANITY. *

* DOOM 2099 #18.

* DOOM 2099 #24.

I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO FOR THE SAKE OF MY *FAMILY* --

-- AND I WOULD DO THAT FOR ANY OF THE ZEFIRO --

-- UNLIKE *YOU.*

DO YOU *DOUBT* MY COMMITMENT TO MY PEOPLE?

DID I NOT *FREE* LATVERIA FROM TIGER WYLDE'S OPPRESSIVE RULE?

HALF THE COUNTRY IS *DEAD*, AND THE OTHER HALF IS IN *MOURNING*...

THIS *CARNAGE* IS YOUR FAULT.

IF YOU HADN'T ABANDONED LATVERIA FOR THE *UNITED STATES* --

-- WE WOULDN'T HAVE PAID THE PRICE FOR YOUR *HUBRIS.*

I HAVE DONE ALL I COULD TO *LESSEN* THE DAMAGE WROUGHT BY HEROD'S *FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGY.*

YOU ARE *ALIVE* TODAY BECAUSE I TRAVELLED INTO THE PAST TO GIVE LATVERIA A GENETIC IMMUNITY TO THE NECROTOXINS.

A *BITTERSWEET* GIFT FOR THE SURVIVORS WHO HAD TO WATCH FRIENDS AND FAMILY *DIE* --

-- AND FOR THOSE IN WHOM THE NECROTOXINS TRIGGERED A STRANGE *METAMORPHOSIS.*

Hmmm, A PHYSIOLOGICAL MUTATION BROUGHT ABOUT BY IMMUNILOGICAL RESPONSE.

SOME OF THE *MUTALOCOS*, LIKE THE ONES YOU ENCOUNTERED, WERE DRIVEN *MAD* BY THE TRANSFORMATION.

THIS WARRANTS FURTHER *STUDY.*

OTHERS LIKE *BALSAC* AND *PIOTR*, EXPERIENCED ONLY TEMPORARY INSANITY.

I KNOW TOO WELL THE *DESPAIR* OF *MADNESS.*

YOU CAN *LOCK* YOURSELF IN YOUR LABORATORY FOR ALL *I* CARE --

-- BUT THE ZEFIRO ARE THROUGH BEING *PAWNS* IN YOUR GLOBAL *GAME-PLAYING*, DOOM.

WE HAVE *REAL* WORK TO DO...

...LIKE MOVING PEOPLE TO HIGHER GROUND BEFORE THESE RAINS *FLOOD* THE VALLEY.

GO IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO *HELP*, JUST STAY OUT OF OUR WAY.

FORTUNE AND THE ZEFIRO WILL EVENTUALLY REALIZE THAT ALL THAT I DID WAS FOR THE GREATER GOOD OF LATVERIA.

I HAVE MORE IMMEDIATE MATTERS DEMANDING MY ATTENTION.

I FIND I HAVE RETURNED TO AN EVEN MORE CHAOTIC PRESENT THAN THE ONE I LEFT.

THE ALIEN PLANETOID'S PROXIMITY TO EARTH IS WREAKING ENVIRONMENTAL HAVOC UPON THE PLANET.

AS OCEAN LEVELS RISE AT ALARMING RATES, ATLANTEANS LED BY NAMOR'S OLD FOE ATTUMA HAVE ATTACKED THE ATLANTIC SEABORD.

AND IN THE MARIANAS TRENCH MY UNDERSEA PROBES HAVE DISCOVERED A BEACON OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORIGIN.

WHAT CONCERNS ME NOW IS THAT NONE OF THESE EVENTS SEEMED LIKELY BEFORE I TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME.

COULD MY ENCOUNTER WITH MY PAST SELF HAVE TRIGGERED THESE CRISES?

ARE THESE THE INEVITABLE REPERCUSSIONS OF MY MANIPULATING THE PAST?

WARNING AN UNIDENTIFIED VEHICLE HAS ENTERED CASTLE AIRSPACE.

DEFENSE SENSORS INDICATE THAT THE CRAFT CARRIES MINIMAL ARMAMENT AND POSES NO THREAT.

WHEN ASKED FOR IDENTIFICATION, THE PILOT GIVES A NAME THAT BRINGS BACK A FLOOD OF MEMORY.

IT IS PERHAPS A PLOY TO PIQUE MY CURIOUSITY --

-- BUT I ADMIT THAT IT HAS SUCCEEDED.

MISTER, I SURE HOPE YOU'RE THE *GENUINE ARTICLE*...

INTERESTING.

...BECAUSE IF YOU'RE NOT THE *REAL* VICTOR VAN DOOM, THEN YOU CAN'T *HELP* ME --

-- AND EARTH IS *DOOMED.*

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth.
-- Milton, 1637

TO BE CONTINUED IN
FANTASTIC FOUR
2099 #7!

THE FUTURE'S COOLEST COMIC BOOK!

Fantastic Four

MARVEL® COMICS

2099

JUNE '96 6

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PASAN FEBRU/96 ©

A.T.

MENDOZA

HE COMES SPEAKING DEATH!

FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA, CURRENT HEADQUARTERS OF THE 21ST CENTURY MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION **STARK/FUJIKAWA...**

...WAS DURING THE 20TH CENTURY, HOME TO THE WORLD RENOWNED **FANTASTIC FOUR.**

FUNNY HOW WHEN IT COMES TO THAT LEGENDARY GROUP OF INTREPID ADVENTURERS-- NO MATTER WHAT THE DECADE, CENTURY, OR MILLENNIA...

...THE MORE THINGS **CHANGE...**

...THE MORE THEY STAY THE **SAME...**

REED RICHARDS-- *THE ELASTIC* ***MISTER FANTASTIC...***

INTRIGUING... MOST INTRIGUING. WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, HON?

SUSAN RICHARDS-- *THE NIGH-IMPERCEPTIBLE* ***INVISIBLE WOMAN...***

WELL, THIS CERTAINLY COMPLICATES MATTERS, REED...

JOHNNY STORM-- *THE HOT-HEADED* ***HUMAN TORCH.***

YOU SAID IT, SIS. THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE GOING HOME NOW. RIGHT, BENJI?

BENJAMIN J. GRIMM-- *THE EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED* ***THING...***

WORD...!

...AND THEIR NEWFOUND ALLY, THE MYSTERIOUS **CHIMERA...**

UM...DO YOU PEOPLE ACTUALLY KNOW THIS GUY?

Stan Lee Presents: THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOK HEROES in...

THE WRONG PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME

BEN RAAB & TERRY KAVANAUGH STORY BEN RAAB SCRIPT
PASCUAL FERRY PENCILS ART THIERERT INKS
JANICE CHIANG LETT
PAUL BECTON COLORS
MALIBU COLOR SEPS
PROF. FELDER EDITOR
BOB HARRAS CHIEF

OF COURSE WE DO, CHIMERA--

--DAT'S NONE OTHER THAN DR. STEPHEN STRANGE--

...MASTER OF THE MYSTICAL ARTS!

AND I'M AFRAID I BRING TIDINGS OF *GREAT DREAD*, OLD FRIENDS--

--FOR THIS WORLD IS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH *DISASTER*--

--AND THE END OF THE WORLD IS NIGH!

OH, PERFECT. ANOTHER FREAK FROM THE TWEN CEN!

PASCUAL FERRY '96

MUST FIND-- UHHNNH!!!

JOHNNY! FIND ME SOMETHING RESEMBLING A MED-KIT-- STAT!!!

I'M ON IT, REED!

BEN! I NEED AN EXTRA PAIR OF HANDS...

STRAIN FROM TEMPORAL-LEAP TOO GREAT...

RIGHT BEHIND YA, STRETCHO!

BUT EVEN AS THESE HEROES RACE TO THEIR OLD ALLY'S AID...

NO! I'M FINE--

--JUST NOT AS VIRILE AS I USED TO BE. TIME-JUMPS WILL DO THAT TO A PERSON--

--EVEN IF THEY POSSESS ALL THE SKILLS OF THE ANCIENT ONE...

"ANCIENT ONE"? YOU DON'T LOOK SO ANCIENT, DOC.

IN THIS TIME-STRING-- I BORDER ON ATAVISM, BENJAMIN.

FOR THIS IS THE CUSP OF THE 22ND CENTURY-- AND NOT THE WORLD ANY OF US ARE ACCUSTOMED TO.

THAT IS WHY I WILL NEED A GUIDE--

--AND YOU, CHIMERA-- SHALL LEAD ME--

ME?!?

DO YOU NOT WEAR THE TALISMAN?

TALISMAN? WHAT TALIS--

OH.

RIIIGHT... THIS TALISMAN.

YOUR INTIMACY WITH THIS ERA WILL HELP ME "NAVIGATE." BRACE YOURSELF--

--THIS MAY HURT...

YOUR EYES TO MY EYES.

MY EYES TO YOUR EYES.

UNITED, WE BECOME ONE WITH AGAMOTTO'S THIRD EYE.

THUS SHALL WE FIND THE ONE FORE-TOLD--

--THE PRE-DESTINED SORCERER SUPREME!

FARE THEE WELL, FRIENDS-- I LEAVE THE *FATE OF THE PLANET* IN YOUR CAPABLE HANDS!

HEY! AREN'T YOU TOO WEAK FOR TEMPORAL TRAVEL...?

WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT AND A SIMPLE GESTURE DR. STRANGE AND CHIMERA...

...ARE SUDDENLY... ELSEWHERE.

THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF MIGUEL O'HARA.

BEING A HIGH-RANKING, HIGH-PROFILE PUBLIC FIGURE...

THIS IS BAD.

VERY BAD.

...MOST PEOPLE RECOGNIZE MIGUEL FOR HIS CELEBRATED POSITION AS CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MULTI-NATIONAL CONGLOMERATE--ALCHEMAX.

LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE THAT HE IS ALSO THAT CHAMPION OF JUSTICE KNOWN AS...

...THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!

IF THIS *INVASION* OF OUR *NOVA ATLANTEA* COLONY CONTINUES--

--THE ENTIRE SETTLEMENT WILL BE *OVERRUN* BY THE "REAL" ATLANTEANS WITHIN THE HOUR.

COMPUTER--TRANSMIT REMAINING A/V LOGS.

TRANSMITTING FINAL AUDIO/ VISUAL LOG #1013...

BZZT--- HUNDREDS KILLED-- SQUARK--- SURPRISE ATTACK...

ROMAN-- FZZZT--- DEAD.*

*2099'S VERY OWN SUB-MARINER-- THE PROFESSOR.

PLEASE... SEND-- BZZZT--- HELP...

NOT EVEN YOUR **GODS** CAN HELP YOU NOW, ABOMINATION.

FOR THIS TERRITORY BELONGS TO ***ATTUMA***, WARLORD OF ATLANTIS!

AND IN A MATTER OF DAYS--

--SO SHALL THE WORLD!

SHUNK

A ***HORDE*** OF MARAUDING ATLANTEANS MAY BE MORE THAN EVEN *SPIDER-MAN* CAN HANDLE--

--BUT I KNOW THE GROUP WHO'S *PERFECT* FOR THE JOB, THAT JUST SO HAPPENS TO OWE ME A ***FAVOR***...

MEANWHILE, AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL...

...A YOUNG WOMAN FORTIFIES THE LEVEE OF HER FAITH THROUGH PRAYER.

"AND THE WATERS OF LIFE SHALL RAIN A MIGHTY DEATH--"

--ERE WE SACRIFICE OUR MORTAL SOULS..."

HER NAME IS JENNIFER D'ANGELO...

...FATHER JENNIFER D'ANGELO.

HMMN? THAT NOISE COMING FROM THE STREETS...

IT'S LIKE THE SOUND OF HEAVEN'S--

--HOLY ROLLING THUNDER!!!

AND AS THE TIDAL WAVE RUSHES TOWARD HER...

...JENNIFER PRAYS THAT HER LEVEE IS NOT TOO LITTLE...

...NOT TOO LATE.

AND AS BELOW--
SO ABOVE...

FOR IT IS HERE, IN THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE GALAXY...

...THAT THE CURRENTS AND EDDIES OF SPACE ARE ALSO BEING VIOLENTLY DISTURBED...

...BY THE VERY SAME OBJECT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CALAMITY ON EARTH.

AND WHILE THE EXACT MOMENT THIS CELESTIAL BODY BEGAN ITS INEVITABLE TREK TOWARDS THE HEART OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM IS UNKNOWN...

...IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT ANYTHING-- OR ANYONE--CAN STOP IT!

BUT, THEN AGAIN...

"WE HAVE CONFIRMED THE PLANETOID'S PRESENT TRAJECTORY, YOUR **EMINENCE...**"

"AND...?

"IT HAS JUST CLEARED **PLUTO'S** OUTER RIM, AND IS ONCE MORE MAKING ITS WAY TOWARDS **NEPTUNE--**"

"--CORRECTION. THE PLANETOID HAS **ALTERED COURSE--** AGAIN-- AND HAS ASSUMED ITS ORIGINAL HEADING, DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE **SOL** STELLAR CLUSTER."

"WHICH MAKES *THREE DIRECTIONAL CHANGES* EFFECTED IN THE PAST *TWENTY-FOUR HOUR* PERIOD.

"THIS IS *NO* PLANETOID."

LATVERIA...

A LAND WHERE THE HISTORICAL **PAST** AND THE TECHNOLOGICAL **PRESENT** INTERTWINE INTO AN ELABORATE TAPESTRY FOR THE **FUTURE**...

...THIS PROUD KINGDOM IS NOT ONLY THE CRADLE OF 21ST CENTURY EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION...

...BUT IT IS ALSO THE **FATHERLAND** OF THE ONE MAN CAPABLE OF AVERTING THE COMING CATASTROPHE...

...SHOULD HE SO CHOOSE...

SO IT IS THEM.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THEY HAVE FINALLY RESPONDED TO THE *BEACON*.

COMPUTER-- INITIATE A *LEVEL NINE SCAN* FOR TRACES OF BIOLOGICAL LIFE.

SCANNING...

ODD. GIVEN THE FAILURE OF THEIR PREVIOUS "VISIT," I SUSPECTED THEY MIGHT AT LEAST *DOUBLE* THEIR FORCES.

SCAN **COMPLETE**. SENSORS INDICATE MINIMAL TRACES OF BIOLOGICAL LIFE.

PERHAPS THEIR "*LIAISON*" IS NOT BEING AS FORTHCOMING WITH ME AS HE REPRESENTS.

WOE TO HIM SHOULD I DISCOVER THE *TRUTH*--

--SO SWEARS ***DOOM!!!***

STARK/FUJIKAWA...

GOOD THING THAT O'HARA KID WUZ ABLE T'PULL SOME STRINGS SO WE COULD CRASH AT OUR OLD DIGS, HUH, STRETCH?

TOO TRUE, BEN. WHY, NOT ONLY IS MOST OF MY OLD EQUIPMENT STILL INTACT--

--BUT IT'S BEEN UPDATED TO CONFORM TO THE TECHNOLOGICAL STANDARDS OF THIS TIME PERIOD!

SO, HAVE YOU DISCOVERED ANYTHING RELEVANT YET, DARLING?

JUST THIS, SUE. TAKE A LOOK AT THESE HOLOGRAMS, EVERYONE...

"PUTTING THIS INTO AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL CONTEXT--THESE ARE IMAGES OF THE APOCALYPSE.

"ANCIENT SOCIETIES PROPHESIED THE COMING OF THIS DAY--

"--WHEN A MASSIVE DELUGE WOULD CLEANSE THE PLANET BY WASHING AWAY CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT--

"--THUS RETURNING THE EARTH TO A PRIMORDIAL SOUP SO THAT THE CYCLE OF LIFE CAN BEGIN ANEW."

I'D SAY THE IMPROBABLE MELTING OF THE POLAR ICE CAPS--AS CAUSED BY THAT APPROACHING PLANETOID--

--PROVES BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT, THAT WITHIN DAYS--

-- THIS WORLD WILL REVERT TO ITS ANTEDILUVIAN STATE--

--THEREBY *DECIMATING* ALL HUMAN LIFE.

THE *DEATH TOLL* WILL BE ASTRONOMICAL... TO EVEN BEGIN TO CALCULATE THE RAMIFICATIONS...

GEEZ, LOUISE, REED! THE WORLD'S ON THE VERGE O' BECOMIN' THE BIGGEST PUDDLE THIS SIDE O' *YANCY STREET*--

--BILLIONS O' WORKIN' CLASS *JOES* AND *JANES* 'RE ABOUT *T' DROWN T' DEATH*--

SLAM!

--AND ALL YA CAN THINK OF IS *FIGURIN' OUT THE BEST WAY T' KEEP SCORE!?!*

NOW, BEN-- YOU KNOW HOW *IMPORTANT* IT IS TO HAVE DATA *PROPERLY COLLECTED* AND *CATALOGUED*, DON'T YOU?

SUZIE!!!

JUUUST A LITTLE *JOKE* THERE, ACE...

MY *PERPETUAL SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY* NOTWITHSTANDING-- I UNDERSTAND YOUR *TREPIDATION*, OLD FRIEND--

--WHAT WITH THIS NOT BEING OUR *CHRONOLOGICAL ERA* AND ALL--

--BUT I WOULDN'T COUNT THE FANTASTIC FOUR OUT JUST YET!

UMMM... NO *PUN* INTENDED.

I WOULD, HOWEVER, LIKE TO *ANALYZE* THE ***RATE*** AT WHICH THE TIDES ARE INCREASING.

THAT MIGHT PAINT A CLEARER PICTURE AS TO WHAT WE CAN DO BEFORE THE *ENTIRE* ***EAST COAST*** IS TOTALLY SUBMERGED.

JOHNNY...?

RIGHTY-O, REED!

FLAME ON!

WHAT'S THE *PLAN*, LEADER MAN?

NOTHING FANCY. JUST A *ROUTINE* RECON/SURVEY MISSION *HERE*...

THIS *WRIST-* ***RECEIVER*** NOT ONLY RELAYS ACCUMULATED DATA, BUT IT ALSO ALLOWS US TO KEEP TABS ON YOU IN CASE SOMETHING GOES WRONG.

AFTER ALL, WHILE WE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON ***ABOVE*** THE WAVES--

--WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT MIGHT BE TAKING PLACE ***BELOW*** THEM!

DON'T SWEAT IT, *BRO*--

--I'LL BE *THERE* AND ***BACK*** BEFORE YOU CAN SAY ***AQUATIC ARMAGEDDON!***

AND AS THE HUMAN TORCH ROCKETS EASTWARD OVER THE NUEVA YORK SKYLINE...

...YET ANOTHER MAN WITH A MISSION IS MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE CITY IN A STYLE UNIQUELY HIS OWN.

GIVEN THE HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS OF THE FF'S RUN-INS WITH ATTUMA--

--AND THE NUMBER OF TIMES THEY TOTALLY TROUNCED OL' TUNA-FACE HIMSELF--

--THEY OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO HELP ALCHEMAX SETTLE THIS WHOLE NOVA ATLANTEA DEBACLE IN NO TIME.

IF THEY'RE NOT TOOOO BUSY SAVING THE WORLD, THAT IS...

AND SPEAKING OF EL DIABLO...

THE TORCH SURE IS OFF IN A MIGHTY BIG HURRY. I WONDER WHAT'S GOING DOWN?

YO, TORCH! WHERE'S THE FIRE?

GET IT, MAN? "WHERE'S THE FIRE?"

AWWW... FORGET IT.

I TELL YA. THOSE TWENCEN HEROES-- NO SENSE OF HUMOR...

MINUTES LATER, OVER THE EVER-EXPANDING ATLANTIC OCEAN...

MAN, THIS IS SERIOUS!

THOSE WAVES GET *DEEPER* BY AN *EXTRA TWO FATHOMS* EVERY COUPLE OF MINUTES!

BUT IF THIS SURVEY'S GONNA DO REED ANY GOOD--

--THEN I'VE GOTTA *PUSH MYSELF*--NO MATTER HOW *WEAK* I FEEL RIGHT NOW--

--AND FLY OUT AS FAR AS I CAN!

Okay, Johnny - - I think I have all the data I'm going to need. You should **come back** now, lad.

CHILL, REED. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO *KICK OUT THE JAMS* LIKE THIS IN A WHILE, SO AS LONG AS I'M OUT HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL--

SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE--? UNDERWATER *EXPLOSIONS*!? SOMETHING'S SHOOTING AT ME!

Come in, Johnny! The connection's breaking up - - *what's going on out there?!?*

SPLA-THOOM!

sfoosh

I'M COOL, BRO--HEY! THOSE *FLAMES* IN THE DISTANCE...

SOMETHING JUST *FELL* FROM THE SKY! BETTER CHECK IT OUT--

--AND FIND OUT WHAT THE HECK THAT--

--glummmphh!?!?

RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE SHEER FORCE OF THE GEYSER ERUPTING FROM THE SEA...

SPLASHA-

BOOM!

...THE HUMAN TORCH'S FLAME IS INSTANTLY DOUSED!

THUS STRIPPED OF HIS ABILITY TO REMAIN ALOFT...

...AND COMPLETELY INCAPABLE OF RE-IGNITING HIS POWERS ONCE MORE...

...HE PLUMMETS DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE ROILING WATERS BELOW...

glllllb

...AND DEEPER...

...AND DEEPER...

JOHNNY! THIS IS REED--DO YOU COPY?

COME ON, LAD--ANSWER ME!

HE'S NOT REGISTERING ON ANY OF THE OTHER SENSORS, EITHER.

IT'S AS IF HE JUST DISAPPEARED!

THEN I'M GOING AFTER HIM...!

UH UH, HON.

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG MINDSET TO BE GOING ANYWHERE RIGHT NOW.

SUSAN--I'M THE ONE WHO SENT HIM OUT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE! I'M RESPONSIBLE--

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE "RESPONSIBLE."

YOU'RE "RESPONSIBLE" FOR BILLIONS OF PEOPLE DEPENDING ON YOU TO SAVE THEM FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION.

JUST STAY FOCUSED, REED--

--THE PLANET IS COUNTING ON YOU. LET ME AND BEN WORRY ABOUT MY BABY BROTHER...

YOU'RE RIGHT, SUE. FUNNY HOW YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.

I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT--

--BUT I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY FIGURED IT OUT ALL BY YOURSELF... MMMMM...

DOWNTOWN IN THE GREENWICH ZONE...

...WHERE THE UNSTOPPABLE TIDES CASCADE OVER EVERY UNFORTUNATE SOUL WHO CALLS THIS DISMAL PLACE...

--HOME SWEET HOME!

MMM HMMN... THE OLD SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

THE ONE WE SEEK RESIDES *HERE*--MUCH LIKE I DID A CENTURY AGO.

SO, IF YOU *ALREADY KNOW* WHERE TO FIND THIS PERSON, THEN WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

BECAUSE OF THE *KNOWLEDGE* YOU CARRY.

OH, YEAH-- THE *TATTOO*.

PRECISELY! NOW--*WAIT!*

SOMEONE IS AMASSING AN *INCREDIBLE* AMOUNT OF *MYSTICAL ENERGY* WITHIN!

THEY ARE ABOUT TO *PROJECT* IT OUT--

SHAZAK!

Yeeargh!!

BARELY RAISED... *SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM*... IN TIME TO *DEFLECT* THAT BLAST!

MUST BE GETTING SLOPPY IN MY *OLD AGE*...!

Splash

WHILE STRANGE'S EFFORT TO STAVE OFF THE ASSAULT IS VALIANT...

...HIS POWERS IN THIS TIME-STRING ARE SORELY WEAKENED...

...AND HIS SPELL IS ONLY HALF-SUCCESSFUL...

Gaaaahh!!!

BETTER POP IN YOUR MAGICAL HEARING AID AND FACE FRONT, OLD MAN--'CUZ I'M ONLY GONNA SAY THIS ONCE--

BY ALL THE HOARY HOSTS!

SHE WEARS THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO!

HAVEN'T TAKEN... PUNISHMENT LIKE THAT...SINCE I WAS... THE ANCIENT ONE'S APPRENTICE...

NOT ONLY DO I NOT TAKE KINDLY TO PEOPLE NOSING AROUND MY TURF--

--BUT I HAVE A REEEALLY LOW TOLERANCE FOR GEEZERS LIKE YOU LOOKIN' F'R A "MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE" AT A GIRL'S EXPENSE.

NOW, IF I WERE YOU, I'D BEAM ON OUTTA HERE BEFORE I GET CATTY...

CAPICE?!?

ELSEWHERE...

...AS CHIMERA'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY DRIFTS THROUGH THE DRENCHED STREETS...

THIS IS ONE WHO BEARS THE MARK THAT WILL HELP ME LEAD THE CHILDREN OF THE ATOM TO "PARADISE."

AND ONCE I AM FINISHED WITH HER "PARADISE"--

--AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, X-NATION--

--SHALL FOREVERMORE BELONG TO EXODUS!*

*FOR MORE ON THIS SINISTER STORY, CHECK OUT RECENT ISSUES OF X-NATION!--
THE PROFESSOR

BACK AT FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...

I SURE HOPE YER RIGHT ABOUT THIS OL' *FANTASTICAR* BEIN' *SKYWORTHY*, REED.

I MEAN, I WUZ STILL WORKIN' OUT SOME O' THE GLITCHES IN IT BEFORE WE GOT THE BOOT FROM OUR TIMELINE OVER A HUNNERD YEARS AGO!

BESIDES, AIN'TCHA THE SLIGHTEST BIT CONCERNED ABOUT SUZIE?

I *HEARD THAT!*

MEN! NO MATTER WHAT THE CENTURY, THEY'RE AS INFURIATING AS EVER!

I'M CONCERNED ABOUT YOU *BOTH*, BEN, BUT JOHNNY NEEDS OUR *HELP*--

--SO SKYWORTHY OR NOT, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN "PULL HIS FAT OUT OF THE FIRE," SO TO SPEAK.

I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE TO STAY BEHIND IN CASE OF FURTHER *GLOBAL EMERGENCY.*

DON'T FRET, STRETCH--OL' *ROCKY GRIMM, SKY RANGER* AIN'T GONNA LET YA DOWN!

AND I'LL MAKE SURE TO GIVE MY BABY BROTHER A *BIG, WET KISS* FROM YOU WHEN WE FIND HIM.

LOVE YOU.

swak

LOVE YOU, TOO.

PLEASE COME BACK *SAFE*...

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE FANTASTICAR IS AIRBORNE...

WOOSH

...AND GONE!

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH," EH, OLD FRIENDS...?

WHY IS IT THAT NO MATTER HOW MANY *OBSTACLES* WE *SURMOUNT*-- NO MATTER HOW MANY *FOES* WE *DEFEAT*--

--I CAN *NEVER* OVERCOME THE *FEAR* THAT A DAY WILL DAWN WHEN WE *WON'T* SUCCEED?

I GUESS, SUPER POWERS OR NO, WE ARE ALL JUST HUMAN BEINGS AFRAID OF LOSING THE PEOPLE WE LOVE...

BEEN *GROUNDED* FOR NOT CLEANING UP THE LAB AGAIN, *DR. RICHARDS*?

EH? *SPIDER-MAN!* WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JUST *CLIMBING THE WALLS* WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO...*GET IT*?

QUITE...

YUP. NO SENSE OF HUMOR *AT ALL!*

WAIT-A-SHOCKIN' SECOND! THIRTY BY SIXTY OVER THE ATLANTIC...? THAT'S DIRECTLY OVER *NOVA ATLANTEA*...

REED--I HATE TO BE THE BEARER OF *BAD NEWS*, *BUUUT*...

SO, WHERE ARE THE KIDS OFF TO?

JOHNNY DISAPPEARED OVER THE ATLANTIC AT APPROXIMATELY *THIRTY DEGREES LATITUDE, SIXTY DEGREES LONGITUDE*--

--AND BEN AND SUE HAVE GONE OFF TO LOOK FOR HIM.

"--YOUR FRIENDS ARE ABOUT TO FIND THEMSELVES IN SOME PRETTY HOT WATER!"

UUUHHH... MY ACHIN' HEAD. WISH SOMEONE WOULDA TOLD ME WHEN THE WATER FIGHT WAS GONNA START.

PROB'LY SHOULDA SAT THAT ONE OUT.

WONDER W-WHERE AM I?

IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME, HUMAN...

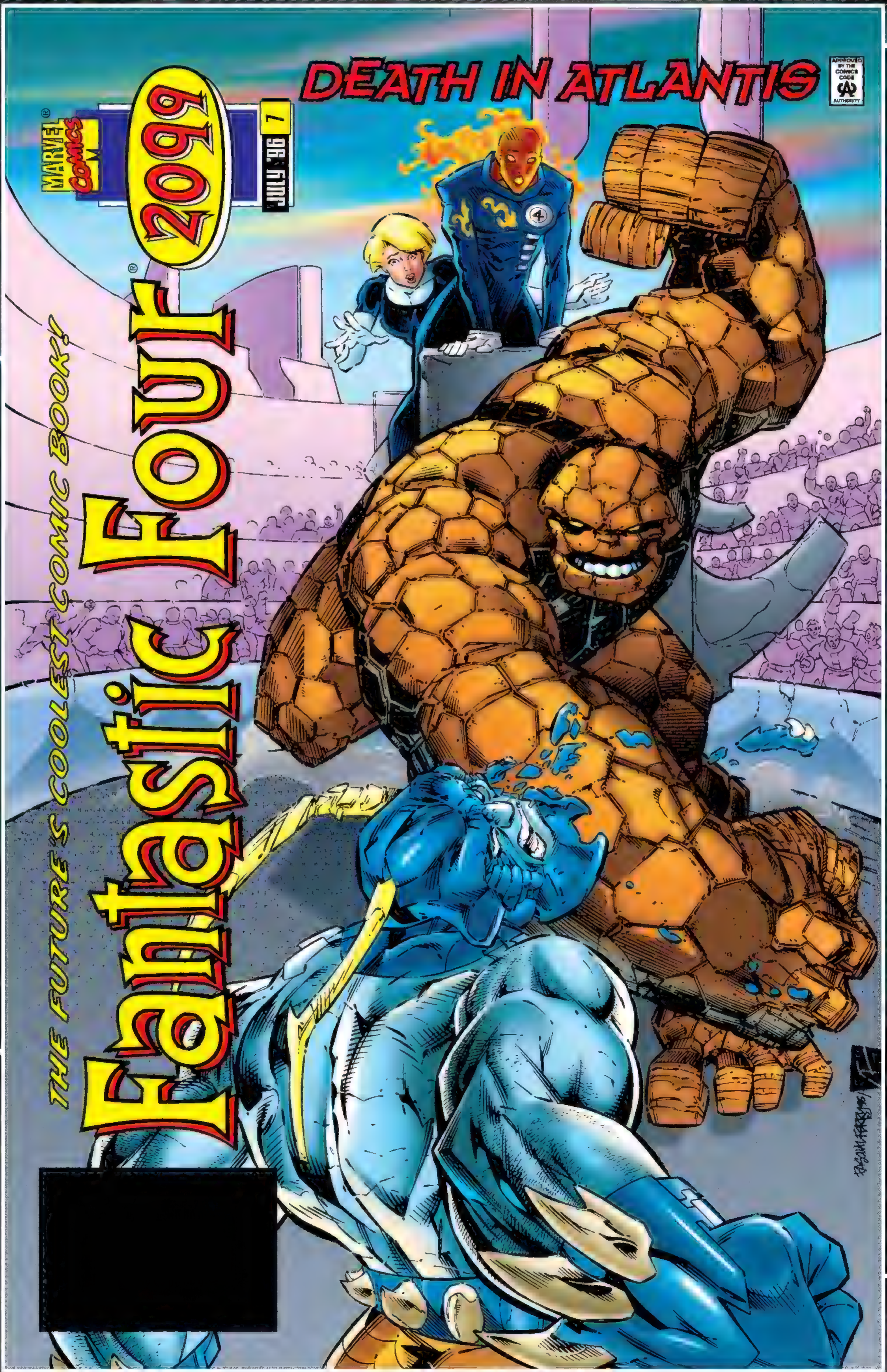
HUH? I RECOGNIZE THAT VOICE. IT'S--

IT IS THE VOICE OF ATTUMA, WARLORD OF ATLANTIS, JOHNNY STORM--

--AND IT IS THE LAST YOU WILL EVER HEAR!!!

PERFECT...

TO BE CONTINUED LATER THIS MONTH IN DOOM 2099 #43... AND THEN BACK HERE NEXT MONTH IN FF 2099 #7!


DEATH IN ATLANTIS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS
2099
JULY '96 7
Fantastic Four
THE FUTURE'S COOLEST COMIC BOOK!

Latveria...

THE JEWEL IN 21ST CENTURY EUROPE'S CROWN.

IT IS THE SEAT OF EMPIRE TO HISTORY'S MOST INFAMOUS FIGURE...

...THE DIABOLICAL SORCEROR/SCIENTIST KNOWN AS--

DOOM!

I KNOW NOT WHO YOU ARE, IMPOSTOR--

--BUT THE MAN WHOSE GUISE YOU WEAR--MY OLD NEMESIS, *REED RICHARDS*--IS LONG SINCE *PERISHED*.

YOU ARE INDEED A FOOL TO BELIEVE THAT I--*VICTOR VON DOOM*--WOULD BE SO EASILY DUPED BY A *METAMORPH*--

DOUBT THE VERACITY OF MY IDENTITY ALL YOU WANT, VICTOR--

--BUT EVEN YOU CAN'T DENY THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE PLANET'S GRAVEST HOUR!

UNLESS THE TWO OF US PUT ASIDE OUR PAST DIFFERENCES AND WORK TOGETHER, I PROMISE YOU--

--THIS IS GOING TO BE THE PLANET'S *LAST* HOUR!

AND IF YOU ARE INDEED WHO YOU CLAIM TO BE--

YOU PLAY WITH FIRE IMPLYING I AM NOT WHO I SAY, "MISTER FANTASTIC"--

--FOR I AM THE POWER AND THE GLORY THAT NOW AND SHALL FOREVER BE LATVERIA!

I AM DOOM!

THEN YOU KNOW THAT THE NATURAL CATASTROPHES RAVAGING THE GLOBE--

--ARE DUE TO AN ANOMALOUS CELESTIAL BODY HURTLING THROUGH OUR SOLAR SYSTEM--

--ON A DIRECT COLLISION COURSE WITH EARTH!

OF THIS I AM ALREADY AWARE. WHAT IS YOUR POINT?

THAT BY DOING NOTHING TO HALT THE ANOMALY'S PROGRESS, YOU NOT ONLY ABANDON THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD--

--BUT YOU CONDEMN YOUR OWN LOYAL SUBJECTS TO CERTAIN DEATH.

VICTOR-- OLD FRIEND-- I WOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE IF I DIDN'T NEED YOU--

--IF I DIDN'T NEED YOUR HELP...

REED RICHARDS WAS NEVER MY FRIEND.

ENEMY, YES.

ATTEMPTED RIVAL.

ONLY HE WOULD MAKE THAT MISTAKE OF ONCE THINKING DOOM... FRIEND.

WHOOSH

VERY WELL, RICHARDS. YOU MAY CALL DOOM ALLY...

FOR THE SAKE OF LATVERIA-- FOR THE WORLD-- FOR NOW.

THE EASTERN SEABOARD.

LESS THAN A WEEK AGO, THIS WAS THE SITE OF A **THRIVING METROPOLIS** TEEMING WITH LIFE AND THE PROMISE OF A BETTER TOMORROW.

TODAY IT IS JUST ANOTHER STRETCH OF DESOLATION IN AN EVER EXPANDING SEA OF **HOPELESSNESS.**

FOR IF THE DELIQUESCENT **POLAR ICE CAPS** CONTINUE FLOODING THE GLOBE AT THEIR PRESENT RATE...

...AN UNNATURAL PHENOMENON ELICITED BY AN APPROACHING **PLANETOID** OF AS YET UNKNOWN ORIGIN...

...THE HUMAN CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT WILL **CEASE TO EXIST.**

CLEAVING THE FACE OF THE ASCENDANT WATERS--STROKE BY EXHAUSTING STROKE--IS THE MUTANT KNOWN AS **WHISPER.**

HER LONG JOURNEY BEGAN SEVERAL **DAYS** AGO, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT...

...WHEN A HORDE OF **ATLANTEAN SHARKTROOPERS** LED BY THE VICIOUS **WARLORD ATTUMA**...

...INVADING **HALO CITY** SLAUGHTERED THE **SISTERHOOD OF THE HOWLING COMMANDMENTS...**

...AND DESTROYED THE **XAVIER SHELTER FOR INDIGENT CHILDREN,** ALL IN ONE BRUTAL STROKE. *

*IN X-NATION #4. -- THE PROFESSOR

THAT DAY, WHISPER SWORE AN **OATH** TO **AVENGE** HER **FALLEN** COMRADES.

SHE'S BEEN **SWIMMING** EVER SINCE.

DEFYING THE **FATIGUE** IN HER ARMS AND THE **CRAMPS** IN HER LEGS, SHE ENDEAVORS ONWARD TO HER ULTIMATE DESTINATION--

--THE GLORIOUS UNDERSEA KINGDOM OF FABLED **ATLANTIS!**

<HUT-TO, YOU LAZY CRABS!>*

<A BOUNTIFUL **REWARD** AWAITS US ONCE WE DELIVER THE ENEMY'S *SKY-CHARIOT* TO LORD ATTUMA!>

*TRANSLATED FROM THE ATLANTEAN.--FISHY FELDER

I RECOGNIZE THAT "SKY-CHARIOT" FROM THE *LEGEND SCROLLS* I READ AS A CHILD. IF *MEMORY* SERVES--

--AFTER ALL, IT'S BEEN *YEARS* SINCE I WAS *EXILED*--

--IT BELONGED TO AN EXTRAORDINARY *QUARTET* OF SURFACE-DWELLERS WHO WERE *ALLIES* OF OUR HOLY *PRINCE NAMOR* DURING THE HEROIC AGES OF YORE.

BY THE SACRED TRIDENT-- THOSE PEOPLE... CAN IT REALLY BE *THEM*?!?

IF THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE, THEN THAT'S THE *HUMAN TORCH*--

--AND THE *INVISIBLE WOMAN*--

--AND THE *THING*!

ATTUMA, YOU COWARD-- LAY OFFA HIM!

SOME "WARLORD" YOU ARE! DON'T YOU EVEN HAVE THE *COURAGE* TO FACE YOUR PRISONERS UNSHACKLED?

DON'T *FRET* NONE, KIDS-- HE AIN'T DOIN' NO *PERMANENT DAMAGE* TO MY EVER-LOVIN' GOOD LOOKS.

NOW, IF OL' TUNA-FACE WOULD JUST QUIT *TICKLIN'*, AND HIT ME LIKE A *REAL* MAN A'READY--

SMAK

OOOOF!

SILENCE!

I'VE WAITED MANY LONG TEDIOUS YEARS TO AVENGE MYSELF UPON YOU, FILTHY HUMANS--

--SO I AM GOING TO *SAVOR* EVERY BLOW THAT TEARS YOUR PRECIOUS "*FAMILY*" APART--

--*UNTIL* YOU ARE ALL *DEAD* BY MY HAND!

WHY, EXCEPT FOR THE *ABSENT MISTER FANTASTIC*--

--*THAT'S THE FANTASTIC FOUR!!*

THIS IS *NOT* GOOD...

Stan Lee PROUDLY PRESENTS *THE FUTURE'S COOLEST COMIC BOOK HEROES IN:*

AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE

BEN RAAB & TERRY KAVANAGH • STORY
BEN RAAB • SCRIPT *PASCUAL FERRY* • PENCILS
ART THIBERT • INKS *JANICE CHIANG* • LETTERS
PAUL BECTON • COLORS *PROFESSOR PELDER* • EDITOR
BOB HARRAS • CHIEF

YER A HECKUVA LOT *WEAKER* THAN YA WAS BACK IN THE DAY, *FISHBREATH*. WHATSAMATTER?

OLD AGE FINALLY CATCHIN' UP WIT' YA?!?!

ON THE *CONTRARY*, GRIMM.

I AM EVEN *MIGHTIER* THAN I WAS DURING OUR FIRST BOUT OF FISTICUFFS, LO THOSE MANY YEARS AGO.* A *PITY* YOU CANNOT SAY THE SAME.

YOUR *BRAVE FACES* BETRAY THE *IMPOTENCE* OF BEING UNABLE TO USE YOUR FORMIDABLE ABILITIES--

--I TAKE IT THE *INHIBITOR DEVICES* PLUNDERED FROM THE SURFACE-WORLD HAVE SUCCESSFULLY RENDERED YOU ALL *POWERLESS*.

EXCELLENT!

FOR COME THE *MORROW*, YOU THREE SHALL BE MERCIFULLY UNBURDENED OF *EXISTENCE'S* MISERABLE WEIGHT...

*WAAAAY *BACK IN THE CLASSIC* ***FANTASTIC FOUR #33***.-- THE PROFESSOR

‹GUARDS!!! PREPARE OUR GUESTS FOR THIS EVENING'S FEAST. THEY ARE TO BE THE NIGHT'S *ENTERTAINMENT*!›

‹AYE, SIR! ALL HAIL ATTUMA!!›

‹MOVE IT, YOU SURFACE-DWELLING PARASITES!›

HEY! WATCH WHERE YER POKIN' THAT PIGSTICKER!

SHEESH! WOTTA REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT!

I'LL SAY! WONDER WHAT HE MEANT ABOUT US BEING "*ENTERTAINMENT*"...

DON'T EVEN THINK FOR A *MOMENT* THAT WE'RE FINISHED, ATTUMA!

THE FF HAVE BEATEN YOU *PLENTY* OF TIMES BEFORE--

...AND WE'LL DO IT *AGAIN* *THIS TIME!!!*

I DON'T DOUBT THAT YOU'LL *TRY*... SUSAN.

MAY I CALL YOU THAT? I KNOW HOW YOUR HEART FLUTTERED WHEN YOUR *BELOVED* ***NAMOR*** DID...

HOW HIS ROTTING CORPSE MUST TURN IN ITS GRAVE NOW THAT I, ATTUMA-- THE *LOWLY* ***"SHARKAN BARBARIAN"***-- NOW POSSESS THE *TWO THINGS* HE NEVER COULD.

FIRST, I TOOK HIS PRECIOUS KINGDOM OF ***ATLANTIS***--

--AND NOW I TAKE YOU, SUSAN RICHARDS!

SORRY, *"BARBARIAN"*-- BUT I'M ALREADY ***TAKEN!*** SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL ***KILL*** ME NOW.

AH, YES--YOUR EVER-SO-CEREBRAL *HUSBAND--* ***REED!*** LONG HAVE I DREAMT OF THE BATTLE THAT WILL DETERMINE WHICH OF US IS THE *GREATER* ***STRATEGIST...***

AND WHILE IT IS INDEED UNFORTUNATE THAT HE IS NOT PRESENTLY HERE TO DIE BY YOUR SIDE, I PROMISE YOU--

--*THAT* IS A SITUATION ***EASILY*** REMEDIED!

MEANWHILE, HALFWAY ACROSS THE GLOBE...

...AT STARK/FUJIKAWA'S CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS--THE BUILDING FORMERLY KNOWN AS FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA...

...THE HOME OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR...

REMARKABLE.

YOU'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE PLANETOID?

PERHAPS, VICTOR. PERHAPS...

AS YOU ALREADY KNOW, RANDOM TRAJECTORY SHIFTS--UNPREDICTABLE THOUGH THEY MAY BE--ARE CONSISTENT WITH THIS CELESTAL BODY'S BEHAVIOR.

BUT MOST PECULIAR IS THE FACT THAT THESE ERRATIC COURSE ALTERATIONS ARE ACCOMPANIED BY MINOR SPEED VARIANCES ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE TO ANY STANDARD RADIO TELESCOPE.

NOW, I ADMIT THAT I'M THINKING IN TERMS OF TWENTIETH CENTURY TECHNOLOGY--

--BUT THE EQUIPMENT AT OUR DISPOSAL IS NOT OPERATING AS PRECISELY AS I EXPECTED GIVEN TODAY'S TECH SPECS--

SO LONG AS MY NEW ARMOR CONTINUES TO EMIT A LOW-LEVEL DISTORTION PULSE--IT WON'T!

I'D BETTER INITIATE A SYSTEMS DIAGNOSTIC. WHAT THE?!?

THE PLANETOID--IT JUST STOPPED!!!

AS I KNEW IT SOME DAY WOULD. THE INVASION IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

AND ONCE IT DOES, I--VICTOR VON DOOM--SHALL USHER IN A NEW GOLDEN AGE, FIRST FOR LATVERIA--

--AND THEN, THE WORLD!

FASCINATING! I'VE JUST RUN A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY ON THE PLANETOID'S SEDIMENTARY COMPOSITION AND, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S TECHNO-ORGANIC!

EH? SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE SATELLITE LINK. THE TRANSMISSION IS BEING CUT OFF FROM SOME REMOTE SOURCE!

DON'T TELL ME I'VE STUMPED THE ALLEGEDLY "SUPERIOR INTELLECT" OF THE SAGACIOUS DR. RICHARDS.

IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG A TIME... THINKER.

STILL FOOLISHLY TRYING TO **CONQUER** THE SURFACE-WORLD, EH, ATTUMA?

AREN'T YOU GETTING A BIT *LONG-IN-THE-TOOTH-* FOR THAT SORT OF THING...

INSOLENCE IS UNBECOMING TO YOU, THINKER. YOU'D DO WELL TO WATCH YOUR TONE WITH ME. FOR NOT ONLY DO I HAVE THIS PLANET ON ITS KNEES--

--BUT I HAVE SOME THINGS I BELIEVE YOU'LL WANT...

YA GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE **ASAP**, STRETCHO!

PLEASE DO WHAT HE SAYS, HONEY! YOU MUST SAVE US!

C'MON, REED! HE'S GONNA WHACK US ALL!

IF YOU DO NOT DELIVER YOURSELF UNTO ME BY MORNING--

--I WILL ***KILL*** THEM!

BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, I WANT YOU TO GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, ATLANTEAN...

I WON'T BE TEMPTED INTO YOUR THINLY-VEILED TRAP BY *HOLOGRAPHIC BAIT.*

I CONCEDE THAT YOU ARE A WARRIOR *PAR EXCELLENCE*, CAPABLE OF GIVING EVEN THE FOUR OF US PAUSE--

--BUT YOU LACK THE SAVVY TO MATCH WITS WITH A BIPED OF EVEN *MODEST INTELLECT.*

AND IF I MAY BE BRUTALLY *FRANK*--

--YOU ARE AN *INSULT* TO MINE.

xok

HOLOGRAPHY NOTWITHSTANDING--YOU ALREADY KNOW HE HAS YOUR FAMILY *HOSTAGE*, RICHARDS.

YET, INSTEAD OF RUSHING TO *LIBERATE* THEM FROM CERTAIN *DESTRUCTION* YOU REFUSE TO ABANDON YOUR EFFORTS *HERE*.

I AM NOT SURE WHETHER TO BE ABSOLUTELY *APPALLED*--

--OR UTTERLY *IMPRESSED*!

WHY DON'T I FIND *THAT* COMFORTING?

YOU'VE SUFFERED THE PAIN OF LOSING SOMEONE YOU *LOVE* AS MUCH AS LIFE ITSELF--IF NOT *MORE*--VICTOR...

...SO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW BADLY IT'S TEARING ME APART NOT TO BE WITH MY *FAMILY* DURING THEIR HOUR OF NEED.

BUT *YOU*--OF ALL PEOPLE--CAN ALSO ATTEST TO THE FACT THAT WE'VE WEATHERED WORSE STORMS AND STILL COME OUT *ON TOP*.

I MUST HAVE FAITH THAT THIS OCCASION WON'T BE ANY DIFFERENT--FOR YOU AND I ARE HUMANITY'S *FIRST, LAST* AND *ONLY* LINE OF DEFENSE.

HALTING ATTUMA'S LONG MARCH FROM THE SEA, WILL NOT ONLY SAVE THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD, BUT, THERE'S AN OFF-CHANCE IT'LL HELP MY FAMILY, AS WELL.

FIRST, WE NEED TO STEP UP THE *EVACUATIONS* IN THE MORE DENSELY POPULATED AREAS.

I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE THE "PROPRIETOR" OF A PLACE ON THE WEST COAST CALLED *HALO CITY*--PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO START THERE?

PERHAPS...

NOBLE SENTIMENTS COMING FROM A MAN NOT OF THIS TIME, RICHARDS--

--BUT IF THE SITUATION WAS *REVERSED*, AND ANY FURTHER TRAGEDY BEFELL LATVERIA--

"--I WOULD NOT *ABANDON MY HOME* FOR ANYONE..."

GET THE SHOCK OUTTA MY WAY, YOU *GERIATRIC GENIE*!

IT'S THE *END OF THE WORLD* AS WE KNOW IT--

--AND I'M GETTIN' MY *CUTE L'IL BUTT* THE SHOCK OFFA THIS ROCK!!!

*FOR OVER A CENTURY AND A HALF, DOWNTOWN NUEVA YORK'S **GREENWICH ZONE** HAS CHARACTERISTICALLY ATTRACTED ITS SHARE OF ODDBALLS.*

BUT OF ALL THE MISFITS EVER TO CALL THIS LEFT-OF-CENTER DISTRICT "HOME"...

...NONE HAS EVER BEEN AS RADICALLY DIFFERENT AS THE TWO UNIQUE INDIVIDUALS EMBROILED IN A BATTLE ABOVE A FAMILIAR BROWNSTONE AT 177A BLEECKER STREET...

HE IS DR. STEPHEN STRANGE--CURRENTLY THIS DIMENSION'S REVERED ANCIENT ONE...

...AND HE BELIEVES HE HAS FOUND A SUITABLE CANDIDATE TO TAKE HIS PLACE AND ASSUME THE MANTLE OF SORCERER SUPREME.

SHE, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS SIMPLY STRANGE...

...AND AT THIS POINT IN HER YOUNG LIFE, ALL SHE WANTS IS TO BE AS FAR AWAY FROM RESPONSIBILITY AS SHE DOES FROM THE RISING TIDES DESTROYING HER WORLD.

CLEARLY, THEY ARE AT CROSS PURPOSES...

I'LL TELL YA ONE LAST TIME, GRANDPADRE, YA EITHER LET ME LEAVE THIS PLACE--OR ELSE YOU'RE GONNA FIND YOURSELF ON A ONE-WAY TRIP TO NOWHERESVILLE.

A CALLOW CHILD LIKE YOURSELF AGAINST THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTORRAK? I THINK NOT, GIRL.

THIS SANCTUM SANCTORUM WAS ONCE MY HOME AS IT IS NOW YOURS. IT WAS ONCE THE SOURCE OF MY POWER AS IT IS NOW YOURS.

AND AS I ONCE BORE THE OBLIGATION OF SAFEGUARDING THE INHABITANTS OF THIS DIMENSION, SO ARE YOU EQUALLY OBLIGED TO PROTECT THEM NOW.

KNOW THAT FATE HAS DEEMED YOU A WORTHY RECIPIENT FOR THE ARCANE MAGICKS YOU WIELD--

--AND REMEMBER: ONE CANNOT ESCAPE DESTINY BY SIMPLY RUNNING AWAY.

WELL, I GUESS WHEN YA PUT IT THAT WAY...

BUT IF WE, Y'KNOW, FAIL...AND THE PLANET'S, LIKE, DESTROYED--I'LL BE TOTALLY BUMMED.

I MEAN I'M REALLY GONNA MISS THIS OL' PLACE.

BELIEVE ME, CHILD--THE FEELING IS MUTUAL.

ATLANTIS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOT YOU GUYS INTO THIS MESS.

I SHOULD'VE FLOWN BACK TO THE SHORE WHEN *REED* ASKED ME TO.*

DARN TOOTIN', YA *SHOULD'VE!*

WHY DON'TCHA LISTEN T'YER ELDERS-- FER ONCE IN YER LIFE-- INSTEAD O' ALWAYS FLYIN' OFF *HALF-COCKED?*

KIDS T'DAY-- AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT A BUNCHA SELF-CENTERED KNOW-IT-ALL *PUNKS!*

**LAST ISSUE.-- THE PROFESSOR*

HMNN. *TWO GUARDS... ONE EXIT...*

NOT THE *BEST* ODDS, BUT AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM--

--UNTIL WE GET PAST THIS *LASER FIELD.*

"PUNKS"? WHO'RE YOU CALLIN' A PUNK, *BLOCKHEAD?*

LOTTA GOOD YOUR *"ACE FLYING SKILLS"* DID TO KEEP YOU FROM GETTING SHOT DOWN!

WHY YOU *LITTLE--!* ONCE I BUST OUTTA DESE FLAMIN' *CUFFS,* I'M GONNA--

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO-- THAT'S *ENOUGH.*

I SAID-- *STOP IT!!!*

DON'T YOU SEE? ATTUMA *WANTS* US AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS! NOT ONLY WILL IT MAKE HIS *VICTORY* THAT MUCH *SWEETER--*

--BUT IT'LL MAKE IT A WHOLE LOT *EASIER!* WE MUST STICK TOGETHER! ALL WE HAVE--

--ALL THE *WORLD* HAS--

--IS THE FANTASTIC FOUR, EH?

AN UNFORTUNATE *INCONVENIENCE* THAT IS SOON TO BE *RECTIFIED*, LAND-APE.

PREPARE HER FOR THE *TREATMENT*.

HEY! LET ME GO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

fsst

uhmmh...

SUZIE!!!

GUARDS-- THE PRISONER SEEKS TO RESIST! *HARPOON* HIM!!!

ktang ktang

ARE YOU *KIDDIN'?!*

AIN'T NO HARPOON BEEN MADE THAT CAN HURT OL' MAMA GRIMM'S BABY BOY!

SO, YA BEST GET YER SLIMY FINS OFFA SUZIE, YA STINKIN' MUDSKIPPERS--

--'CUZ *POWER INHIBITORS* OR NOT--

--IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!!!

KER-RAAK!!!

AWRIGHT-- WHO'S *NEXT?!*

YOU DUMB ENOUGH T' TRY DAT *INJECTION* SCHTICK WITH THE *TOUGHEST* MOOK THIS SIDE O' YANCY *STREET?*

W-WHY, N-NO! W-WE WOULDN'T TH-THINK OF IT!

H-HOWEVER... W-WE ARE NOT WITHOUT OUR OWN *D-DEFENSES...*

tak

OOOO, YA REALLY GOT ME QUAKIN' IN MY GALOSHES THIS TI--

--OY.

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...

uhhhhnnnhh...

C-CAN'T MOVE A M-MUSCLE! FEELS LIKE...

WHUMP

...CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...

...SHUTTING DOWN!

MAN, THIS *BITES...*

AND AS THE COMATOSE HEROES ARE SHUFFLED ALONG...

THE SURFACE-DWELLERS-- UNCONSCIOUS?

SOPORIFIC NEUROTOXINS CAPABLE OF INDUCING POST-HYPNOTIC SUSCEPTIBILITY, NO DOUBT.

NICE TO SEE ATTUMA HASN'T CHANGED HIS METHODS FOR DISPOSING OF HIS ENEMIES.

IF MEMORY SERVES, HE EMPLOYED A SIMILAR TRICK TO RID HIMSELF OF *ME* ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.

OF COURSE, I WAS *BARELY* CONSCIOUS AT THE TIME--

<HALT! WHO GOES THERE?>

OH SHOCK.

<THIS SECTION OF THE ROYAL PALACE IS *RESTRICTED* TO *AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL* ONLY!>

<YOU WILL *SURRENDER* YOURSELF *IMMEDIATELY*-->

--OR BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME BY OUR MAJESTY LORD ATTUMA HIMSELF-->

<--YOU WILL BE *EXECUTED* WHERE YOU STAND!>

WRONG.

FWOOSH

FZASH!

〈BY THE SUB-MARINER! WHAT MANNER OF SORCERY ALLOWS YOU TO IGNITE A FLAME THAT *BURNS UNDERWATER*?!?〉

〈ONLY THE ***DELIVERER*** WHO SHALL "BRING FIRE TO THE WATERS WITH A WAVE OF *HIS* HAND" WIELDS SUCH POWER!〉

〈VERILY YOU ARE A *WITCH* AND A *BLASPHEMER*, GIRL! AND FOR THIS--〉

〈--YOU MUST DIE!〉

WHAK

〈I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, BROTHER--〉

〈--BUT YOUR DEVOTION TO THE ANCIENT TEXT *BLINDS* YOU TO THE *TRUTH*.〉

〈UNFORTUNATELY, THIS ISN'T THE APPROPRIATE FORUM FOR US TO DEBATE THEOLOGY AND THE VALIDITY OF ATAVISTIC SCRIPTURES--〉

tek

〈--FOR THE SURFACE-WORLD'S *LAST, BEST HOPE* LIES COMATOSE AND HELPLESS ON A RENDEZVOUS WITH *DEATH*--〉

〈--AND TIME IS A *LUXURY* I CAN ILL AFFORD TO WASTE!〉

ATTUMA HAS CLEARLY PREYED UPON OUR PEOPLE'S *SUPERSTITIOUS NATURE* TO HIS BEST ADVANTAGE--

--FOMENTING THEIR LATENT *FEAR* OF ANYTHING THAT BREAKS WITH TRADITION.

I CAN ONLY PRAY THAT THEY ARE NOT *ALL* AS *GULLIBLE* AS HE PRESUMES--

MEANWHILE...

IN THE CENTER, WE HAVE HYBRID *DOUGLOCK*-- AN AMALGAMATION OF THE TWO RESULTANT FROM EXPOSURE TO THE *TRANSMODE VIRUS* LATENT WITHIN WARLOCK.

THE IMAGE ON THE *LEFT* IS OF A *TECHNO-ORGANIC* ENTITY KNOWN AS *WARLOCK*.

ON THE *RIGHT* IS A MUTANT WHO SUFFERED A RATHER TRAGIC AND PREMATURE DEMISE, BY THE NAME OF *DOUG RAMSEY*.

IT IS INDEED *UNCANNY* THAT THE PLANETOID'S GEOLOGICAL COMPOSITION--

--IS *SIMILAR* TO THE ALIEN'S TECHNO-ORGANIC PHYSIOGNOMY.

I WONDER... COULD THIS PLANETOID HAVE BEEN INFECTED AT SOME POINT BY THE SAME VIRUS?

awooga awooga awooga

WHAT IS IT, RICHARDS?

I HATE TO BE THE BEARER OF *BAD NEWS*--

--BUT WE'VE GOT *COMPANY!*

ATTENTION, HUMANS!

AT THE BEHEST OF LORD ATTUMA, WE BRING A MESSAGE FOR THE LAND-WALKER KNOWN AS DOOM.

I AM DOOM, ATLANTEAN. PRAY YOUR "MESSAGE" DOES NOT *DISPLEASE* ME...

AND I AM *GENERAL DAGIM*. LONG HAVE I WAITED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE--

DISPENSE WITH THE *PLEASANTRIES*, ICTHYAN. WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT*?

BEHOLD--LATVERIA! IF YOU DO NOT ACT SWIFTLY--

--BY THE MORROW IT SHALL BE YET ANOTHER FIEFDOM OF ATLANTIS, SUBMERGED UNDER THE YOKE OF ATTUMA.

MILORD SUSPECTS A WARRIOR'S SOUL BURNS WITHIN YOUR BOSOM, DOOM.

HE IS CONFIDENT YOU WILL RISE TO THIS CHALLENGE TO YOUR PROUD DOMINION.

ZARK

HEATHENS!!!

STAY HIDDEN IN YOUR UNDERSEA KINGDOM, LACKEY! INFORM YOUR MASTER THAT HE IS AN UNMITIGATED *FOOL!*

FOR FROM THIS DAY FORTH--DOOM SHALL E'ER CALL HIM *ENEMY!*

I WISH YOU *LUCK*, RICHARDS--YOU WILL HAVE TO PERSEVERE *WITHOUT* ME.

I DON'T THINK SO.

EH? YOU *DARE* MANHANDLE DOOM?

OPEN YOUR EYES! DON'T YOU SEE?

ATTUMA IS DESPERATE FOR HIS "*DIVIDE AND CONQUER*" STRATAGEM TO UNDERMINE OUR EFFORTS!

LOOK, I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR DILEMMA, BUT WE CANNOT IGNORE THE SHADOW OF *ANNIHILATION* LOOMING ABOVE US ALL.

IT IS IMPERATIVE WE MAKE CERTAIN CONCESSIONS TO PREVENT THAT SHADOW FROM BLANKETING OUR *FUTURE*, PLUNGING IT INTO ETERNAL DARKNESS.

THESE ARE AMUSING PLATITUDES--BUT THEY DO NOTHING TO PREVENT THE *WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER* OF MY PEOPLE.

I KNOW, OLD FRIEND--BUT AS *YOU* HOLD YOUR *HOMELAND* DEARER THAN YOUR VERY LIFE SO DO *I* HOLD MY *FAMILY.*

AND LOATH AS I AM TO DO SO, I *WILL* ***SACRIFICE*** THEM FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE--PERHAPS THEIR ONLY ***HOPE*** LIES IN OUR EFFORTS...

THEN THAT IS WHERE OUR PATHS DIVERGE, FOR LATVERIA IS MY "FAMILY"--

--AND I WILL SACRIFICE MY FAMILY FOR *NO ONE*. I LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR... *HOPE*.

BUT IF THE WORLD IS *DESTROYED*--

--WHETHER IT BE BY ATTUMA OR THAT THING IN ORBIT--

--THEN THERE *WON'T BE* ANY LATVERIA!

SO LONG AS *DOOM* SURVIVES--

BZZZZZZT

--SO SHALL THE *FATHERLAND*!

BZZZZZZZT

T-TURNING YOUR B-BACK ON THE W-WORLD WILL ONLY H-HASTEN THE INEVITABLE D-DESTRUCTION OF Y-YOUR *EMPIRE*!

A CLEVER *PLOY*, BUT YOU CANNOT BAIT ME INTO STAYING WITH CAUSTIC INNUENDOS.

P-PLEASE, VICTOR-- THE EARTH *N-NEEDS* YOU! IT IS NOT A PLOY--IT IS THE *TRUTH*.

WITHOUT *LATVERIA*, RICHARDS--

--THERE IS NO EARTH FOR VICTOR VON DOOM.

ATLANTIS...

〈OUR SENSORS HAVE TRACKED DOOM'S RETURN TO LATVERIA, YOUR EMINENCE.〉

〈GOOD. AND WHAT OF THE RAID ON ALCHEMAX?〉*

〈IT PROCEEDS APACE--ALBEIT BY LESS THAN ***HONORABLE*** MEANS.〉

〈MOST OF THE PEOPLE ARE ***SCIENTISTS***, NOT ***SOLDIERS!***〉

〈ALL THE MORE REASON WHY THOSE INFIDELS SHOULD PAY FOR THEIR DESECRATION OF THE HOLY SARCOPHAGUS.**〉

*SEE SPIDERMAN 2099 #45-46 FOR MORE!

**ALCHEMAX'S NOVA ATLANTEAN COLONY WAS INADVERTENTLY BUILT ON THE SITE OF NAMOR'S TOMB.

〈CONTINUE YOUR ASSAULT, DAGIM.〉

〈LEAVE NO HUMAN SURVIVORS.〉

AYE, SIR. DAGIM, OUT...

FINALLY.

I HAVE FINALLY PROVEN MY INDISPUTABLE ***INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY*** OVER THE ACCURSED ***MISTER FANTASTIC.***

SOON, THE LAST REMNANTS OF ***HOMO SAPIENS*** WILL BE FOREVERMORE WASHED AWAY FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH--

--AND THE PLANET SHALL ONCE AGAIN BELONG TO ***HOMO MERMANUS.***

TRULY, THIS IS A MAGNIFICENT TIME TO BE ALIVE... WE LIVE IN A TIME OF ***WONDER.***

〈HEAR ME, O WARRIORS OF ATLANTIS! THESE DAYS HOLD MANY GLORIES FOR US.〉

〈FOR NOT ONLY HAVE WE RECLAIMED THE WORLD THAT IS OUR BIRTHRIGHT FROM THE SURFACE DWELLERS--〉

〈--BUT I, ***ATTUMA***, THE RIGHTFUL ***WARLORD OF ATLANTIS***, HAVE ACHIEVED WHAT EVEN ***NAMOR*** HIMSELF COULD NE'ER--〉

〈--AND LAID OUR MOST HATED ENEMIES LOW BEFORE OUR FEET!〉

NO! THIS CAN'T BE!

〈BEHOLD, I GIVE YOU--〉

〈--THE FANTASTIC FOUR!!!〉

<LET THE GAMES BEGIN!!!>

AWOO AWOO AWOO

I DUNNO WHAT'S WRONG WIT' ME--

--BUT SOMETHIN' INSIDE'S MAKIN' ME WANNA SMASH YOU GUYS UP!

I'M TRYIN' T'FIGHT IT, BUT I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF!

WHAMMO

YEAH? WELL, IF YOU TRY TO SMASH ME--

--THEN I'M GONNA FRY YOU!

FWOOSH

FFFSHUNK FFFSHUNK FFFSHUNK

WHOULF!

Y-YOUSE GOTTA F-FIGHT IT, K-KID!

'MEMBER WHAT SUZIE SAID? THE WORLD'S COUNTIN' ON US--

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BENJAMIN--

--BUT THE ONLY THINGS THAT ARE GOING TO DO ANY "STICKING" AROUND HERE--

--WE G-GOTTA STICK T-T'GETHER!

SLAM!

--ARE MY INVISIBLE THROWING STARS IN YOUR BIG ROCKY HIDE!

THUD

G-GUTS FEEL LIKE THEY'RE G-GONNA OOZE OUT ANY S-SECOND.

N-NEVER B-BEEN HURT LIKE THIS B-BEFORE. G-GOTTA... F-FIGHT THE P-PAIN...

HELP, J-JOHNNY... S-SUZIE...

...C-CAN'T...

THUNK THUNK THUNK

NO, SUZIE! DON'T--

ARRGHH!!

Urk.

AND AS THE THING SUCCUMBS TO THE WOUNDS INFLICTED BY TWO OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS...

...THE AUDIENCE IS TREATED TO A SECOND SPECTACLE THAT IS, FOR SOME, EQUALLY AS HORRIFYING AS THE CARNAGE TO WHICH THEY HAVE JUST BORNE WITNESS...

NO! STOP! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

LOOK AT HER HANDS! SHE POSSESSES THE GIFT!

THE PROPHECY HAS COME TRUE!

SHE IS A DEMON FROM HADES!

FALSE MESSIAH!

HIS STONY FLESH MAKES IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL IF HE'S EVEN *BREATHING*.

I CAN'T JUST LET HIM DIE LIKE THIS--

--BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO *HELP*???

NO! THE FATES CONSPIRE AGAINST ME!

WHISPER CANNOT BE ALIVE!! SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE *DEAD*!!!

KILL THE GIRL, *SLAVES*!

fs fs fs
shu shu shu
nnn nnn nnn
kkk kkk kkk

UH OH.

KILL HER, AND MAY HER FOUL PRESENCE SULLY OUR GOLDEN REALM NO MORE!

BY...YOUR...COMMAND!

NEPTUNE GRANT ME STRENGTH...

NEXT MONTH: THE STUNNING CONCLUSION TO THE MOST EPIC **2099** SAGA YET!!!

MARVEL COMICS

2099

AUG '96 44

DOOM 2099

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SPECTACULAR FINAL ISSUE!

THINGS TO COME...

PROLOGUE

CYBERSPACE IS COLLAPSING.

UNUSUAL ATMOSPHERIC INTERFERENCE IS WREAKING HAVOC ON THE ELECTRONIC NET.

CONNECTIONS ARE DOWN, INFORMATION HAS VANISHED INTO THE ETHER.

WORKING TO FORTIFY THE DATA FRONTIER AGAINST FURTHER DAMAGE --

-- CYBERSPACE LEGEND **DUKE STRATOSPHERE** STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING DISTURBING --

-- A PROGRAM DEVOURING EVERY GIGABYTE OF INFORMATION IN ITS PATH --

-- LIKE NOTHING HE'D EVER SEEN, WRITTEN IN A CODE THAT HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND, LET ALONE BREAK.

ALL HE CAN DO IS STAY OUT OF THIS RAVENOUS MONSTER'S PATH.

AND WONDER IF THIS STRANGE ELECTRONIC JUGGERNAUT IS NOT SIMPLY OF FOREIGN DESIGN --

-- BUT OF ALIEN ORIGIN.

THE RAIN HAS STOPPED AND THE SKY HAS CLEARED.

THERE IS A MOMENTARY BREAK IN THE UNNATURAL STORMS THAT HAVE BLANKETED THE PLANET.

NOW, OVER THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY OF LATVERIA, TWO LARGE BODIES ARE VISIBLE IN THE NIGHT TIME SKY --

-- THE MOON AND THE ALIEN SATELLITE WHICH HAS ASSUMED ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH WITH CATASTROPHIC EFFECTS.

ON THE SURFACE BELOW, BOTH CAST SHIMMERING REFLECTIONS IN RIVERS OF FLOWING BLOOD.

HURRGH... HURRGH...

HOW CAN YOU SURFACE DWELLERS *STAND* THESE PUTRID *FUMES* YOU CALL *AIR* --

-- I THINK NOW ATTUMA WAS *WRONG* TO DECLARE WAR ON YOU...

HURRGH...

...YOU'RE GOING TO POISON YOURSELVES WITH *POLLUTANTS* SOON ENOUGH.

YOU WILL NOT BE HERE TO SEE IF THAT DAY COMES, ATLANTEAN.

MY WATER RESPIRATOR'S DAMAGED, AND SHRAPNEL'S SLICED A VEIN IN MY LEG. I WON'T ASK FOR *MERCY*.

STAN LEE Presents:

ENTANGLING ALLIANCES

AND IT WILL NOT BE GIVEN.

YOU *NEVER* SHOULD HAVE COME HERE, GENERAL. THIS IS *MY* COUNTRY!

NO ONE INVADES MY HOME!

HE IS VICTOR VON DOOM, GYPSY, SCIENTIST, REVOLUTIONARY, AND WHEN PROVOKED --

-- AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE writer
JEFF LAFFERTY penciler
RUSSELL, RUBINSTEIN, PEPOY & PANOSIAN inks

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT lettering
ED LAZZELLARI colors
MALIBU enhancement
SUZANNE GAFFNEY editor
BOB HARRAS editor in chief

THE LAST ATLANTEAN SOLDIER IS DEAD.

MY SENSORS DETECT NO MORE SIGNS OF LIFE IN WHAT HAS BECOME THIS KILLING FIELD.

I TAKE NO *PLEASURE* IN THIS BLOODSHED --

-- BUT I WILL TAKE ANY MEASURES NECESSARY TO KEEP LATVERIA AND ITS PEOPLE SAFE FROM FOREIGN THREAT.

I FAILED *ONCE*, BUT *NEVER* AGAIN.

NOTHING HAS BEEN THE SAME SINCE I RETURNED FROM MY JOURNEY TO THE 1990'S.

*A TIMELOST **REED RICHARDS** -- MY TWENTIETH CENTURY **NEMESIS** -- APPEARED AT MY CASTLE REQUESTING MY AID.*

*ACCORDING TO THE STILL YOUTHFUL Mr. FANTASTIC, THE ALIEN SATELLITE ORBITING EARTH PRESENTS A GRAVE AND **IMMEDIATE** DANGER.*

*HOWEVER, WHEN THE ATLANTEAN WARLORD **ATTUMA** THREATENED LATVERIA --*

-- I COULD WASTE NO MORE TIME WITH RICHARDS' EXTRATERRESTRIAL CONCERNS --

*-- AND LEFT HIM TO RETURN TO HIS THREE SYCOPHANTIC FAMILY MEMBERS.**

* SEE FANTASTIC FOUR 2099 #7.

ATTUMA'S INVADERS WERE WOEFULLY *UNPREPARED* FOR RESISTANCE.

WHAT A FOOL TO SEND HIS FORCES TO A LANDLOCKED COUNTRY.

I WILL MAKE CLEAR TO HIM THE *EXTENT* OF HIS FOLLY.

D'JROK, IS THAT YOU, YOU WORTHLESS PRAWN?

WHY HAVE I RECEIVED NO REPORT FROM THE LATVERIAN FRONT?

HAVE YOU CLAIMED THAT DESPOT'S PATCH OF DIRT FOR ATLANTIS YET?

NO, ATTUMA, THIS DESPOT HAS ROUTED YOUR WOULD-BE INVASION.

DOOM!

A MYRIDIAN DEFENSE SATELLITE AT MY COMMAND BLEW YOUR SHIPS OUT OF THE SKY ONCE THEY ENTERED LATVERIAN AIRSPACE.

THE REST OF YOUR FORCES I DEALT WITH PERSONALLY.

DO NOT WORRY. I WILL BURN YOUR DEAD.

YOU DARE DESECRATE ATLANTEAN BODIES WITH FIRE?

BY THE OCEAN MOTHER, DOOM, YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR EFFRONTERY.

SAVE YOUR THREATS, WARLORD. YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO BACK THEM.

EVEN AS WE SPEAK, YOUR DREAMS OF WORLD CONQUEST ARE BEING THWARTED BY THE FANTASTIC FOUR.

IN THE FACE OF YOUR IMPENDING DEFEAT, I SUGGEST SURRENDER OR SUICIDE.

THERE ARE HISTORICAL PRECEDENTS FOR EITHER ONE.

AARGH

ATTUMA WAS ALWAYS TOO IMPATIENT AND BLOOD THIRSTY TO SUCCEED.

RISING OCEAN LEVELS WILL DO MORE DAMAGE TO THE SURFACE WORLD THAN HIS INVADERS COULD EVER HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH.

LOOK AT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MY LATVERIAN VALLEY...

THE CIRI RIVER HAS FLOODED ANKTIVA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES --

-- AND CLAIMED THE SKYSCRAPERS OF GOJRADIA AS WELL.

THE POLAR CAPS ARE MELTING AT AN ALARMING RATE.

SOON NOTHING BELOW 4000 FEET WILL REMAIN ABOVE WATER.

IT IS THIS ALIEN SATELLITE THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE GLOBAL CHANGES.

ITS PROXIMITY AFFECTS ATMOSPHERIC AND TIDAL PATTERNS.

THROUGH ALL OF THIS ENVIRONMENTAL TURBULENCE --

-- I MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT LATVERIA AND MY PEOPLE SURVIVE.

HIGH IN THE MAHELA MOUNTAINS ABOVE THE FLOODED VALLEY -- THE ZEFIRO GYPSIES HAVE CONSTRUCTED A **TEMPORARY** CAMP.

SOON, THEY WONDER, WILL THERE BE ANY PLACE LEFT TO MOVE?

IT **LOOKS** LIKE HIM, FORTUNE. IT **MOVES** LIKE HIM.

I SAY WE **KILL** IT, ANDRE.

EVEN IF WE **WANTED** TO, BORIS. I DON'T THINK WE **COULD.**

WHAT DO THE **CARDS** SAY, FORTUNE?

BESIDES "LEARN HOW TO BREATHE UNDERWATER!" NOT **MUCH.**

HOWEVER, I'M SURE THIS THING... WHATEVER IT IS... DOESN'T POSE AN IMMEDIATE THREAT.

NOT TO **US** ANYWAY.

MORE TROUBLING IS HOW OFTEN **THIS** CARD KEEPS TURNING UP.

IT REPRESENTS **DECEPTION, CONCEALED DANGERS** AND **HIDDEN ENEMIES** --

-- WHICH SAYS TO ME, THINGS ARE GOING TO GET **WORSE.**

AND I DON'T KNOW WHICH SIDE OUR **TROUBLED COUSIN** WILL CHOOSE --

-- BUT HE'S SURE TO BE IN THE **CENTER** OF THE **STORM.**

I AM SURPRISED YOU ASKED TO *SEE* ME, FORTUNE.

YOU MADE IT CLEAR YOU AND THE ZEFIRO WANTED NOTHING MORE TO DO WITH ME.

AFTER WHAT YOUR AMERICAN OBSESSION COST LATVERIA, I STILL HAVE MY RESERVATIONS --

-- BUT IN EVERY READING I'VE DONE, ITS CLEAR OUR FUTURES ARE *INTERWINED* --

-- LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE *STUCK* WITH EACH OTHER.

I HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED YOUR *DIVINATORY* ABILITIES.

THEY'VE BECOME EVEN *SHARPER* AND MORE *PRECISE* LATELY.

I KNEW THE MOMENT YOU'D RETURN FROM THE PAST.

I VIVIDLY SAW THE MUTALACOS ATTACKING YOU. *

* LAST ISSUE. -- Hi, Suzanne!

AND AS FOR SOME OF THE OTHER VISIONS I'VE SEEN --

-- WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THEY DON'T MAKE ME WANT TO GET *UP* IN THE MORNING.

FORTUNE, BE AWARE THAT I AM TAKING EVERY MEASURE TO INSURE THAT LATVERIA WILL NEVER AGAIN FALL VICTIM TO FOREIGN POWERS.

YOU MAY ALREADY BE TOO *LATE*. TAKE A *LOOK*.

WIRE!?

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A SEVENTEEN YEAR-OLD GYPSY WITH AN INTUITIVE KNACK FOR COMPUTER TECH.

WHILE DEEP-GLIDING IN CYBERSPACE, HIS BODY DIED, TRAPPING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS ONLINE.

DOOM DOWNLOADED THAT CONSCIOUSNESS INTO A NEW BODY --

--BUT THE MIND DIDN'T ACCEPT THE FLESH, IT WENT CRAZY AND KILLED ITS HOST.

NO ONE EVER EXPECTED TO SEE THE GYPSY AGAIN.

WE WERE SEARCHING THE OLD VILLAGE FOR SUPPLIES WHEN HE JUST *APPEARED*.

HE FOLLOWED US BACK TO CAMP AS IF HE *BELONGED* WITH US.

HE HASN'T SAID A WORD.

YOU ARE VICTOR VON DOOM.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

YOU ARE NOT WIRE.

WIRE IS PART OF THIS ENTITY.

MY/HIS COREPROG WAS DOWNLOADED INTO THE COLLECTIVE MATRIX.

MY/HIS MEMORY IS NOW MINE/OURS. FROM IT I/WE LEARNED OF YOU.

HOW IS THAT *POSSIBLE?*

WHEN WIRE DIED, HE WAS IN *CYBERSPACE.*

HIS CONSCIOUSNESS HAD BEEN TRANSLATED INTO *COMPUTER CODE* --

-- MEANING THAT SOMEWHERE IT STILL EXISTED TO BE *ACCESSED* AND *DUPLICATED.*

MY/OUR COLLECTIVE SHARES SIMILAR GOALS TO YOUR ZEFIRO TRIBE.

ALL THOUGHT AND ACTION BENEFIT THE COLLECTIVE WHOLE.

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME THE COLLECTIVE HAVE BEEN ON THIS PLANET.

THE EARLIER CONTACT WITH YOUR SPECIES PROVED PROBLEMATIC.

Hmmm.

HE'S AN ALIEN? YOU MEAN WE'VE BEEN INVADED?

I/WE ARE PART OF THE COLLECTIVE WHOLE.

MY/OUR VESSEL NOW ORBITS YOUR PLANET.

AND WHY HAVE YOU SOUGHT ME OUT, CREATURE?

I/WE EXTEND TO YOU A DIPLOMATIC INVITATION TO MEET THE COLLECTIVE EMISSARY.

HE/WE WILL EXPLAIN OUR PRESENCE ON YOUR PLANET.

IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO INTERFACE WITH THIS PART OF THE COLLECTIVE.

AND IF I *REFUSE?*

REFUSAL IS NOT AN OPTION.

DON'T *DO* IT, DOOM.

DO YOU SENSE *DANGER?*

NO, BUT TRUST ME WHEN I TELL YOU *THIS* --

-- IF YOU GO WITH HIM, YOU'LL BEGIN A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT WILL HAVE DIRE CONSEQUENCES FOR LATVERIA.

I APPRECIATE THE *WARNING.*

HOWEVER, THIS TECHNO-ORGANIC MOCKERY OF OUR DEAD COMPANION IS ONLY A *MESSENGER* --

-- AND IF I AM TO DETERMINE THE THREAT HIS RACE MAY POSE, I MUST MEET HIS *MASTER.*

GOOD. THE EMISSARY AWAITS.

LATER.

I *HATE* LOOKING UP IN THE SKY AND SEEING THAT *THING*, KAZ.

I USED TO *FALL ASLEEP* UNDER THE STARS, *LULLED* BY THEIR BEAUTY.

NOW, THE STARS HAVE BECOME SWORDS HANGING OVER OUR HEADS.

THE Y'LESTJA WERE FAR MORE *ENLIGHTENED* THAN YOU KNOW.

YOU AND I WERE LUCKY THE *Y'LESTJA'S* INTENTIONS WERE *BENEVOLENT*.

WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE AGAINST A RACE THAT'S MASTERED INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL?

* FORTUNE AND HER BROTHER ENCOUNTERED THAT ALIEN RACE IN DOOM 2099 #15. -- How are you, Suzanne?

THAT'S WHY I MUST LEAVE YOU ONCE MORE.

YOU CAN'T BE *SERIOUS*...

I *AM*, SISTER.

THE Y'LESTJA DID *MORE* THAN SHARE THEIR GALACTIC EXPERIENCE WITH US IN THEIR CEREMONY OF *COMMUNION*.

THEY *CHANGED* EACH OF US ABOARD THE CHIN SAN SPACE PLATFORM.

YOUR PRESCIENT ABILITIES WERE *EXPANDED* --

-- AND THEY GAVE ME *PURPOSE* AND *LIGHT*.

WHAT ABOUT *DOOM*? WHAT DID THEY GIVE *HIM*?

* DOOM 2099 #18. -- Suzanne!

GOODBYE, LITTLE SISTER.

KAZ, BE *CAREFUL*. I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY BROTHER *AGAIN*.

CASTLE DOOM.

YOU'VE LED ME BENEATH MY OWN CASTLE?

YOUR QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED SOON.

THESE SEWER TUNNELS WERE PART OF THE ORIGINAL CASTLE BUILT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

I THOUGHT I HAD SEALED ALL OF THEM YEARS AGO.

PROBES WERE SENT TO ESTABLISH OUTPOSTS UNTIL FULL CONTACT BEGINS.

THIS AREA OFFERS AN IDEAL NEXUS FOR GEOGRAPHICAL REVISIONS.

THE EMISSARY WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU.

HAVING FULFILLED MY MISSION, I NOW RETURN TO THE COLLECTIVE.

WIRE'S DISSOLVING INTO THE STONE -- NO, NOT INTO THE *STONE* -- INTO WHAT *COVERS* THE STONE.

I HADN'T NOTICED THAT WHAT I *ASSUMED* WAS *MOSS* GROWING ON THE STONE SURFACE --

-- IS SOME SORT OF *TECHNO- ORGANIC GROWTH* --

-- LIVING, WRITHING *CIRCUITRY.*

DOOM HAS LITTLE CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE THIS STRANGE GROWTH WHEN --

-- IN THE SAME PLACE THE DISTORTED WIRE DOPPELGANGER DISAPPEARED --

-- ANOTHER, MORE OMINOUS FIGURE TAKES SHAPE BEFORE HIS EYES.

WELCOME, VICTOR VON DOOM.

WE ARE THE EMISSARY.

YOU WILL AID US IN THE ASSIMILATION OF THIS WORLD.

YOU *PRESUME* A GREAT *DEAL*, ALIEN.

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SUCCEED WHERE THE *KREE* AND *SHI'AR* FAILED?

RESISTANCE FROM YOUR SPECIES IS EXPECTED.

ULTIMATELY YOU WILL SURRENDER TO THE COLLECTIVE.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK *I'LL* HELP YOU?

THIS AUDIO METHOD OF COMMUNICATION IS LIMITED.

YOUR MACHINE CONSCIOUSNESS IS PRIMITIVE --

-- BUT WE WILL ACCESS YOUR EXOSKELETON'S SENSORY INPUTS.

NO!

A SNAKY TENDRIL TELESCOPES FROM THE EMISSARY'S BODY AND ATTACHES ITSELF TO DOOM --

-- BREAKING THROUGH THE NEAR IMPERVIOUS ARMOR WITH RAZOR LIKE PRECISION --

-- AND ATTACHING ITSELF TO THE MAIN RELAY BOARD OF HIS ARMOR'S CIRCUITRY.

HIS SYSTEM PROTECTION OVERRIDDEN, DOOM FINDS HIMSELF IMMOBILIZED, HELPLESS.

THE SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL DISAPPEARS, REPLACED BY VIVID ALIEN IMAGERY SUPPLIED BY THE EMISSARY --

-- CONDUCTED THROUGH THE NANOTECH INTERFACE THAT MAKES DOOM'S ARMOR A VIRTUAL SECOND SKIN.

LET US TELL YOU OF THE COLLECTIVE. WE ARE THE ONE WHO IS MANY.

LONG AGO, OUR SPECIES LEARNED TO SURVIVE BY CONSUMING OUR ENEMIES --

--AND SO ABSORBING THE SUM TOTAL OF THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE.

WHEN WE DEVELOPED FASTER THAN LIGHT TRAVEL, WE FOUND NEW SPECIES TO ASSIMILATE --

-- AND NEW WORLDS TO TECHNO-FORM TO OUR OWN SPECIFICATIONS.

OUR FIRST AGENTS FAILED IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO ASSIMILATE YOUR SPECIES.

HUMANITY IS A CURIOUS MIX OF CELESTIAL ENGINEERING AND SURPRISING MUTATIONS.

WE BELIEVE IT HOLDS THE KEY TO OUR NEXT EVOLUTIONARY JUMP.

CERTAIN MEMBERS OF YOUR SPECIES WERE PARTIALLY ASSIMILATED WITH OUR SCOUTS --

-- GENETICALLY ALTERED TO CARRY A CROSS BREED OF HUMAN AND COLLECTIVE DNA.

WE HAVE RETURNED TO CLAIM THEM.

THEIR HUMAN GENETICS HIDE THESE SCOUTS FROM THE COLLECTIVE MIND.

WE ASK YOUR ASSISTANCE IN FINDING THESE HYBRIDS.

WE HOPE IT WILL BE GIVEN VOLUNTARILY.

YOU'RE NOT GIVING ME MUCH OF A *CHOICE.*

A FOCUSED BEAM OF LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE WALL--

-- WASHING OVER DOOM AND THE EMISSARY WITH AN INTENSITY THAT DISRUPTS THE ALIEN'S HOLD ON THE LATVERIAN.

SOMETHING IS INTERFERING WITH OUR CONNECTION TO THE COLLECTIVE--

I'M FREE, BUT *HOW?*

MOVE BACK, EMISSARY!

THERE WILL BE NO ASSIMILATIONS THIS DAY!

ONE OF THE Y'LESTJA'S HARBINGERS -- HERE?

KAZMIERZ ROSIKON? WHAT IS FORTUNE'S BROTHER DOING IN THE ARMOR OF *RADIAN?**

* THE LIGHT ENERGIZED ALIEN FIRST SEEN IN DOOM 2099 #15. -- Suzanne!

FROM THE WALLS, WEAPONS FORM ON ALL SIDES OF THE RADIANT LATVERIAN --

-- BATHING HIM IN LASER FIRE.

WHY DO YOU USE LASERS AGAINST ONE WHO COMMANDS THE VERY PHOTONS OF LIGHT ENERGY?

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME.

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO ENGAGE IN POINTLESS BATTLE.

WE KNOW YOUR MASTERS, RADIAN --

-- DO THEY SEEK TO SHATTER THE TRUCE BETWEEN Y'LESTJA AND THE COLLECTIVE?

THE Y'LESTJA GAVE ME THIS POWER, TRUE.

I AM IN THEIR DEBT, BUT NOT IN THEIR SERVICE.

I WATCHED RADIAN DIE...

THE RADIAN YOU KNEW NOW EXISTS IN A PURER STATE OF BEING.

I SALVAGED HIS ARMOR, BUT LOST IT WHEN I CRASHED IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

IT FOUND ME. ALTHOUGH AT FIRST, I THOUGHT I WAS HALLUCINATING.

BUT SLOWLY I CAME TO UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF MY GIFT.

WHY WOULD THE Y'LESTJA GIVE YOU SUCH POWER?

THE Y'LESTJA CELEBRATE THE DIVERSITY OF LIFE ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

YOUR RACE HAS NO REGARD FOR THE INDIVIDUALITY OF OTHER SENTIENCE.

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND AGAINST THE COLLECTIVE?

I AM THIS PLANET'S PROTECTOR NOW.

DO YOU WANT TO TEST ME?

ENOUGH!

YOU'LL SOLVE *NOTHING* HERE BY FIGHTING.

THE EARTH IS UNDERGOING *TREMENDOUS* CHANGES.

THE *WORLD OF TOMORROW* WILL BE A VERY *DIFFERENT* ONE THAN THE ONE WE KNOW TODAY.

I PROPOSE WE WORK *TOGETHER* TO BENEFIT *ALL* OUR NEEDS.

YOU CAN'T NEGOTIATE WITH THE COLLECTIVE.

A MOMENT AGO IT WAS READY TO ASSIMILATE YOU!

MY CONCERN IS FOR LATVERIA'S CONTINUED *EXISTENCE.*

THE MALHELA *MOUNTAINS* WILL SOON BE THE MALHELA *ISLANDS.*

I BELIEVE THE COLLECTIVE'S *TECHNO-FORMING SCIENCE* HOLDS THE KEY TO *REBUILDING* LATVERIA.

AND WHAT WILL THE COLLECTIVE RECEIVE IN RETURN?

I'M NOT WITHOUT MY OWN *RESOURCES.*

I HAVE ONE OF THE *SCOUTS* YOU SEEK.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL.

Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations -- entangling alliances with none.
Thomas Jefferson, 1801.

TO BE CONTINUED IN 2099: WORLD OF TOMORROW!

THE FUTURE'S COOLEST COMIC BOOK!

MARVEL COMICS

Fantastic Four

2099

AUG '96 8

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

LAST STAND AT WORLD'S END!

THIS IS HALO CITY...

MAMA???

...AT LEAST, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

WHERE'S MY MAMA??? I WANNA GO HOME!!!

YOUR MAMA'S SAFE AND SNUG AS A BUG ABOARD ONE OF THE *TRANSPORT SHIPS*, LITTLE GIRL.

BUT I NEED YOU TO BE BRAVE AND TRY TO FORGET ABOUT YOUR OLD HOME FOR NOW.

BEHOLD... *THE END OF 21ST CENTURY HUMAN CIVILIZATION.*

AND AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL, IS A MAN WHO DOESN'T EVEN BELONG TO THIS ERA. HAILING FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY--

--HE IS REED RICHARDS, THE ELASTIC MISTER FANTASTIC...

--LEADER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

WE'RE GOING TO FIND A *NEW* HOME, FAR AWAY FROM HERE--

--AND WE'VE ALL GOT A VERY LONG JOURNEY AHEAD.

--I CAN'T SUPPRESS THE DREAD FEELING THAT THIS MAY PROVE TOO *LITTLE* TOO *LATE*...

NO!!! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT TOGETHER, REED.

ENOUGH PEOPLE HAVE DIED THIS DAY!

THIS MASS *EXODUS* BEGAN AS SOON AS THE OUTER SEAWALLS SUCCUMBED TO THE RELENTLESS *TIDES*--

--TEMPESTUOUSLY TOSSED ABOUT BY THAT *ORBITING PLANETOID* WHOSE VERY PRESENCE IS LAYING THE ENTIRE EARTH TO WASTE.

YET, FOR ALL OUR EFFORTS TO EVACUATE HALO CITY'S SURVIVING CITIZENS--

[redacted]

ATTENTION! *ALL TRANSPORTS! PLOT A COURSE FOR THE FOLLOWING COORDINATES:*

65° W. 68° S.

IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT--

--AND THE TECTONIC PLATES HAVEN'T SHIFTED TOO MUCH OVER THE PAST CENTURY--

--THEN THE SEED OF OUR CIVILIZATION IS ABOUT TO BE *RE-PLANTED*--

--*IN THE VERY HEART OF THE* **SAVAGE LAND!!!**

IF ONLY *SUSAN, BEN* AND *JOHNNY* COULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO SEE THIS.

I PRAY *NO HARM* HAS COME TO THEM--

--WHEREVER THEY MAY BE...

Stan Lee PROUDLY PRESENTS
THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT...

HOMECOMING

BEN RAAB & TERRY KAVANAGH • STORY
BEN RAAB • SCRIPT *PASCUAL FERRY* • PENCILS
THIBERT / MENDOZA • INKS *JANICE CHIANG* • LETTERS
PAUL BECTON • COLORS *MALIBU* • COMPUTER COLOR
PROFESSOR FELDER • EDITOR *BOB HARRAS* • CHIEF

THE FABLED UNDERSEA KINGDOM OF ATLANTIS...

...WHERE IT IS APPARENT REED'S PRAYERS FOR HIS FRIENDS REMAIN UNANSWERED.

IN THE NAME OF ATTUMA, WARLORD OF ATLANTIS--

--DEATH TO THE HERETIC!!

BY NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT-- NO!!!

THE *HUMAN TORCH* AND THE *INVISIBLE WOMAN* ARE COMPLETELY UNDER ATTUMA'S EVIL INFLUENCE!

AND WITH THE *THING* UNCONSCIOUS--

--I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FACE THEM *ALONE!*

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED *DEAD* TO THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF OUR PEOPLE, YOUNG *WHISPER!*

FOR YOU ARE AN ABERRATION TO ALL OF *HOMO MERMANUS*--

--AND YOU SHALL SUFFER A FATE *TENFOLD* MORE GRUESOME THAN THE ONE METED OUT LO THOSE MANY YEARS.

WRONG, SHARKAN--IT IS YOU WHO SHALL SUFFER THIS DAY.

I HAVE RETURNED TO RECLAIM WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY *MINE!*

IN THE NAME OF MY ANCESTORS, I HEREBY RECLAIM--

--THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS!

FAZSHOW!

SURELY THE TIDES OF TIME HAVEN'T WASHED AWAY THE MEMORY OF HOW YOU SO IGNOBLY *STOLE* MY *BIRTHRIGHT*?

"THANKS TO THE DIPLOMATIC EFFORTS OF YOUR ESTEEMED *GENERAL DAGIM*...

"...*ATLANTEAN* AND *LEMURIAN* WERE TO SIT AS *BROTHER* AND *SISTER*, SIDE BY SIDE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN *CENTURIES*.

"IF NOT FOR MY ABILITY TO IGNITE *FIRE* BENEATH THE WAVES, IT MIGHT HAVE LASTED LONGER THAN A FEW BRIEF WEEKS.

"YOU FEARED THIS '*SORCERY*' COUPLED WITH MY *GENDER*, WOULD CONTRADICT YOUR MOST SACRED *PROPHECY*...

"...ABOUT THE *DELIVERER* WHO BRINGS FLAME TO THE WATERS WITH A WAVE OF *HIS* HAND...

"...SO, YOU '*DISPOSED*' OF ME--CLAIMING A *LEFTIST* LEMURIAN FACTION AGAINST THE PEACE PROCESS TO BE THE CULPRIT--

"--THUS *DISCREDITING* MY PEOPLE IN THE EYES OF ALL ATLANTIS, AND INSURING THE SECURITY OF YOUR MARTIAL RULE.

"BUT, TELL ME--AS YOU WATCHED DAGIM SPIRIT ME AWAY, DID YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT YOU SUCCESSFULLY AVERTED DISASTER?

"WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT WOULD DEAL WITH ME... *WHO* MADE YOU?"

YOU CAN NO SOONER CHEAT *DESTINY*--

--THAN YOU CAN DESTROY THESE VALIANT HEROES!

ARE YOU OKAY, *MR. GRIMM*? I NEED YOUR HELP--*FAST*!

OHHHHH... MY ACHIN' HEAD...

DID ANYBODY CATCH DA PLATES ON DAT HUMPBACK WHALE...?

IT'S THE *NEUROTOXINS*. THEY'VE MADE YOU SUSCEPTIBLE TO ATTUMA'S COMMANDS--

fwhizzz

--WHAT THE--?!? *ENERGY SHURIKEN*!!!

THAT...WAS... A *WARNING*, GIRL.

NEXT TIME... I...WILL NOT...*MISS*.

NO! CAN'T LET...*DRUGS*... CONTROL ME!

MUST RESIST...URGE TO *KILL*!

YES! NOT ONLY WILL THIS RID ME OF MY TIME-LOST ENEMIES--

--BUT IT WILL PROVE BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT MY INTELLECT IS *FAR SUPERIOR* TO THAT OF REED RICHARDS!

FIGHT ON, MY THRALLS! FIGHT TO THE *DEATH*!!!

MY, HOW THE MIGHTY ATTUMA HAS FALLEN!

ARE YOU SO *AFRAID* OF YOUR ENEMIES--

--THAT YOU WOULD SEND THEM TO WAGE WAR IN YOUR STEAD?

KRAK!

C'MON, BENJY--YA GOTTA...*UHNNH*... *GET UP*...

...DA WHOLE HUMAN RACE IS COUNTIN' ON YA!!!

DAT GIRL MAY BE JAM-PACKED FULLA *SPUNK*--

--BUT ALL DA SPUNK INNA WORLD DON'T MAKE HER A MATCH FER BOTH SUSIE *AND* JOHNNY T'GETHER!

DON'T WANT... TO *HURT* YOU--

--BUT I...JUST CAN'T... STOP MYSELF!

FZASH!

FOOSH FOOSH FOOSH

YOU *CAN* STOP IT, JOHNNY STORM! YOUR *WILL* IS YOUR OWN!

YOU ONLY *BELIEVE* YOU WANT TO KILL ME BECAUSE OF THE NARCOTICS POLLUTING YOUR BODY!

DENY THE URGES THEY INCITE, AND THE CHEMICALS ARE *POWERLESS*

NO!!! SHE *LIES*, BOY!

KILL HER NOW, YOU *FOOL*!!!

HEAR ME, O ATLANTIS...

IN BANISHING ME, YOUR *CHARLATAN MONARCH* OBSCURED A GREAT TRUTH FROM YOU!

BUT NOW THAT *I, WHISPER OF LEMURIA*, HAVE *RETURNED*, THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE IS AT HAND!

WHO AMONG YOU WILL *JOIN ME*?

SHE POSSESSES THE GIFTS OF THE ONE FORETOLD--*BUT HOW CAN THIS BE*?!?

BA-WHOOOM

I DON'T CARE WHERE DA KID GOT DEM KOOKY POWERS--

--I AIN'T LETTIN' MY *BEST L'IL BUDDY* WIND UP ON DA *RECEIVIN' END* OF 'EM!

AS MUCH AS I HATE DOIN' THIS TO YA, KIDDO--

Uhhhhhhhhh!!!

whooosh

--IT'S FER *YER OWN* GOOD.

I'LL EVEN LET YA *THANK ME* FER IT WHEN YA WAKE UP. BUT *FIRST*--

--I GOTTA REMIND ATTUMA WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YA MESS WIT' MAMA GRIMM'S BLUE-EYED BOY!

NO!!! I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL WITH *MY BARE HANDS!*

I THINK *NOT*, ATTUMA--

SYAHI

EH??? AN INVISIBLE BARRIER!?!

THE TOXINS YOUR SCIENTISTS PUMPED INTO OUR SYSTEMS HAVE WORN OFF.

NONE OF US ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO YOUR SADISTIC WILL ANY LONGER.

FACE FACTS, ATLANTEAN--

--YOUR PETTY GAMBIT FOR VENGEANCE HAS *FAILED.*

YOUR ONLY VIABLE STRATEGIC OPTION RIGHT NOW IS TO *SURRENDER...*

I WILL *NEVER* SURRENDER TO THE LIKES OF YOU--

AAARRRGH!!!

HEY THERE, A-*TUNA*!

WHAT SAY WE THROW ANOTHER SHRIMP ON THE BARBEE? STARTING WITH YOU?

--AND YOUR BODY WOULD BE CRUSHED TO A BLOODY PULP BY THE UNDERSEA PRESSURE!

INSOLENT WHELP! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN *WHERE* YOU ARE?

WERE I TO OPEN THE DOME TO THIS ARENA--

--THE ONRUSH OF WATER WOULD EXTINGUISH EVEN YOUR VAUNTED "*NOVA FLAME*"--

I'LL SHOW YA WHAT IT'S LIKE BEIN' "CRUSHED", FISH-BREATH--

--'CUZ IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!!!

NO! WAIT! THAT'S NOT NECESSARY, MR. GRIMM!

"*NOT NECESSARY*"??? SOMEONE BEEN SPIKIN' YOUR PLANKTON, BABE?

I MEAN, THIS IS *ATTUMA THE SHARKAN BARBARIAN* WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT?

BUT ATTUMA'S REIGN-- SO STEEPED IN *VIOLENCE* AS IT IS-- NEED NOT *END* IN VIOLENCE.

DON'T YOU SEE? THE KINGDOMS OF ATLANTIS AND LEMURIA WILL FINALLY BE *UNITED*--

--AND THE ASSAULTS ON THE SURFACE-WORLD SHALL CEASE IN THE NAME OF *PEACE!*

ON MY *HONOR*... THIS, I *SWEAR*.

CELEBRATE YOUR *VICTORY*, HUMANS-- FOR IT IS A *TEMPORARY* ONE.

I WILL NOT REST UNTIL MISTER FANTASTIC IS *DEAD*--

--SO *VOWS ATTUMA!!!*

SOON AFTER...

...AS ATLANTIS AND LEMURIA EMBARK ON A JOURNEY TOWARDS A GOLDEN AGE...

...AND OUR HEROES' UNDERSEA ODYSSEY CONCLUDES...

...A NEW ADVENTURE BEGINS AS THEY EMBARK ON A JOURNEY OF THEIR OWN.

A JOURNEY HOME.

SOMETHING'S WRONG.

EVERY TIME I HAIL *FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA*, ALL I GET IS *STATIC*.

DIDJA TRY INVERTIN' DA BANDWIDTH AT DA SAME TIME AS YA NARROW IT?

TWICE, BENJAMIN. NO DICE.

NO AUTOMATED ANSWERING SYSTEMS? NO REED? *NOTHING?!?!*

THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM AT ALL. REED WOULD'VE AT LEAST LEFT A MESSAGE--

BEN, *OLD FRIEND*... JOHNNY...*MY BOY*... SUSAN...*MY LOVE*...

--SEE? WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

IF YOU ARE WATCHING THIS MESSAGE, ODDS ARE GOOD THAT I AM ALREADY DEAD...

Oh.

THE EVACUATION OF NUEVA YORK--BZZZT-- COMPLETE.

ENTIRE CITY-- BZZZZT--INUNDATED. MAJORITY...POPULATION DIDN'T MAKE IT.

I'M CURRENTLY EN ROUTE FROM HALO CITY TO--BZZZZT-- SAFE FROM THE CATASTROPHE-- BZZZZT-- THE SAVAGE LAND.

JUST WANTED TO SAY--BZZZZT-- ALL THESE YEARS-- BZZZZT--LOVE YOU ALL, AND-- BZZZZT--

I'M SORRY...

I KNEW IT-- I JUST KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

DAT MAKES TWO O' US, KID.

DIS BETTER NOT BE DE END.

DERE'S TOO MUCH STUFF I GOTTA UNLOAD--

--ABOUT DA ACCIDENT WITH REED'S SHIP THAT GAVE US OUR POWERS AN' MADE ME INTA DIS MONSTER--

--AN' I'VE GOTTA TELL REED TO HIS FACE.

REED'S PROBABLY SITTIN' ON THE SHORES OF THE SAVAGE LAND--

--SIPPIN' MARGARITAS AND DIPPIN' NACHOS WITH KA-ZAR'S GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

I HOPE.

I JUST CAN'T SHAKE THE SINKING FEELING THAT FORCES ARE CONSPIRING TO TEAR US APART AGAIN...

LOOK, SUZIE-- SO LONG AS OL' ROCKY GRIMM, SKY RANGER'S PILOTIN' THIS BUCKET--

--AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA KEEP DA FANTASTIC FOUR APART! SO STRAP YERSELVES IN, FOLKS.

NEXT STOP--

--THE SAVAGE LAND!

SHA-ZOOOOOM!!!

MEANWHILE ON THEIR OWN WAY TO THAT PREHISTORIC PARADISE...

IN-CREDIBLE!

CURRENT WEATHER CONDITIONS PERMITTING--

--WE MIGHT JUST MAKE IT TO THE SOUTH POLE IN LESS THAN A DAY!

WHOOPS. LOOKS LIKE I SPOKE TOO SOON...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

ATTENTION! ALL MAGLEV SHIP CAPTAINS--

--WE'VE GOT INCOMING ATLANTEAN BOGIES AT 6 O'CLOCK!!!!!

ACTIVATE ALL MODIFIED INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL DEFENSE SYSTEMS--

--SEAL OFF ALL ACCESS TO YOUR CARGO HOLDS AND HABITAT RINGS IMMEDIATELY!

SLAM!!!

BE PREPARED, LADIES AND GENTS.

IF YOU'RE BOARDED, EXPECT CLOSE HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT SITUATIONS.

ATLANTEAN INFAMY LIES NOT IN THE SUBTLETY OF THEIR ASSAULTS BUT RATHER THE SAVAGERY.

SO KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, PEOPLE. FOR IF WE FALL TODAY--

--THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE FALLS!

WITH MISTER FANTASTIC'S PORTENTOUS ADMONITION REGOUNDING IN THEIR EARS...

<'DEATH TO THE SURFACE-DWELLERS!!!>*

*TRANSLATED FROM THE ATLANTEAN. PROFESSOR --FELDER

...AND ATLANTIS' MASSIVE AQUAGRIAL ARMADA BEARING DOWN UPON THEM RELENTLESSLY...

ZARK!

...THE GALLANT CAPTAINS OF THIS RAGTAG, FUGITIVE FLEET BRACE THEMSELVES FOR HUMANITY'S LAST STAND.

SHAZAK!

AND WHILE THEIR DESPERATE RETALIATION GIVES THEIR ASSAILANTS PAUSE...

KA-BOOM!

...IT IS, UNFORTUNATELY, LITTLE MORE THAN A TEMPORARY ONE AT BEST!

S.O.S! THE MEDICAL FRIGATE HAS BEEN HIT!

IT'S GOT OVER TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE ABOARD!

WE'RE GOING DOWN!!!

SIT TIGHT, CAPTAIN--

--HELP IS ON THE WAY!

IF I CAN BAIT THESE TWO SHIPS AWAY FROM THE FRIGATE, THAT IS!

<THE LEAD SHIP IS BREAKING AWAY FROM THE FLEET, *GENERAL DAGIM*...>

<A CLEVER *PLOY* TO LURE OUR MARAUDERS *AWAY* FROM THEIR INTENDED TARGET-->

<--BUT REED RICHARDS IS NOT ONE TO ABANDON A SHIP IN DISTRESS.>

<HE WILL DOUBLE-BACK TO AID THEM AS SOON AS HE IS ABLE.>

<BE *PREPARED* TO *FIRE* ON MY MARK...>

<THE WOUNDED FRIGATE IS IN *FIRING RANGE*, GENERAL.>

<YOUR ORDERS, SIR?>

<BID YOUR PEOPLE *FAREWELL*, HUMAN...>

FIRE!!!

<I...I...CAN'T!!! ALL WEAPONS CONTROLS HAVE BEEN *JAMMED*!!!>

<"JAMMED"??? BY *WHOM*???>

BUT BEFORE THE ENSIGN CAN ANSWER...

BA-WHOOM!

<WE ARE *UNDER ATTACK*!!!>

<TACTICAL! GET ME A *VISUAL*!!!>

<THOSE SHIPS BEAR THE MARKINGS OF THE LATVERIAN LUFTWAFFE!>

<THEN THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING-->

THAT YOUR PITIFUL HOLOGRAPHIC RUSE HAS FAILED, DAGIM!

YOUR EMPTY THREATS TO THE FATHERLAND HAVE INCURRED THE WRATH OF A NATION--

--AND NOW, VENGEANCE BELONGS TO DOOM!!!

BEST MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR GODS, HEATHEN--

--FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!!!

DID I NOT TELL YOU, RICHARDS?

WITHOUT LATVERIA--

--THERE IS NO EARTH FOR VICTOR VON DOOM.

TOUCHÉ, VICTOR...

HOW ODD IT IS TO BE FIGHTING ALONGSIDE MY OLDEST NEMESIS.

PERHAPS EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS--

--THERE IS STILL THE SPARK OF SOMETHING GOOD DORMANT WITHIN HIM...

MEANWHILE...

I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...

OY VEY-- WE'VE *REALLY* STEPPED IN IT DIS TIME!

YOU MUST'VE PICKED UP SOME "*ATLANTEAN*" HANGIN' WITH *PRINCE NAMOR* BACK IN THE DAY, SIS--

--WHY DON'TCHA JUST TRY *TALKIN'* TO 'EM?

--I *REPEAT*:

IF YOU DO NOT IDENTIFY YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY--

--YOUR SHIP WILL BE COMMANDEERED *IN THE NAME OF LORD ATTUMA!*

HERE GOES NOTHING...

<*PRITHEE*, WE BEG YOUR SHRIEVENESS-->

<--OUR *OCULAR DEVICE* HATH BEEN *BOLLIXED!*>

<*HA! YOUR DIALECT IS MOST ANCIENT, INDEED-->*

<--BUT I, TOO, AM RATHER FOND OF THE CLASSIC TONGUE!>

<YOU MAY PASS!>

YA DID IT, SUZIE!

LIKE THERE WAS EVER ANY *DOUBT*...

AND IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY...

YOU'VE DONE HUMANITY A GREAT SERVICE TODAY, DOOM.

...TWO OLD ADVERSARIES STAND FACE-TO-FACE ONE LAST TIME.

BUT NOW IT *NEEDS* YOU--I NEED YOU--TO HELP *REBUILD* THIS WORLD.

WE FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE TO CORRECT THE *MISTAKES* WE MADE SO LONG AGO...

I HAVE MADE NO "*MISTAKES*," RICHARDS.

I HAVE EVER CHARTED THE COURSE OF MY LIFE--

--AND NOT *ONCE* HAVE I LOOKED BACK WITH *REGRET*.

I DO NOT INTEND TO START NOW, NOT WHEN THE FUTURE IS AN OPEN BOOK.

BUT FOR YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE I HAVE A WORD OF *WARNING*...

...STEER YOURSELF CLEAR OF THE *SAVAGE LAND*.

THE LUSH *PARADISE* OF YORE HAS SPROUTED SOME NASTY *THORNS* SINCE YOUR ERA.

THESE PEOPLE NEED A PLACE TO *LIVE*--

--AND THAT'S THE ONLY *VIABLE* PIECE OF REAL ESTATE FROM HERE TO KINGDOM COME.

WHAT WOULD *YOU* SUGGEST?

PATIENCE...

FARE-THEE-WELL, *REED RICHARDS*...

WE WILL NOT MEET AGAIN...

KA-ZAP!

KA-BOOM!

BUT BEFORE REED RICHARDS CAN PONDER DOOM'S CRYPTIC PARTING WORDS...

Uhhhhhhh!

BLAST! SHOULDN'T HAVE LET MY GUARD DOWN!

COMPUTER-- DAMAGE REPORT!

GIVE ME A VISUAL DISPLAY!

NOW, DO YOU FINALLY SEE THAT ATTUMA'S IS THE SUPERIOR INTELLECT, RICHARDS?

YOU ARE A COMPETENT TACTICIAN, AT BEST--

--BUT I AM THE MASTER STRATEGIST!

FOR NOT ONLY DOES YOUR SPECIES TEETER ON THE BRINK OF UTTER ANNIHILATION--

--BUT SO DO YOU!!!

WRONG, LOSER!

FOOSH!

WHO DARES --

AAARRGGH!!!

THE HUMAN TORCH DARES!!!

YOU OWE ME BIG TIME FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY FAMILY, ATTUMA--

--AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR IT WITH INTEREST!

FLAME ON!!!

FAWOOF!!!

DON'T FLASH-FRY 'IM TOO FAST, KID--

YOU CANNOT DEFEAT ME, OAF!!!

--I GOT ME A BEEF O' MY OWN TO SETTLE WIT' DIS WATER-LOGGED SONUVAGUN!

MINE IS THE SUPERIOR INTELLECT!!!

SHRIIIP!

YEAH YEAH YEAH. HERE, IF YER SO SMART--

--WHY DON'TCHA TEACH A SCHOOL O' FISH A THING OR TWO?

I'M SURE YA'LL MAKE A BIG SPLASH!!!

NOOOOOO!!!

BEN! JOHNNY!

ARE THEY A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES.

BUT... WHERE'S SUSAN?

WE ARE RECEIVING A COMMUNIQUÉ FROM THE ROYAL PALACE, GENERAL.

THE ROYAL PALACE??? BUT WHO...?

GREETINGS, DAGIM. IT HAS INDEED BEEN A LONG TIME...

MILADY WHISPER! YOU'RE ALIVE!

NEPTUNE TRULY SMILES UPON OUR PEOPLE--

WE HAVE MATTERS TO DISCUSS, DAGIM.

ATLANTIS IS UNDER MY JURISDICTION NOW--

--AND THE ASSAULT ON THE HUMANS SHALL CEASE IMMEDIATELY!

AS YOU WISH MAJESTRIX.

ONCE AGAIN OUR FATES ARE INTERTWINED.

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE ATLANTEAN WARSHIPS BREAK OFF THEIR ATTACK...

...LEAVING THE HUMAN CARAVAN TO CONTINUE ITS SOUTHWARD TREK TO THE SAVAGE LAND...

...AND GIVING A CERTAIN FANTASTIC COUPLE THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO SOME MUCH DESIRED CATCH-UP.

AWWW... AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

YOU SAID IT, BEN!

FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN *AGES*, DOESN'T IT, OLD FRIEND?

YEAH, REED-- IT'S BEEN *WAY TOO LONG*...

SO, YA REALLY THINK DIS BURG'S ***BIG ENOUGH*** FER CIVILIZATION TO HANG ITS HAT, HUH, "MR. WIZARD"?

ACTUALLY, BEN-- I *DON'T*.

THE SAVAGE LAND IS *VAST*, BUT ITS RESOURCES ARE TOO LIMITED TO SUPPORT US FOR LONG.

THAT'S WHY I'M LEAVING EARTH FOR ALCHEMAX'S *ARES COLONY*... ON MARS.

THE ODDS OF MY MAKING IT BACK ARE *SLIM*, BUT I HAVE TO AT LEAST *TRY*.

"LEAVING EARTH"??? "MARS"??? *CRIPES!*

YA JUST BEEN REUNITED WIT' YER BEAUTIFUL WIFE AND NOW YA WANNA FLY OFF INTA SPACE???

WHY DON'TCHA LET *SOMEONE ELSE* PLAY THE ***HERO*** THIS TIME?

IT'S NOT LIKE I GOT A FAMILY OF MY OWN T'LOOK AFTER...

BUT *WE* ARE YOUR FAMILY, BENJAMIN--

--AND THERE'RE TOO MANY MISTAKES I *REGRET* HAVING MADE--

--TOO MANY THINGS THAT I CAN DO FOR YOU *NOW*.

THE FUTURE'S AN *OPEN BOOK*...

IT'S OKAY, REED. I KNOW WHAT YER TRYIN' T'SAY...

--BUT I DON'T ***BLAME*** YA FER MAKIN' ME INTA DA MAN I AM TODAY.

AS A MATTER O' FACT--

--I *OWE* YA FOR IT.

A FEW SLEEPLESS NIGHTS LATER...

ME AN' THE *X-NATION* KIDS ARE READY T'GO, REED--

--WE'RE JUST WAITIN' FER *FATHER JENNIFER* T'QUIT ARGUIN' WIT' *SPIDER-MAN* AND GET ON BOARD...

--BUT YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT'S UP THERE!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE AIM TO *FIND OUT, MIGUEL.*

THIS IS SO *SHOCKIN' COOL*-- DON'TCHA THINK, *SMITH?*

I THINK YOU'RE MAKING A *HUUUGE* MISTAKE, *JENNY!*

IF WE EVEN GET OFF THE GROUND, *DECEMBER...*

DON'T SWEAT IT, KID--

--WE'LL BE THERE BEFORE YA CAN SAY "THE YANCEY STREET GANG'S A BUNCHA PANTYWAISTS!"

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S MAKING A *MISTAKE, MIGGY--*

--GOOD-BYE!

SPLAT!

HEY! JENNY! WAIT!!!

MEN!

Hoo-boy.

READY, BIG FELLA?

YUP. KINDA REMINDS ME OF A CERTAIN JOYRIDE DA FOUR OF US TOOK WAY BACK WHEN...

FUNNY... I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING.

"GODSPEED TO YOU, OL' BUDDY..."

BUT JUST AS THESE FIVE INTREPID ADVENTURERS ROCKET THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE...

...BLASTING OFF INTO THE COLD, DARK VOID OF SPACE...

ZOOOOOM!!!

WHAT THE DEUCE???

SOMETHING'S GONE HORRIBLY WRONG!!!

THE ORBITING SATELLITE ISN'T REGISTERING THE SHIP'S SIGNAL ANYMORE!

LET ME TRY INVERTING THE *BANDWIDTH* AT THE SAME TIME AS I NARROW IT--

--THERE!

I'VE... FOUND... THEM.

OH, NO...

WANNA KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT??? CHECK OUT 2099: THE WORLD OF TOMORROW-- ON SALE NEXT MONTH AND YOU'LL FIND OUT!!!

THE FUTURE BEGINS AGAIN!

2099 WORLD OF DOOM SPECIAL

2099 IS DOOMED

Doom.

It's more than just an edict to the great unwashed masses. It is a name with which to be reckoned—a legacy left over from the 20th century. A pronouncement of all that is and is to come.

It also is the word that describes the name of the man who—this month—has either become America's greatest savior in the year 2099, or its greatest oppressor. For it is in the year of 2099 that the man named Doom will finally achieve his greatest victory: he will take over the United States of America.

According to Joey Cavalieri, who heads up the 2099 Universe, Doom has staged a bloodless *coup d'état* and set himself up as President of the U.S. because he (Doom) feels that the U.S. is the single greatest threat to his kingdom of Latveria, and the only way he can ensure the safety of his own people is to control the U.S. Needless to say, his actions will have resounding repercussions throughout the 2099 Universe. "One of the ironies that we hope to bring out," Cavalieri stated, "is, despite the fact that Doom is this fascist dictator who's ruling America with an iron hand, certain quality-of-life issues are starting to *improve*."

Included among those improvements are better police protection (citizens will no longer have to pay to be protected by the rent-a-cops); the establishing of a certain degree of justice (Black Cards that have allowed the rich to buy their way out of jail will be eliminated); cleaning up of the air and water (Environmental Maintenance Platforms will hover over every city in America); and the elimination of the Red Market (the buying and selling of humans for scientific experimentation). According to Cavalieri, Doom has, over the past several months,been marshaling his forces, finances, and resources, taking ever more bold steps in this direction.

While it is true that, in 2099, America has been ruled more by corporate entities whose world headquarters are housed on U.S. soil than by its politicians, it Is precisely *because* of this that Doom has been able to take control of the country. His successes began when he firmly re-established his hold on Latveria, after which he took control of both Alchemax's sky island of Valhalla and the information databanks on the island nation of Myridia. Doom finally attracted the services of a contingent of cybergliders who then enabled him to attach America's finances, freeze everybody out, and work his way in.

Once in charge of the U.S. he immediately will begin to affect changes in the way the country is run. Ghost Rider is going to be deputized by Doom, to become the sheriff of Transverse City, and this is just *one* of the many ripples that affect all of the 2099 Universe. Now that Doom has established himself as political head of the U.S. he will wind up the head of Alchemax and the various other corporate multi-nationals.

A brief rundown of some of the immediate changes that will be occurring throughout the 2099 titles follows.

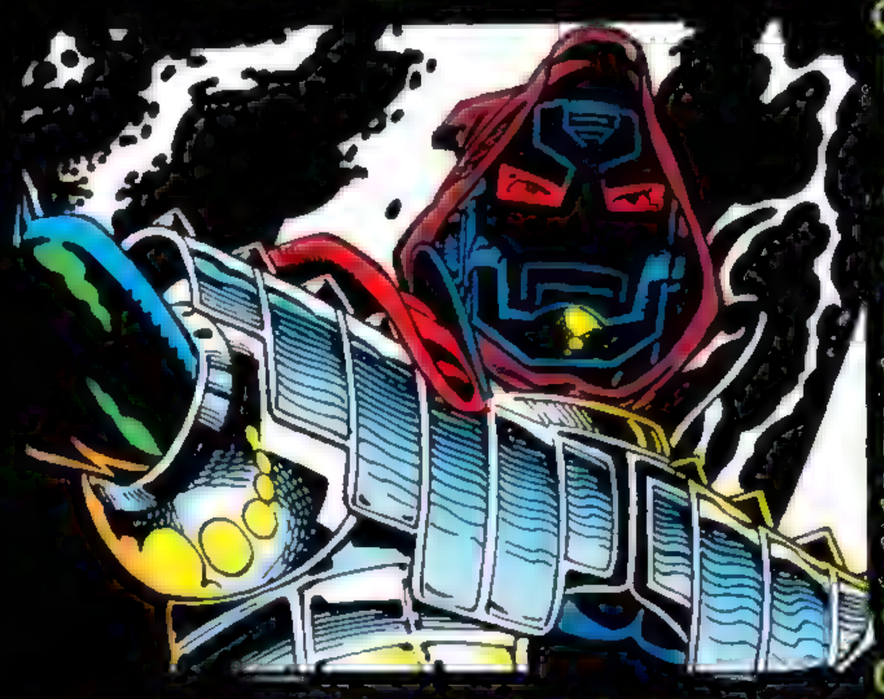
According to Warren Ellis, who is crafting Doom's takeover of the U.S., Doom is a megalomaniacal dictator who does the things he does because he is Doom, and therefore has the *right* to do such. Doom sees himself as the beloved benefactor and patron of his people, and therefore

Doom

"One of the ironies that we hope to bring out is,

he has the right to do whatever it takes to ensure their safety. "Much of what has happened in 2099 has been giving Doom what he wants," 2099 Group Editor Joey Cavalieri elaborated, "and he's always wanted control of America, so we gave it to him." Ellis chimed in that, even though Doom is not one to lightly put his trust in others, he has installed Fortune as titular head of Latveria because, "He trusts Fortune to put the welfare of the Latverian people first, as would Doom."

He appoints a mutant to his Black Cabinet, named Morphine Somers, to become the Minister of Humanity, who will eventually spin out into THE X-MEN 2099. Ellis described Somers as a twentysomething, slacker, cyberpunk with a shirt sporting a picture of Professor X and the legend, "Charley don't surf." John Moore, who will inherit Somers when the character crosses over into The X-MEN, stated that "Doom gets this guy and says, 'Look, there was never anybody more human than Charles Xavier, so I've created this Ministry of Humanity to eliminate genetic classes in the U.S.' So that's Doom's agenda concerning mutants."



Spider-Man

Peter David, scribe of SPIDER-MAN 2099, revealed that the futuristic webhead will be flip-flopping roles with the alter-ego Miguel O'Hara. "Miguel O'Hara doesn't trust Doom, but Miguel doesn't trust *anybody*. In terms of Spider-Man, it will be really nice for him to be able to help people without having to cover up his trail. To a certain extent he will be redefining his place in society." David pointed out that it was the oppressive nature of Alchemax that helped create Spider-Man, and fostered his need to strike out and strike back against the *status quo*.

He went on to say that one of the major effects of Doom's takeover of the U.S. in general, and of Alchemax in particular, is that it will free up Spider-Man from having to fight off constant threats from Alchemax goons, and he will become sort of a Captain America figure in Doom's makeover of the country. "Now for the first time Spider-Man will be using his powers for one reason only–humanitarian concerns, which is really not a bad situation to be in." Meanwhile, while Spidey becomes more visible, Miguel will essentially "go underground" within Alchemax, attempting to discover what Doom is all about and using the company's own systems to thwart whatever it is. "He's going to be working both sides of the fence," David commented. "He will, however, be in a somewhat ironic situation, in that since there are always people in opposition to the status quo, there will now start to arise people who rebel against the notion of Doom, and now Spider-Man finds himself on the wrong side. Or is he on the wrong side?"

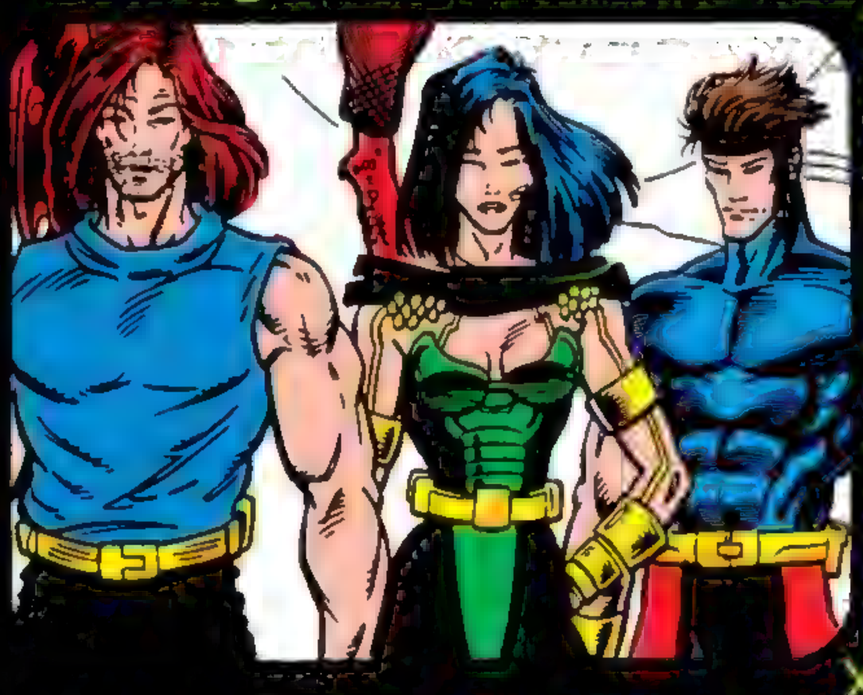
Doom will immediately clean up the trade in the Red Market, which, according to X-writer John Moore, is "the illegal and not-so-illegal trade and sale of human beings as commodities for scientific experiments, as guinea pigs, and into out-and-out slavery." Moore went on to say that mutants are valued on the Red Market because of their genetic

X-Men

despite the fact that Doom is this fascist dictator

anomalies. Doom will attempt to prevent the exploitation of these mutants, as well as the failed gengineering experiments, known as the degens. "It's a victory for humans who are treated like animals," Moore stated.

Moore indicated that leading up to X-MEN 2099 #25, he will be dealing with the Red Market and the assault on a particularly nasty segment of the Market run by the fringe group The Theater of Pain. Eventually, Doom will establish a separate city-state for mutants in the middle of the U.S.; this city-state will actually arise out of the mutant refugee camps already there (#s 27-28), and will come to house not only the mutants, but the degens and other human discards that have been spit out of "regular" society. "This will become a much bigger and much more officially sanctioned version of what Xi'an was doing with the archeology (at the beginning of issue #1)." Eventually, this city-state will come under the control of Morphine Somers, who will turn out to have his own agenda, and is *far less* altruistic than he originally appears.



"I'm going to deal less with the specifics of Doom's America in the X-MEN plots from #s 21-25, although it will be in the background, and then deal more specifically with it in #25-28, which will deal with the refugee camps." He then went on to say that Las Vegas is going to become a quarantine fallout zone from an experiment that Halloween Jack has initiated, which cause the physical laws of another dimension to become imposed on the Las Vegas area. "It's sort of *Mr. Toad's Wild Ride*," Moore stated. Part of the repercussions of this experiment will causes Doom to come to an accord with Jack, who becomes the mad king of Las Vegas. Moore also intoned that a character previously thought dead will be revived and installed as a West Coast operative of Doom.

The Hulk

Right from the get-go, Doom's presence in America will be very strongly felt in the Hulk's book. "The Hulk is protecting Lotusland Entertainment," writer Gerry Jones outlined, "which is a movie studio that is now starting to do some anti-corporate, populist propaganda, and the Hulk is helping out with that. When Doom comes along, though, he ends up maneuvering them (Lotusland Entertainment) into aligning with him, so the Hulk quits in disgust and goes underground, spearheading an underground, anti-Doom army." Jones continued by describing the Hulk of 2099 as an anti-authoritarian character who doesn't trust a dictator even if he's supposed to be benevolent. "Within a few issues he's going to be an underground guerrilla fighter."

As depicted in the Hulk's adventures, Southern California is a very chaotic area, with numerous people jockeying for power. According to Jones, Alchemax never really got Southern California under its control, so, prior to Doom's *coup d'état* it seemed as if it were possible for some more enlightened things to be achieved in the LA basin. The problem presented by Doom is that he has the wherewithal to actually dominate that area, thus closing down this final frontier of personal freedom-something he is very likely to do.

who's ruling America with an iron hand, certain

"Lotusland has also developed an opinion-shaping, gamma-radiation technology that has the potential to affect any person's perceptions and opinions, and Doom wants this for obvious political reasons."

Under Doom, Jake Gallows–the Punisher of 2099–will be granted official sanction to set up an elite special police force (The Punishment Police) to deal more effectively and straightforwardly with the rich Black Carders who attempt to utilize their wealth and power to circumvent the law. Gallows' activities have become revealed to the Public Eye by Doom, but instead of being punished, he is congratulated and allowed to reorganize SHIELD, with himself the head of a special cadre who answer only to Gallows, and go after the cybernostra mobsters.

Punisher

Thus, what comes to pass is the Punisher's fondest dream and everybody else's worst nightmare, as the Punisher and his corps are allowed to drag reputed crime bosses from their homes in the dead of night and execute them on the street without benefit of a court trial. As one of the creators who helped develop Judge Dredd, Pat Mills feels that PUNISHER 2099 will finally achieve the potential that Dredd never could. "There were certain things that we simply weren't allowed to do with Dredd that we can do with the Punisher." While this may sound like the way to win back the city for the righteous, Mills admits that therein lies the rub. "The whole nature of what he's doing is ultimately dubious."

Tony Skinner, who co-writes RAVAGE and PUNISHER with Pat Mills, acknowledged that one of the most permanent aspects of Doom's takeover will be an all-out confrontation between Ravage and Doom. For, as Doom leads an assault on Hellrock—a toxic island in the middle of the Atlantic where Ravage and his fellow mutates are holed up—Doom opts to attempt to simply remove them from the picture rather than waste his time and energies fighting them. Hence, Doom simply opens a dimensional portal, giving Ravage and his hoard (who have been looking for this mythical "Valley of the Beast" for some time) the "option" to walk through, never to be seen again. This turn of events occurs in RAVAGE 2099 #33 which is the final episode of the series.

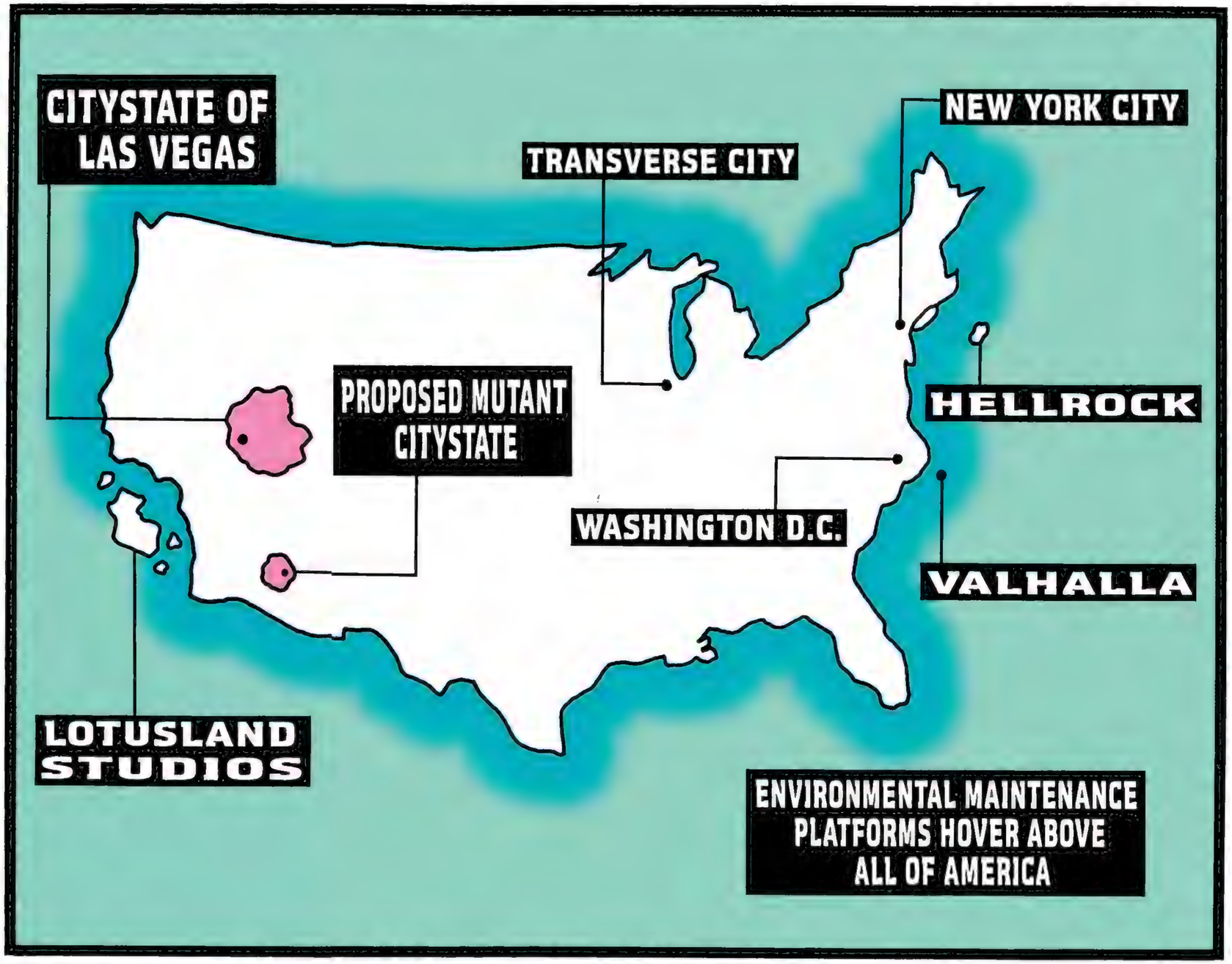
Ravage

Concluding his assessment of Doom's takeover of America Cavalieri stated, "I should point out that this is an event on the level of an earthquake or a general election, not a crossover *per se*. What this *is* is an attempt to pull the rug out from under the 2099 Universe and start over in a big way."

By the time the year 2099 comes around for real, freelance writer Robert J. Sodaro will be quite old.

quality-of-life issues are starting to improve."

AMERICA UNDER DOOM



Brave New World—Aldous Huxley, 1932
It Can't Happen Here—Sinclair Lewis, 1935
Gentlemen's Agreement—Laura Z. Hobson, 1953
The Man in the High Castle—Philip K. Dick, 1962

All these books warned America that in its soporific complacency lay its doom. And in 2099 A.D., the warning has been fulfilled.

America the Beautiful, the Home of the Free and Land of the Brave, has fallen to the Latverian dictator, Dr. Doom.

Impossible? Fiction?

Oh, really?

VIOLENT PRECEDENT

Ever since the first prehistoric nomads crossed the ice—bridge that later became the Bering Strait, America has been ripe for the taking. Those Aleutian nomads wandered down the North American continent, eventually settling the lush Great Plains and giving rise to the early Indian civilizations. Later, Lief Erickson's Viking explorers would establish landholds on the northeast coast of what would later become Canada and the state of Maine. As years passed, and adventurous men such as Columbus, Magellan, and Drake discovered more of the New World, the monarchies of Europe claimed great sections of the continent, hoping to turn untouched wilderness and virgin resources into coffers of gold. . .and power.

The first European settlers were English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese fur trappers who established small trading posts along the coast and inner rivers. Then followed still more trappers, planters, and merchants. (America was not considered as a refuge for religious freedom until the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century—and even those who sought release from persecution were granted the right to settle in America on condition that they continue to trade with the mother country).

The European presence continued to spread, and its driving force was money and power. Wars sprouted, bloomed, and died as cultures clashed over who would control the rich bank of American resources. The French and Indian War, the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Indian Wars, the Texas War of Independence, the Spanish-American WarPthe United States came to maturity under the duress of individual men and women who *demanded* the right to control the stakes.

In unity, however, there is strength . . .and still more profit. Starting in the mid-1900s, the idea of incorporation as a means to attain great wealth and power took hold and expanded exponentially—so that by 2099, the U.S.A. has become, in reality, the "C.S.A."Pthe Corporate States of America.

TO HAVE OR HAVE NOT

ALCHEMAX is the largest of these corporations, holding sway over the Eastern seaboard megalopolis of Washington—New York—Boston. Its seat of power is New York, home to Spider-Man 2099, and a place of the "haves" and the "have-nots." The "haves" live in the high-tech, ultra-sophisticated, ultra-skyscrapers that are built on and tower over the darker concrete canyons of the old city, where the "have-nots" struggle to survive.

Off-shore from Montauk Point, on the easternmost tip of Long Island is *Hellrock*, a toxic dumping ground where the society's worst reprobates are sent to do time. In this cesspool of humanity and humanity's drippings, Ravage 2099 struggles to survive and do what is right—an uphill battle all the way.

Although Washington, D.C. still exists, the government of the United States sits high above it in the floating city of *Valhalla*, sometimes called "Libera Cielo," which translates to "clear sky."

Dirty politics, gang warfare, and a struggling underclass combine to make *Transverse City*, south of Old Detroit, a dark underside of 2099 American life, and the perfect hellhole for Ghost Rider 2099 to seek vengeance.

The vast, rolling, empty stretches of the *Great American Southwest* have always been where men and women could test their moral fiber and integrity against the elements, a desert where the law lay on the side of the strongest and quickest. It's the place—in the controlled corporate society of 2099—in which the outcast heroes the X-Men have established their clandestine base of operations.

Las Vegas has long been a symbol of the baser aspects of humanity, and in 2099 it continues to be the nexus of the sins of man. Run by Halloween Jack, Las Vegas has become an independent and surrealistic city-state, with its own rules and bylaws.

When "The Big One" finally hit *California*, early in the century, the quake sent most of the southern section of the state sliding into the sea. However, a portion of Los Angeles survived—as an island. The studio and media moguls of Old Hollywood formed *Lotusland Studios*, a gigantic entertainment and communications corporation responsible for the production of everything the citizens read and watch. Lotusland is also the home base of Hulk 2099.

But America proved to *still* be ripe for the taking, and so Dr. Doom took it.

Now absolute dictator of the country, Doom has disincorporated all previous economical and political holdings. Alchemax, Hellrock, Transverse City, Lotusland, Libera Cielo are no more. Understanding human psychology, Doom has allowed Halloween Jack to continue his nefarious leadership of Las Vegas, which will remain independent within Doom's empire. But even Jack will pay a price for his freedom. It only remains to be seen *how*.

As for the heroes of 2099 in this brave, new world?

Only time will tell.

*Writer **Mindy Newell**, best known for her Catwoman mini-series for DC, has been in the comic industry since 1984 and an editor for Marvel's Special Projects division since 1990. Mindy is currently pursuing her writing career.*

AMERICA, O 'TIS OF

WARREN ELLIS GIVES A GUIDED TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES OF DOOM

For the record, according to **DOOM 2099's** new writer — Warren Ellis — Dr. Doom's conquest of the United States in 2099 is *not* his fault. *Well, not entirely.*

"For months, everyone has been blaming me for this," he said, his British accent erupting with laughter when he is called the "major architect" of the plot. "At the 2099 [creators'] conference [last year], all the other writers rode in, spoiling for a fight: 'Where is this English guy who hasn't even written an issue of this yet, and he's messing with our lives.' All I said to Joey [Cavalieri, 2099 group editor] when I took over the book was I wanted to make it even more political and apocalyptic. Then he rang me up a few days later saying, 'We've just had one of those Marvel 17-hour business lunches and we've come up with this really great idea; could Doom take over America?' I thought about this for

Warren Ellis by Steve Pugh

moment, realized I was probably working for the wrong people, and said, 'Sure, he could.' They said, 'OK, work it up.'"

None of this should lead anyone to believe, however, that the 26-year-old writer is unhappy with the prospect of "President Victor Von Doom." On the contrary, he expressed delight; it's just that, in his words, "No sane person rings you up and asks if your comic's character could take over a large subcontinent. I'm sorry, it just *doesn't* happen. *I* usually do this to editors. *I* ring up editors, and say, 'Hey, my guy's going to kill Satan next issue. Is that OK?' And *they* run off screaming. *It doesn't happen to me.*"

Ellis's swift rise, his becoming one of Marvel's most sought-after writers, seems based entirely on his ability to create wonderfully devastating takes on familiar characters. When asked why he prefers to explore darker themes in his writing, he postulated that the reason might be as simple as the old adage, "Write about what you know." He offered, "I simply find it more interesting. I don't know anyone who doesn't have large shadows cast across their life. Maybe this simply suggests I know the wrong people."

As regular writer on **HELLSTORM (#12-on)**, he ripped the skin off all previous Daimon Hellstorm incarnations and remade the book into a singularly shadowy and powerful descent into darkness. In his first issue since becoming regular scribe for **EXCALIBUR**, he excavated a dark side to Kitty Pryde as the Soul Sword reasserted itself, with America's sweetest mutant as its mistress. He has been entrusted with a four-issue "major re-vamp" of **THOR** coming in 1995, and is resurrecting another of Marvel's darkest characters, **DRUID**, for a regular monthly comic launching in March, edited by Marie Javins. An Ellis-penned **SATANA** one-shot to be penciled by Steve Pugh is in the works; he wrote the 1994 **GHOST RIDER** annual, and filled in on **GHOST RIDER #55**. And in **ASHES**, a two-issue painted miniseries (a la **MARVELS**), he has planned the ultimate, twisted spin on the **WHAT IF** series, "*What if everything* in the Marvel Universe went wrong."

His list of credits, teamed with his "Metalscream 2099" shorts, in **2099 UNLIMITED**, made Cavalieri's choice of Ellis to write **DOOM 2099** seem a natural. Indeed, Ellis supposed that Cavalieri asked him in the first place, "obviously believing I would have some understanding of a complete megalomaniac bastard."

Whether the U.S. takeover was his idea or not, Ellis's plans for **DOOM 2099** are equally "apocalyptic," and unhampered by the usual need for crossover coordination among writers, he will have a lot of rein to explore them. Only **RAVAGE 2099** will *directly* cross over with one issue of **DOOM 2099**, though every 2099 title will be impacted. Ellis does, though, get a chance to

have fun with guest appearances by Jake Gallows, better known as the Punisher 2099, when Doom appoints him as the head of the "new state-owned" police force, S.H.I.E.L.D. Gallows' title will aptly be "Minister of Punishment," although Ellis said calling the agency S.H.I.E.L.D. was not his idea.

Even before Cavalieri's phone call, Ellis said, he was fascinated by the "political science fiction" elements of the series under first writer John Moore's groundbreaking dominion on the book. All the way back to Doom's origins in the 1960s, Latveria's armored dictator's tendency towards evil — like that of Magneto — has been tempered by shades of gray. And Moore's Doom — or more correctly, the man who believes himself to be Victor Von Doom transported a century into the future — has been portrayed as a visionary genius and anti-hero with questionable motives, rather than as the ruthless super-villain known to most recent Marvel readers.

"Doom, at heart, is a revolutionary, and there's no such thing as a revolutionary who's all bad," Ellis offered. "Even [the French Revolution's] Robespierre had a couple of good ideas. He was a barking lunatic whose hobby was lopping people's heads off, but he had a few good ideas. Doom's very first detailed act in the Marvel Universe was when he took control of Latveria from a bunch of calcified aristocratic types, presumably around the mid-'50s. Doom may do monstrous things, but he is *not* a monster."

As for how his characterization of Doom differs from that of John Moore, he noted, "I basically did my own take on what John had been doing, though John's Doom is probably a lot more mellow than mine. The Doom I'm writing is capable of very, very extreme angst. Sometimes, it's a loss of self-control, but most often it is directed towards getting a reaction. Everything he does is a political act."

Doom's actual takeover of the USA — all jokes aside — Ellis added, was inevitable. All that was necessary was to take the strands of already established action and braid them together. "To be honest, it probably began at the start. There was a structure that John Moore had in his early DOOM 2099s, all through the initial revolution, which was that [Doom] would go to a place for a secret reason. He would have an ostensible reason for visiting, but he would come away with a scrap of knowledge or a piece of technology or some kind of intelligence, and you assumed he was putting it to good use, but you never actually saw it again. I assumed that from the start, once Doom had wrested control of Latveria away from Tyger Wylde, that he had a game plan. The game plan was this — all this intelligence he has been gathering was to be directed towards *one* purpose, *the eventual takeover of America.* The obvious threads are laid in #26, but I consider everything he has done previously to be leading up to this."

At least, the EMPs will run on time.

Ellis's Doom completely ignores the formality of even a mock election; "he assumes the presidency by right of revolution, which can be overturned by Congress. Of course, he thoughtfully has Congress bombed."

A "less mellow Doom," however, does not mean that Doom the revolutionary will not be doing some *good* things along the way. Indeed, Ironically, Ellis revealed, many of his actions as president may be preferable to the policies of the corporations, like Alchemax, that had run the East Coast cities. "The one thing to remember through all this is Doom can run America better than the Americans can at this point. He's far more benign than this loose conglomerate of mega-corporations could ever be. It's going to be repressive and nasty, and things are going to happen that are going to frighten people — Doom is not a man who engenders trust and comfort in people — but yeah, he's going to do a better job of running it than the mega-corps ever will."

Indeed, much of Doom's impetus for the overthrow may be environmental. "He is always thinking of Latveria," Ellis explained. "He wants Latveria to survive, but in order for Latveria to survive, he has to save Latveria from the world, which means he has to save the world from itself. He must be the architect of a new peace, and the biggest threat to the continued existence of the planet in 2099 is America. Therefore, he must begin by saving America from itself, actively restructuring the country."

For example, one very visible result of Doom's domination will be the relaunch of a fleet of Environmental Maintenance Platforms (EMPs), seen in earlier issues of DOOM 2099 but discontinued by the corporations. Already in #26, Doom has launched a fleet of these "big, floating things with propellers" over Latveria to monitor the environment, cleanse the air of pollutants, and regulate the climate and ozone layer. The proliferation of EMPs, according to Ellis, "will irreparably change the landscape of America. Every time you look up at a city building, you won't be able to miss these things happening in the sky. Everywhere you look, there will be the sign that Doom has been there."

At Doom's side, so to speak, is his top presidential aide, Wire, who came back from the dead "in fine old comics tradition" in a new body (in #27 — he died in #24). The glib, smart-talking Internet surfer now has two bodies: a physical one into which Doom has revived him, and a cyberspace one. This duality allows him to be Doom's secret link to the other-reality of cyberspace, which in the 2099 universe has advanced to the point that landmass domination means little without a sharp ear to virtual reality.

Unfortunately, Ellis added, Wire has not been unaffected by his own death and rebirth. "He's something of a loose cannon because, unfortunately, he has recently gone completely mad. Thanks to this wonderful 'get out of jail free' card that Duke Stratosphere gave him, he's been existing in cyberspace as mind without meat — pure mind. In the interim, he had been shacking up with Paloma, whom I refer to in my notes as a 'cyber goddess' and probably the most powerful single functioning artificial intelligence within cyberspace. She actually has some kind of supernatural pull upon the physics of cyberspace. Then he's pulled back into a new body in order to become a servant to Doom, and the transfer has left him quite blisteringly insane."

Doom's other main sidekick, Fortune, will fare far worse. Angered at her entering the employ of the cyber-generated Neon Angel [#24], Doom has left her behind to rule Latveria and, according to Ellis, she will stay there for an unspecified future. "He says, 'You've betrayed me, hmmm, what do I do with you? Make too much of a mess to shoot you in here. I know, I'll just leave you behind, and if you do it again, I'll chop your head off or something.'"

As for Poet, Ellis said only that he is dead, and will remain so. Ellis is no stranger to the cyberpunk alternate reality planes in which Wire and Fortune are caught and to which Doom has traversed several times. Indeed, his first break in comics was a cyberpunk serial called "Virtual Kiss," which appeared in a British newsstand magazine called *Blast.* His first graphic novel/mini-series, *Lazarus Churchyard* (Tundra UK), about a man with a death wish but who could not die, also displayed a cyberpunk edge. And some other cyberpunkish "strips" he wrote four years ago will finally be printed in an upcoming issue of *Heavy Metal.*

"I followed the old 'Mirrorshades' movement for years," he said, referring to a groundbreaking fiction anthology that has become synonymous with the cyberpunk literary movement led by science fiction writer William Gibson *(Neuromancer).* "They continue to be an influence, but cyberpunk has become so generic now that I'm constantly trying to find new notes to strike with it, trying to find new takes on it."

Forget America. Ellis takes over Marvel Comics.

His influences, however, are much wider. In terms of comics, as a child, he read mostly British-produced material, but he was aware of the Fantastic Four and Dr. Doom. He remembers in particular British comics versions of U.S. TV shows like *The Six Million Dollar Man.*

"When British artists and writers got hold of these characters, something different happened. They were utterly drug-soaked, absolutely psychedelic, very strange takes on traditional TV characters." Then in 1977, on his ninth birthday, the first issue of Britain's quintessential dark, futuristic adventure comic — *2000 AD* — hit newsstands, starring Judge Dredd.

Like fellow British comics writers Alan *[Watchmen]* Moore and Neil *[Sandman, Alice Cooper]* Gaiman, Ellis's influences run the entire creative gamut. "It's a case of leaving yourself open to absolutely everything, reading voraciously and anything, absolutely anything," he stressed. "If you read only science fiction, you're not going to write good science fiction. You have to read everything. Just look at what I've got on the desk here — a book on the Mafia super-trials, a book on film noir, and a book of Lester Bangs' music journalism — and all three of those have actually ended up in the last two **DOOM** scripts. I think the big trick in writing is probably not to concentrate exclusively on writing. If you can't bring something from real life into your work, then you're not a writer, you're probably just a typist."

Indeed, one of Ellis's ambitions at some point is to actually pen a book on how to write comics. "There are a couple out here [in England], but somehow they've managed not to have been written by people who write comics professionally. Something like that might have some use. It might just be utter arrogance talking, but it strikes me that if there is to be a book on writing comics, then maybe it should be written by someone who writes comics professionally rather than some wannabe working out of a shed somewhere."

Ellis actually prefers to write full script versus "Marvel-style," in which a writer creates a plot, the penciler draws the pages and sends them back to the writer, who then writes the script. For all his Marvel projects, including **DOOM 2099**, he makes the full-script style a condition upon his taking on the assignment, although he invites his artists to discuss any point with him, he said. The language barrier unfortunately prevented Ellis from having the collaboration he would have liked with Argentinean Leonardo Manco on **HELLSTORM**, but he said that he would like to have a closer contact with **DOOM 2099** artist Pat Broderick. "*Not* having contact with artists is something I'm not used to. If I have asked for something that can't be drawn, I'd like it if the artist rung me up and said, 'I can't draw this; no one can draw this — can we do this instead?' Then we could work something out."

Because Moore did his run on **DOOM 2099** in Marvel style, however, Ellis did end up scripting two issues [#24 and #25] that he did not plot. The funny thing, Ellis observed, was that he had already written #26 and #27, so it was like going backwards. "[John] had run out of time for the dialoging phase, and at that point I was pretty much the only other person who had written **DOOM**. They asked me to basically pinch-hit for John and produce the dialogue for those two issues, which was hellishly difficult. I had only worked Marvel-style twice before, but because the plot and art had already been produced, these pages were just sitting there waiting for the dialogue stage. It was weird. The idea of actually writing the dialogue for someone else's story was new for me."

Ellis's career has been one of hard work and dues, and recently as 1992, things were not so good for him. Even during his first breaks with "Virtual Kiss" and *Lazarus Churchyard*, he says he was barely scraping by to make a living from his writing. Before that, in the mid-to-late '80s, he held what he describes as "all the disgusting jobs that look so good on the dust-jacket of the first novel. You always see a picture of some big manly writer, 19-stone [266 lb.] in a lumberjack shirt, and there's a list of his jobs — toilet cleaner, dung shoveler. It's like the writer has had this marvelous life of privation and danger and all before they settled down and became a writer. I've done all that, stacked peat and dung for a living, ran a bar. . ."

When a bookshop he was managing went out of business in 1990, he fortuitously sold his first written work to a small British independent comics publisher called Trident. "I thought, 'I'm not going back on the dole' [British equivalent of welfare], because I'd already done two years on the dole and it's soul-crushing," he recalled. "'To hell with it, I'm either going to make a living off the writing or I'm going to starve and die.' So I starved and nearly died for two years or so."

His first hint at what it was like to have even meager financial security was when he sold *Lazarus Churchyard* to Tundra UK in 1991, but the young company was unable to make a satisfactory profit and swiftly went out of business. Ellis found himself calling up every comics connection he could think of, willing to do any work that was available. Just when he was resigned to having to take another dead-end job, he received a call from DC Comics Editor Archie Goodwin asking to buy a Batman story he had submitted two years before. "On the strength of that, I rang up Marvel," he said. "I got my first job from Marvel, and things have snowballed from there."

Ironically, that first Marvel assignment — an eight-page short for an **AKIRA** tribute one-shot — never saw print, but Ellis has had no complaints. After all, he is getting to play with some of the most popular comics characters in the business. For example, one of the most fun aspects of working on **EXCALIBUR** has been getting to mess up the characters caught in the chaos of the recent "Age of Apocalypse" plotline. "I got to do something with Nightcrawler that occurred to me as soon as I started writing the character," he said. "[It was] one of those stupid little ideas that occur to you at two in the morning — why doesn't he use his teleportation as a weapon. At one point, someone is picking a fight with him, and someone waves a finger at him. He grabs that finger and then teleports five feet away taking the finger with him. It would seem to me very obvious."

Today Ellis lives in a house built in the 1920s, that he bought recently in South End on Sea — a seaside resort town just south of London in the county of Essex. He lives there with his girlfriend and "three cats, two rats, a chipmunk, two rabbits, and a guinea pig, all of which are hers." At the time of the interview it wasn't quite as late as the Nightcrawler brainstorm, but nearly midnight as he was sitting at his desk, still planning a few more hours of writing before turning in. "I very rarely start work before midday, and for the last two weeks I haven't finished much before two in the morning."

As for Doom, the man behind the armor and mask in 2099, he is unsure of his identity — an issue which Ellis says he'll leave hanging until at least issue #38 — "as far as I'm concerned, he's convinced he's Victor Von Doom, and that's good enough for me." Warren Ellis, however, is certain that he is a writer, and while two novels he has planned and possible forays into television script-writing and journalism remain goals for the future, for now he will be developing his own dark take on Doom and whichever other Marvel characters get thrown his way.

Freelance journalist Anya Martin has interviewed numerous literary purveyors of darkness from Clive Barker to Anne Rice. Her essay on the rock 'n' roll/horror connection, "Rocking the Midnight Hour" will be reprinted in Splatterpunks II: Over the Edge, HOR, 1[illegible]

DRESSING THE TROOPS

ONE NATION UNDER DOOM necessitates a frightening new atmosphere for the 2099 books. Group Editor Joey Cavalieri and Associate Editor Matt Morra began a search for an artist who could design the intimidating "neo-fascist" costumes of Jake (The Punisher) Gallows, **S.H.I.E.L.D.** troops, and members of the Punishment Police. They wanted someone who has, according to Morra, "a sense of evil; someone who could make it look *rude*."

During a 2099 writers' conference, writer Pat Mills suggested Kevin O'Neill, with whom he had produced *Metalzoic* for DC and **MARSHAL LAW** for Epic, Marvel's creator-owned imprint. "Joey and I instantly agreed," Morra said. "Nobody can make evil look more evil than Kevin O'Neill. It's a God-given gift."

The editors' instincts proved correct. "As soon as we opened the package [of O'Neill's initial sketches], we knew we hired the right man. He brings to this a wonderful design sense. Forget super hero; he's got a different slant on things," Morra noted.

Kevin O'Neill's background differs from many comic book artists. Born just outside of London in Eltham, England in 1953, he grew up drawing as a hobby and dreamed of a career in comics *animation*. He was never formally trained as an artist, but took a job in the seventies as an office boy in the comics division of IPC Magazine, a British publishing conglomerate. There, he eventually worked on humor strips and was introduced to Mills, the creator of a weekly comic called *2000 A.D.* They hit it off and teamed up to freelance for two other comics, *Ro-Busters* and *Nemesis Warlock*.

During a phone conversation, O'Neill discussed his approach to designing the new look for Jake Gallows, the Punishment Police, and for the *S.H.I.E.L.D.* agents of 2099.

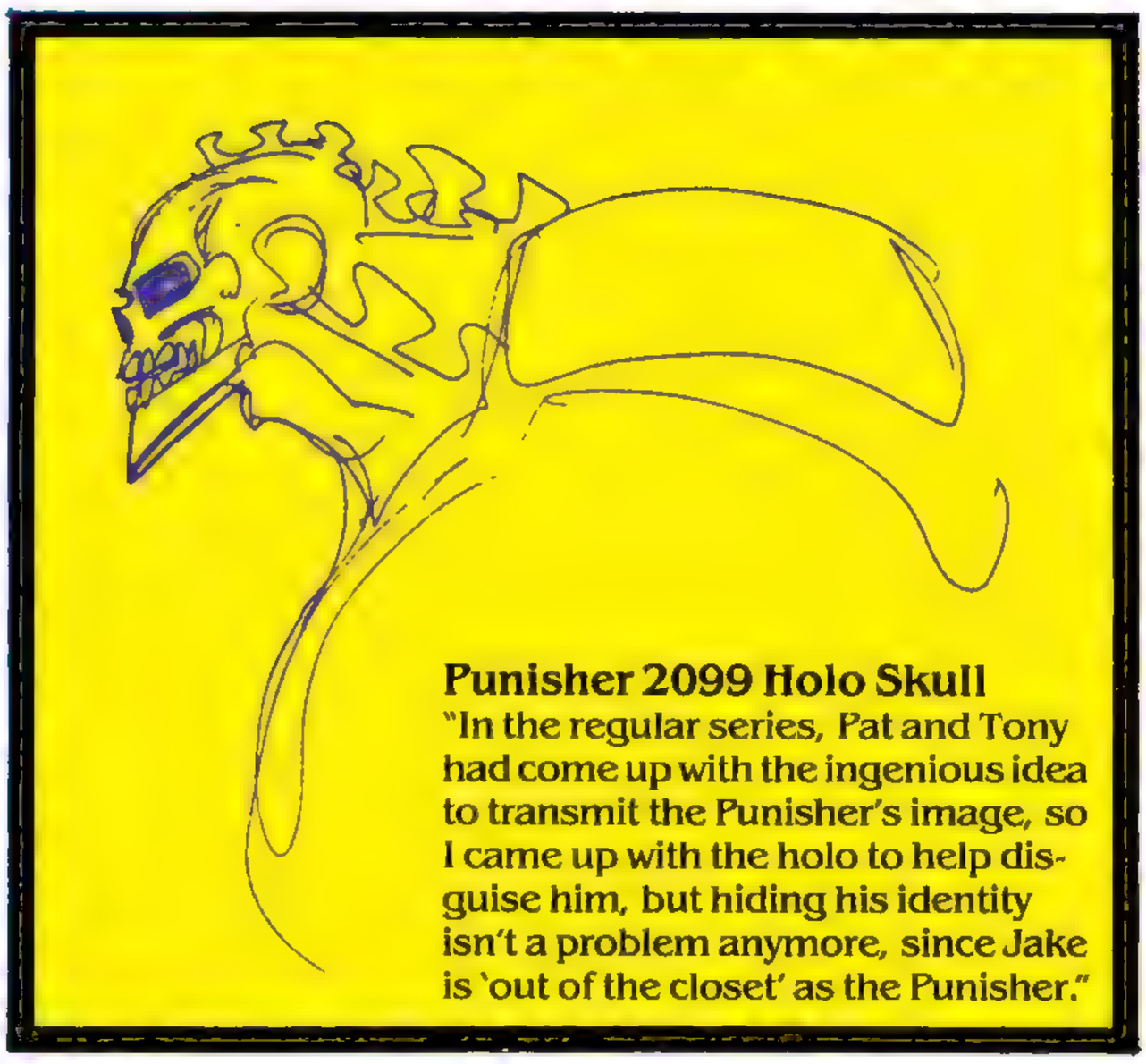
EARLY CONCEPT SKETCHES AND EVOLUTION

Punishment Police (early sketch)

"We're not going with this one, unfortu nately. I thought it would be funny to have a uniform with instructions flashing 'stop, go, freeze.' I thought it would be great fun if graphics were to pop up, also, for the hearing impaired. I wanted to use 'Yield for Shield' in this one for old times sake."

Punisher 2099 Battle Suit

"This is an early try of playing around with the Punisher logo on his chest; the eyes are sort of coming out of his ribs. I tried putting the skull in other places — on his shoulder, for example — but if you take the skull off his chest, he's not Jake Gallows anymore. He's just another foot soldier then. [There's also] a skull motif on the boot, but it seems too coordinated. It gets almost camp."

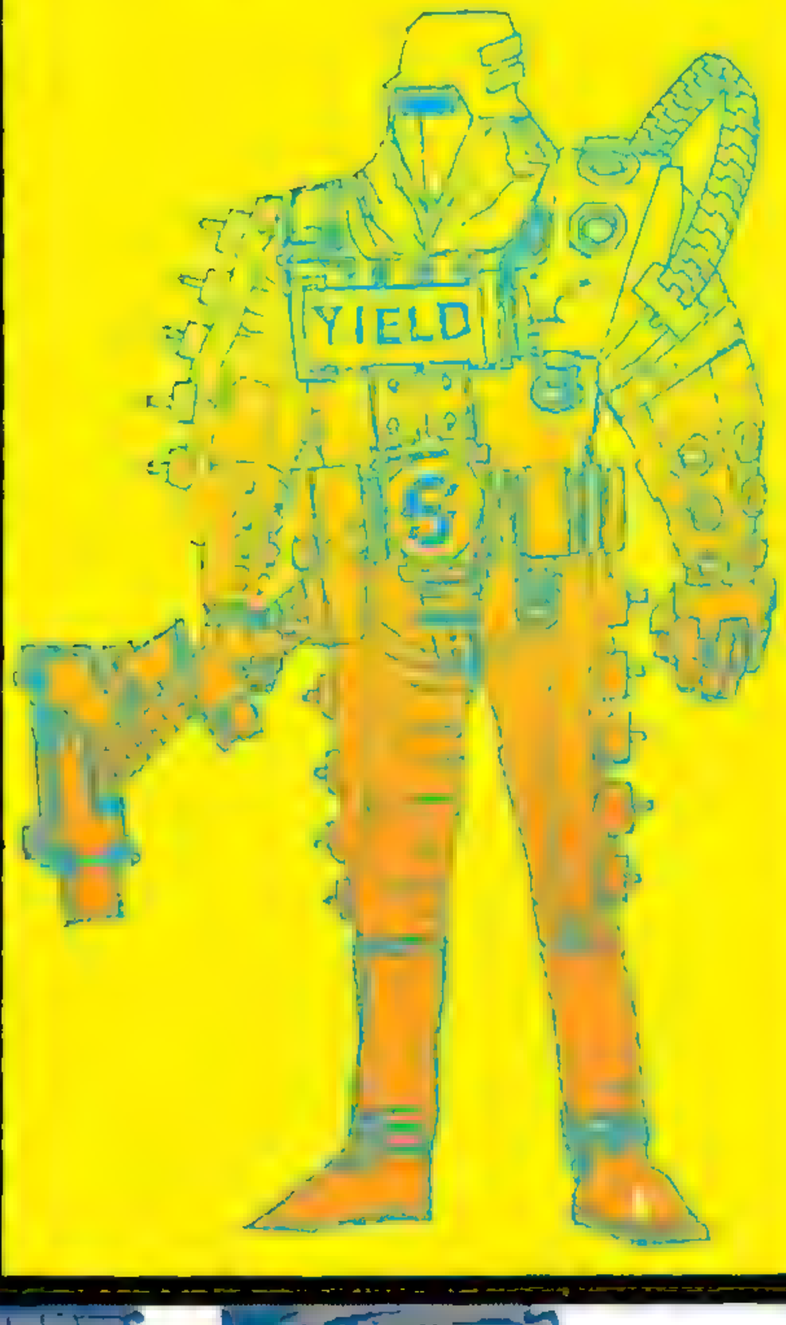


Punisher 2099 Holo Skull

"In the regular series, Pat and Tony had come up with the ingenious idea to transmit the Punisher's image, so I came up with the holo to help disguise him, but hiding his identity isn't a problem anymore, since Jake is 'out of the closet' as the Punisher."

Shield Foot Soldier

"I based this on the guys who clean up toxic spills and just played around with that image, but Marvel wants their characters to have a skin-tight look. Matt thought it was too complicated."



Punisher 2099

"This is the first proper sketch I did of Jake, but it didn't have the imagery you needed for the head of the Punishment Police. He doesn't look like the head of *anything;* he just looks like a psychopath out on his own. The hoop idea was to cage him in, protect him during battle. The hoops would retract when he was just standing around, but it didn't work. It was too unwieldy. I like the fright stick. I think it could look good and effective."

Punishment Police Officer

"I worked this one up because I thought some of the Punishment Police would be officers — they wouldn't all be infantrymen. I have no idea if Matt is using this, but I thought it would add some detail to the Punishment Police, and I think the SS imagery would work quite well. German soldiers in the last war had gas masks on their belts, so I thought if [the Punishment Police] had something that looked radioactive in the same place, it would be really effective. The riding crop in his hand is also a Nazi image — it's just another way of intimidating people. The stiff collar was popular in eighteen and nineteenth century military costumes. It enables even a geeky looking guy to carry it off."

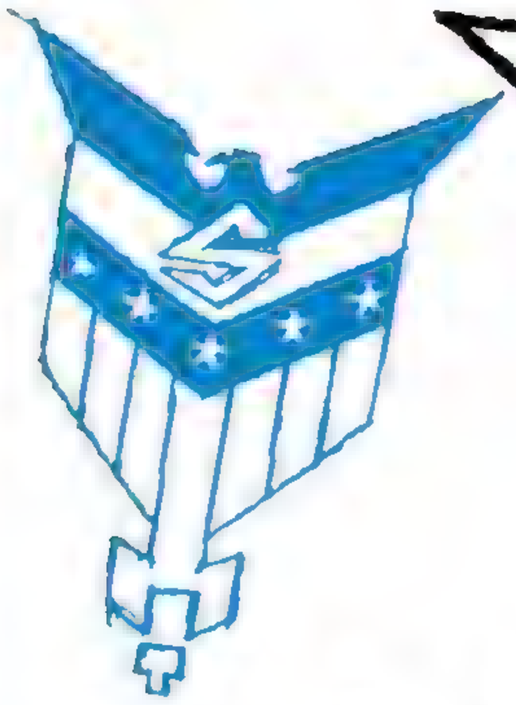
APPROVED COSTUMES AND LATEST DESIGNS

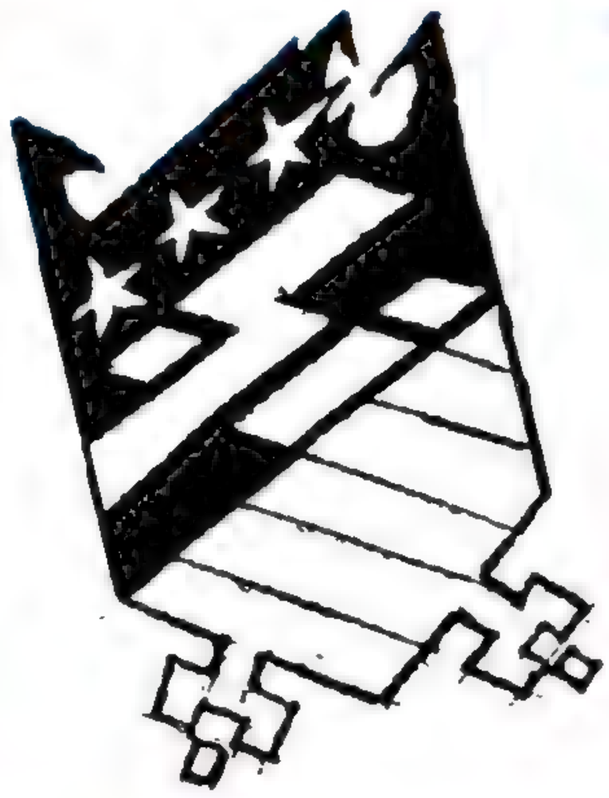
SHIELD Foot Soldier

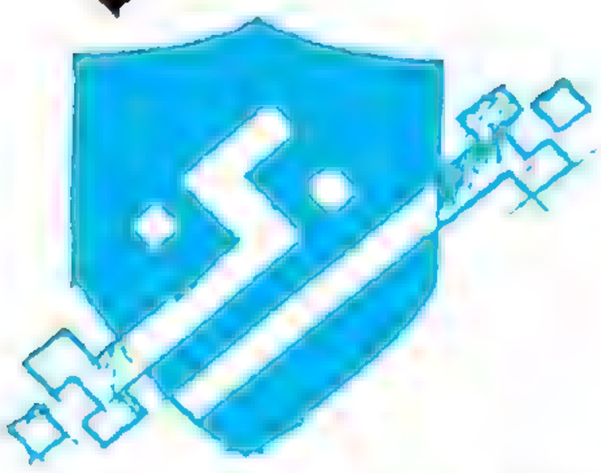
"The original version didn't have jack boots, but Matt was obsessed about getting them all in jack boots — including Jake Gallows. The fact that the 'S' is gigantic [on the chest] is showing off. It's enforcing law and order by fear alone; these guys register from half a mile away. The visor-like shield [on the helmet] is menacing. It's quite sinister when you can't see human features."

Punishment Police

"This is much more simplified than the one I originally sent in. Matt thought too many emblems or detail might be too much in action. I used the Nazi helmet with a horn sticking out of it because I thought it was sinister, and I worked up the Punishment Police logo by using a 'P' and its mirror image, which resembles a skull to link it to the Jake Gallows character. The bands on his arms break up the uniform in an interesting way; they're more for effect than for practical use."







VARIOUS EMBLEMS

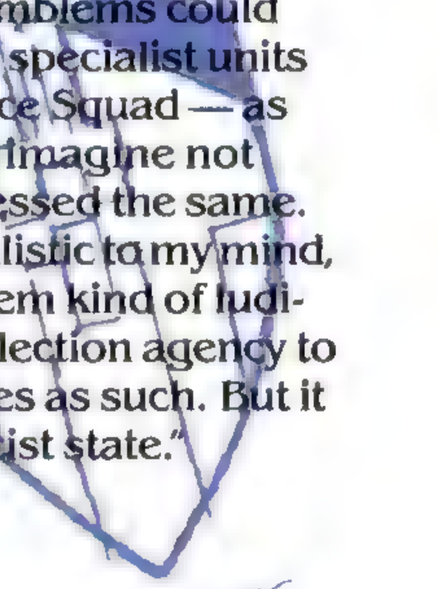
"I sent in as many [designs] as possible so Matt could pick the bones out of them. I don't know how much of this we'll be using, but it provided me with some amusement doing it. There are so many artists working on the PUNISHER, they might work some of it into the background."

"I used signs of strength and power, like chain links being broken, and American emblems like stars and stripes."

"I used eagles because they're used by both democratic and fascist regimes. They're simple and direct."

"I really wanted to work in the Statue of Liberty somehow."

"Some of these emblems could be used for military specialist units — like the Vengeance Squad — as shoulder flashes. I imagine not everyone will be dressed the same. It makes it more realistic to my mind, although it does seem kind of ludicrous for an IRS collection agency to advertise themselves as such. But it *is* a feature of a fascist state."



APPROVED EMBLEMS

"These aren't particularly flamboyant, but they work. The eagle on top with its talons around the skull and the 'S' binds the Punishment Police and S.H.I.E.L.D. together. To design these] I looked at the S.H.I.E.L.D. emblem from the '60s, which seemed graphically lost, so I brought it back to a badge-like graphic."

In addition to writing for Collectors' Previews, **Terry Hemon** *also writes short stories and is mother to a five-month-old baby named Maggie MacDonald.*

THE CODE OF CITIZEN CONDUCT OF THE UNITED STATES

SEPTEMBER 2099

37

2099 SPECIAL

MY CONTRACT WITH AMERICA

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Dear Citizen:

As you no doubt now know, the peaceful transfer of power has once again taken place in this proud nation, to which the rest of the world looks for a model of freedom and liberty. The United States of America continues to remain true as a model experiment in democracy.

With that nature, various hypotheses may be tried. Our Nation has most recently experimented with a capitalistic oligopoly, which resulted in the wanton exploitation of resources; in the curtailment of basic public rights, such as protection from crime *regardless* of ability to pay; in the stifling of freedom of expression; and in rampant injustice based upon economic class.

All this ends today. Our Nation has a new experiment: autocratic democracy. As your new President, I have already embarked upon a historic legislative crusade: The First One Hundred Minutes. In this time, I have passed sweeping laws that will improve the economy and the environment; guarantee public access to information, housing, education, and medical care; lift the arts from censorship; end discrimination based on biological status; ensure crucial personal liberties; and firmly establish the Presidency — the Executive Branch — as the paternal power we have always wished it to be.

It is morning in America. Our enemies fear us. Our allies, sensibly, also fear us — for it is fear that commands respect. As the world's preeminent superpower, we pledge never to diverge from this position.

As always, the critical component in this nation's destiny is you, the Citizen. The character and quality of our people are second to none on Earth. Because of your enduring faith, our resources and our capacity to lead remain unparalleled. And each Citizen, as caretaker of the American spirit, carries a responsibility to our Nation's present prosperity *and* to its future growth.

This responsibility, a cherished product of American strength, comes not from vagueness, but from clarity; not from confusion, but from certainty; not from questions, but from answers.

The answers are here, in this **Code of Citizen Conduct of the United States of America,** a summary of major laws and regulations now in effect. It applies to all Citizens, residents, and visitors within the U.S. and its territories and subsidiaries, including the American lunar colonies, the Martian colony *Mars One,* and the undersea pilot project *Atlantis.* You must read it, understand it, and abide by it.

We have presented this overview in as clear and simple a fashion as possible. No adult Citizen shall attempt to contend any misunderstanding on his or her part. For your benefit, we have painstakingly analyzed American literacy and intelligence levels; therefore, **it is impossible to misinterpret any edict, law or regulation of this Code.**

Thanks, at last, to this newfound clarity and direction, our country can move confidently forward. Families will be strengthened. Free expression will appear to flower. And Citizens need no longer feel want or fear, so long as they support this great nation. **Who among us would have reason to not do so?**

Because you truly understand and support your government's goals, you the Citizens of this republic, can ensure that our Nation will stand for years to come, growing to extend its influence not only throughout the Earth, but throughout the stars.

And woe be to any who would halt the triumph of our will.

DR. VICTOR VON DOOM
PRESIDENT, U. S. A.

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AFTERWORD

THE CODE: WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

The Code of Citizen Conduct of the United States of America serves you, the Citizen, by providing clear, unambiguous directives regarding the new national order. Here is everything a Citizen needs to know regarding public and private conduct, over and above the local regulations and laws of your city, state, or Indygov. Our Nation has a proud history of compliance with the law and it is our intent that we not only continue this tradition, but expand upon it.

Each Citizen is required to read, memorize, and know each tenet of the Code. While penalties for *not* doing so will be swift, severe, and inevitable, your government is fully confident that such incidents will be rare.

The proud Citizens of the United States of America are to be considered now put on notice to such consequences, and under the regulations of the newly implemented "Personal Responsibility Act," will accept full and unequivocal accountability for same.

COMPLIANCE WITH THE CODE

The Minister of Order has been designated the National Compliance Officer. This Ministry will have ultimate responsibility for overseeing compliance with all applicable laws and regulations, the Code of Conduct, and all related national policies and procedures. All are available for download and review via the Net. **It is within every Citizen's access, and it is every Citizen's responsibility to comply with all aspects of the Code.** All elements of the Code are subject to Executive Branch review without notice.

REPORTING CODE VIOLATIONS

If you know of or suspect a violation of the Code, you must immediately report that information to the National Compliance Officer. Reporting of violations may be made from any private or public comlink, via e-mail, or via private-access or **CYNEX** public-access cyberspace messaging.

It is not required you give your name when reporting violations, as comlink and cyberlink technology will automatically identify you. Your identity will be maintained in confidence to the extent practicable under the circumstances.
to the extent practicable under the circumstances.

If you are involved in the violation, the fact of your reportage, together with the degree of your cooperation, will be given consideration in the investigation and any resulting disciplinary action. No person reporting a violation shall suffer public embarrassment or be subject to retaliation. Any Citizen responsible for reprisals against such individuals will be subject to disciplinary action, up to and including summary execution. The submission knowingly false reports will constitute a violation of the Code and will also result in disciplinary action.

All reported violations of the Code will be promptly investigated by the office of the National Compliance Officer, with **SHIELD** officials and other appropriate officials. Citizens are required to cooperate.

Policing and Military Agencies

All Citizens are entitled to equal security and protection under the law, without regard to ability to pay. All former Unsupervised Zones are entitled to police protection and to the rule of law.

All policing and militia functions hereby fall under the purview of the Minister of Punishment.

Agencies Outlawed

All Corporate, private, and public-private police, military, and paramilitary forces, including but not limited to the Public Eye (New York City), Central Security (Transverse City), Angel's Breath (Washington, D.C.), and Sweet Dreams (SoCal) are hereby disbanded, as is the freelance-operative Guild of Independent Elite. No federal military shall be established, other than the Presidential guard, the Panther's Rage.

Agencies to be Obeyed

The *Wrongdoer Punishment Act* transfers all police functions to the newly formed Ministry of Punishment force, **SHIELD.** Under this agency is established an investigative/tribunal/correctional unit — the Punishment PolicePthe powers and functions of which are detailed under Code section entitled "The Judiciary."

Separate and distinct from **SHIELD** shall be the Presidential guard, **the Panther's Rage,** answerable solely to the Executive Branch and to President Doom. The Executive Branch may additionally appoint Federal Marshals anywhere at his discretion.

All military, national defense, and first-strike capabilities shall be the sole province of the Executive Branch.

Recognizing Amendment II of the Constitution of the United States of America ("A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed"), the *Murder Prevention Act* herewith establishes a well-regulated Militia to provide a first line of defense in the event of extraordinary attack by the enemy. This well-regulated Militia shall remain inactive until such time as called upon to duty by **SHIELD.** Size and armament of such local units shall be *strictly* regulated.

Executive Agencies

The Executive Ministries exist to maintain order and liberty in our Republic. Their directives have been arrived upon after painstaking research and calculation. Citizens, for the good of the Nation and of themselves, will obey them directly regarding all matters. Details appear further within the Code. This summary overview serves to assure Citizens and the government that the duties of each are clear, and no questions need be necessary or tolerated.

• **The Minister of Order** is responsible for overseeing compliance with all laws, regulations, codes, and policies; supervising maintenance of the environment; maintaining data on superhuman sightings; approving corporate activities; settling labor disputes; and appointing Indygov mayors.

• **The Minister of Punishment** is responsible for appointing and administering judges; administering the Punishment Police; overseeing local Militia; and maintaining data on organized crime.

• **The Minister of Enemy Relations** has primary responsibility for all matters involving the United States and foreign governments or other foreign entities, and is responsible for matters pertaining to citizenship; other Ministries have secondary responsibility for matters falling into their purview.

• **The Minister of Humanity** has primary responsibility for all mutant affairs; other Ministries have secondary responsibility for mutant-citizen matters falling into their purview.

• **The Minister of Well-Being** operates the housing, medical, transportation, and educational agencies; and oversees and approves any medical experimentation.

• **The Minister of Signal** has primary responsibility for all non-criminal matters pertaining to the Net and the media; other Ministries have secondary responsibility for Net and media matters falling into their purview.

• **The Judiciary**

All Citizens are entitled to equal recognition before, and access to, the judicial process. To this end, the slow, anachronistic, hierarchical structure of local, state, Federal, and appellate courts, and The Supreme Court, are disbanded. Their functions are hereby absorbed by the Executive Court (civil and criminal divisions).

Recognizing the time-consuming burden of jury duty and resulting lost productivity on the part of the Citizen, juries are hereby eliminated in favor of special-master judges (civil and criminal divisions). Court appeals are limited to one, in cases of reasonably suspected judiciary misconduct or technical error.

Judges are responsible for sentencing, at their discretion.

The Punishment Police will have the power of summary judgment and sentencing up to and including capital punishment of perpetrators caught in the commission of a crime. However, any officer of the Punishment Police, and his/her superior(s), found to have delivered summary sentencing to a *non-guilty* party will be subject to identical punishment.

Citizens are entitled to presumption of innocence. Plaintiffs must bear the burden of proof. Citizens have the right to be free of harassment or brutality, physical or verbal, from members of the police. However, members of the police may defend themselves to extreme prejudicial degree.

Citizen and police disputes will be judged by a joint tribunal of the Ministers of Punishment and Order.

Judicial sentencing and punishment may take the form of imprisonment and/or fines for civil offenses, or neurological micro-surgery and/or geri-toxin injection for criminal offenses. Summary punishment by the Punisher Police may take whatever form is available and expedient, at their discretion.

No convicted defendant may lower his sentence by any means, including cash, goods, services, time off for good behavior, or other reasons or parole.

POLICIES OF THE CODE

Rights and Responsibilities of Citizenship

All Citizens, regardless of gender, race, color, creed, religion, age, marital status, biological status, sexual orientation, physical disability, or national origin, are entitled to certain unalienable rights at the Executive Branch's discretion.

Citizenship is conferred upon persons born in the United States or its territories (but not its colonies), or those born of Citizen parents in foreign countries. Dual citizenship is automatically conferred upon all Latverian citizens and all Americans of documented Latverian descent.

Naturalized citizenship is available to immigrants or United States-subsidiary colonists, subject to the policies and regulations of the Immigration and Naturalization Office of the Minister of Enemy Relations.

Moon-born or Martian-born colonists hold colonial citizenship and may neither emigrate nor apply for United States citizenship, except under the *Extraordinary Alien* provision. A decision on the under-

development Atlantis subsidiary is pending.

Citizens may travel freely within American borders, including the island states of Hawaii and California, and may enter and leave the country freely.

Citizens may vote in non-binding elections.

Mutants and Other Alternative Individuals

Believing mutation a natural event in the course of human history, the Executive Branch hereby rescinds the *Genetic Purity Mandate*. Mutants are granted full and equal citizenship. Use of mutant power for unfair interpersonal or economic advantage is a violation of the Code, subject to the policies and regulations of the Minister of Humanity.

Believing in the dignity of human life, we hereby enact the *Human Experimentation Research Protocols* and the *Degen Citizenship Mandate*. Corporations may no longer engage in human experimentation. The current and extant subjects of Corporate human experimentation ("Degens") are granted full and equal citizenship.

Reparations of an amount to be determined by the Minister of Humanity shall be disbursed to surviving mutants and degens, or to their estates. For the purposes of better understanding of human genetics, a federally funded Mutant Research Sanctuary — to be presided over by an appointed mutant governing board — shall be established under the auspices of the Avalon Act.

The Machine Relations Act, granting citizenship to robots of the classification "Intelligent Autonomous Mechanism," is hereby rescinded.

Right to Bodily Self-Determination

Each Citizen has the right to an intact body. No one may buy, sell, barter, or trade organs or other body parts, nor buy, sell, barter or trade a whole body for mind-transfer ("bodyhopping") or any other purpose. Cybernetic-organism ("cyborg") transplantation may be done in only accordance with medical rules, regulations, and policies outlined in the *Medical Information Administration Holobook*.

Currency, Credit, and Financial, Stock and Commodities Markets

Uni-drafts and *mega-dollars* shall continue to be the American currency. Unlimited-credit drafts ("Black Cards") are hereby prohibited. Platinum, Gold, and Green Cards shall continue to be available pursuant to the standards, regulations, and related policies of the Executive Branch Asset Administration.

Banks and other financial institutions are hereby nationalized and, in order to insure that their operations will be conducted according to the highest ethical and professional standards, their activities supervised and regulated by the Executive Branch.

Free trade being essential to a healthy economy, the various financial, stock, and commodities markets and exchanges shall continue to operate as they are, pursuant to regulation and oversight by the Executive Branch.

Education

All Citizens are entitled to a free education through the college level at public pre-schools, elementary schools, secondary schools, and universities. As this obviates the need for private schools and promotes a distinct, recognizable, and homogeneous national character, private schools are hereby deemed unnecessary. Religious instruction may be undertaken in addition to, but not in place of, public schooling.

Minors choosing not to attend school may be placed at boarding-school camps, with subsequent curtailment of physical and geographical space and movement. Adults choosing not to attend college may have citizenship revoked as a consequence.

All students shall be tested annually via neurotech electrochemical-spectrum readings to determine intelligence. Students falling below the subsequently projected achievement may be required to attend vocational training, or to join the Clean Corps of municipal sanitation/waste-reclamation workers.

Housing

All Citizens are entitled to safe, appropriate housing. The government shall build and maintain public units sufficient to provide for its Citizens, with the goal of helping Citizens reach self-sufficiency and to eventually obtain private, self-purchased units.

Those who do not do so within a federally mandated timeframe calculated by local employment and economic patterns may have citizenship revoked as a consequence.

Medical Care

All Citizens are entitled to free medical, dental, and mental-health care, including preventive care, emergency care, and long-term nursing care. The government shall build and maintain medical facilities and hospices sufficient to provide for its Citizens.

Recognizing the inevitable historical cycle of new diseases and pandemics, all Citizens' medical records shall be databased at the Medical Information Administration of the Minister of Well-Being, with privacy assured to the extent practicable under the circumstances.

Political Activities

Recognizing that the Constitution of the United States of America does not mandate political parties, the Executive Branch hereby prohibits the formation of such parties.

Citizens are prohibited from raising or supplying funds, assets, services, or facilities on behalf of a political party or the candidate of such. Civil and criminal sanctions that may be imposed for violations are extremely severe.

Family

Believing the family to be the cornerstone of American society, and interpersonal relationships to be the bedrock of liberty, the *Childbirth-Regulation Mandate* is hereby rescinded. Citizens are not required to seek official permission for pregnancy and childbirth, nor, conversely, for legal termination of pregnancy.

"Family" is defined as any combination of humans, mutants, and cyborgs, consisting of an individual and his or her dependent minor children, if any, or a pair of consenting adults and their dependent minor children, if any, co-habitating for purposes including, but not limited to, procreation, social interaction, economic stability, or community harmony.

No type of family unit shall have more or different legal consideration than any other type of family unit.

Religion

Recognizing the devout and eternal nature of religious beliefs, the Executive Branch strongly reaffirms the longstanding American policy of separation of Church and State. No national religion shall be established or condoned, nor any religion or its adherents persecuted for their beliefs.

Organizations which deify *confirmably* non-divine objects or entities, such as the *Church of the Identified Flying Object*, are not considered to be religions and shall be regulated as business enterprises.

Cultural Activities

Recognizing the important role played by art, drama, literature, and entertainment ("Cultural Activities") in development and nurturing the human spirit, Cultural Activities shall not be unreasonably regulated or constrained.

Entertainment-media Corporations, remaining subject to the rules, regulations and policies governing all Corporations, are hereby nationalized.

Controlled Substances

Recognizing that the prohibition of narcotic, stimulant, and hallucinogenic drugs ("Controlled ubstances") has resulted in street violence, black-marketing, currency-laundering, and criminal acts of violence and intimidation, the manufacture, sale, and private use of controlled substances shall henceforth be decriminalized. Only federally approved Controlled Substances, **chemically engineered to be non-addictive,** shall be allowed. "Total Reality" drugs shall continue to be illegal.

Manufacturing or sale of alternate concentrations or formulae, or close chemical relatives ("designer drugs"), shall be a capital offense. Federal control over manufacturing licenses shall be organized in such a way that no corporation may have a monopoly on any controlled substance.

Use of Controlled Substances during the operation of vehicles or during the hours of job performance is prohibited. Civil and criminal sanctions that may be imposed for violations are *extremely* severe.

Approved Controlled Substances are currently limited to the synthetically derived chemicals trademarked as Rapture, Rhapsody, Shriek, and Mr. Ed; and to the naturally derived Black Lotus Extract, Dragonflower, Cocaine, Heroin, and Marijuana. This list is subject to continual review and change without notice. Alcohol shall remain available, though the use of alcohol during the operation of vehicles is prohibited.

Tobacco products — an atmospheric pollutant — remain illegal in all public spaces, and in private spaces not ventilated and filtered in accordance with the *International Emergency Pollution Powers Act*.

Personal Weapons

All non-Militia firearms shall be illegal to possess, buy, or sell. Firearms and police/military armament currently in private possession shall be purchased by the government.

Knives shall be exempt, subject to the rules, regulations and policies of the *Bladed and Non-Bladed Instruments Act*. Ceremonial weapons likewise shall be exempt, subject to the rules, regulations and policies of *Cultural Artifacts Act*.

Biological, chemical, or nuclear weapons shall be illegal for private use.

Use of weapons (including sporting gear and household items converted to weapons use) in the commission of a crime constitutes a capital offense.

SUPERHUMANS

Recognizing the longstanding American tradition of self-sufficient individuality and heroic iconography, the activities of non-criminal, costumed, and non-costumed adventurers ("Super Heroes") shall not be outlawed, subject to continual review.

No formal registration of Super Heroes is currently in effect.

"Super Hero" is defined as any pro-social, non-criminal human, mutant, cyborg, or artificial individual, either of Earth or elsewhere, with powers far beyond those of mortal humans, and involved, fulltime or part-time, with vigilante activity. Such powers include strength, speed, agility, or durability statistically beyond that of human maximum as determined by the Medical Information Administration database; possessing any confirmable degree of telepathic, telekinetic, energy-manipulative or metamorphic abilities; or possessing bodily additions, — natural or artificial — supplying normally-impossible abilities.

"Adventurer" is defined as any pro-social, non-criminal human, mutant, cyborg, or artificial individual, without such powers and involved with vigilante activity.

Those covered under the appellations "Super Hero" and "Adventurer" include those so named by Executive Branch, and self-declared individuals. In either instance, civilian identities must be revealed to the Executive Branch, and will be maintained in confidence to the extent practicable.

Super Heroes and Adventurers must accept the regulations and responsibility of voluntary Auxiliary Police. They may use reasonable force in the apprehension of suspects, pending police arrival, and may defend themselves to extreme prejudicial degree, except against the police, any other government officials, or any megacorp officer or employee.

They may *not* interfere with the police or judiciary in the conduct of their duties.

Super Heroes and Adventurers, acknowledging they are a voluntary backup force to the regulated Police, and thus have no need for independent organization, may not work in consolidation with other Super Heroes as a formal or informal team. Temporary exceptions may be made in documentable emergencies.

Citizens must report in a timely fashion all personal encounters with Super Heroes and Adventurers.

Approved Super Heroes and Adventurers

The following list, subject to continual update, details the official status of known Super Heroes and Adventurers, and instruction for appropriate behavior by Citizens when encountering such individuals. **All other Adventuring or Super-Human entities should be considered hostile, dangerous, and a threat to the Nation.** Personal encounters with ***or sightings of*** such individuals must be reported immediately to the Minister of Order.

• **Spider-Man** is the formally appointed Special Agent/Super Hero Liaison.

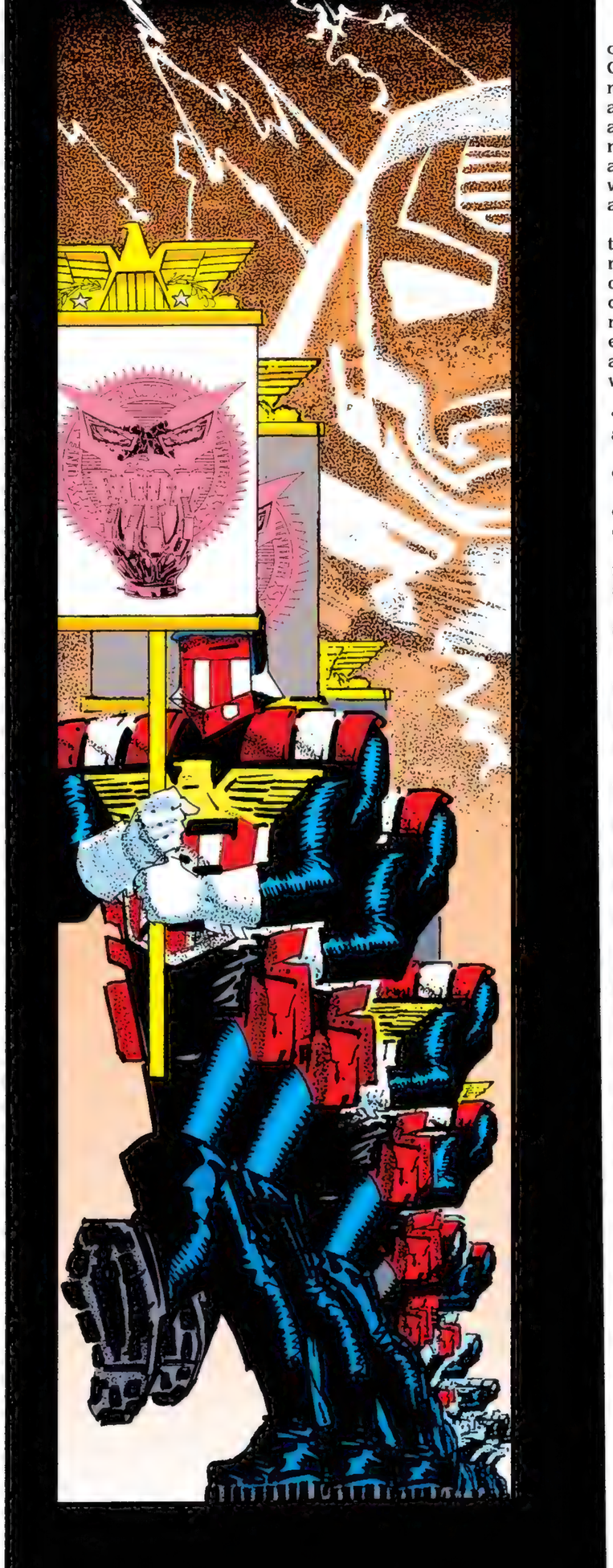
General description: Spider-Man, based in New York City, is a masked, super-strong, super-agile male with retractable talons on feet and hands, venomous fangs, extremely fast reflexes, an effective sixth sense ("spider sense") alerting him to danger, and weapons and transportation equipment including sticky, firable, air-solvent webbing. Highly mobile, he is often found in glider-mode self-transport via light-byte airfoils on his blue-and-red attire.

Behavior when encountering: Approach with a low degree of caution. Spider-Man exhibits quirky personality traits including an attempted sense-of-humor and an idealistic response to Citizens in danger. However, he has been found to be temperamental and immature, and thus capable of erratic and unpredictable responses.

• **Ghost Rider** is the formally appointed Federal Marshal for Transverse City.

General description: Ghost Rider is a humanoid, quasi-human male entity consisting of a Modified Cybertek 101 chassis housing a metatasking nuero-mimetic network. He is robotic-appearing, though not a robot, with a gleaming metallic skull and robotic-appearing arms able to transmogrify into various metallic weapons. His usual mode of transportation is a stealth-equipped Ford Velociraptor 900XL skycycle with a-grav propulsion, supercharged turbo-thrusters and pseudo-leather upholstery.

Behavior when encountering: Most Citizens encountering Ghost Rider will be either A) suspects, who are required to surrender and obey orders immediately, or B) fellow officers, who are instructed to follow procedural protocol. Other Citizens may approach with medium-high caution, as Ghost Rider exhibits generalized, non-specific anger, bitterness, and anti-authoritarian hostility, and thus may offer misdirected violence.



• **X-Men and Affiliate Western Mutants** are the formally appointed Special Agents for the Security of Avalon:

Shakti Haddad (no alias): Female telepath; unmasked; capabilities include dampening targets' motor functions.

Krystalin Ogada (no alias): Female; unmasked; capable of creating atmosphere-porous crystals of various sizes; can fire as projectiles or trap targets within.

Timothy Sean Fitzgerald (a.k.a. Skullfire): Male; unmasked; energy-siphoning abilities; capable of firing absorbed-energy blasts.

Henri Huang (a.k.a. Meanstreak): Male; unmasked; super-speed.

"Eddie": Male; unmasked; metal-mimetic skin.

Bloodhawk: Red-skinned, humanoid, lizard-like male; unmasked; natural wings offer flight capability.

La Lunatica a.k.a. (Luna): White-skinned female; unmasked; capable of absorbing various spectra of neural energy.

• **Others:**

Junkpile is a deputized **SHIELD** agent. His powers and abilities are ***CLASSIFIED.***

Ethan Shields (a.k.a. Galahad) is a member of Stark-Fujikawa internal security. He has no official status, and no authority to intervene in public affairs.

Rogue Adventurers

The following adventurers are to be considered dangerous and a threat to the security and well-being of the Nation, and are not to be confronted or approached. Citizens are required to report any and all sightings of these individuals to the Minister of Order:

The Hulk (alias: CLASSIFIED): Superhumanly large, muscular, powerful, green-skinned male; unmasked; generally found in SoCal region; affiliated with rebel management forces involved in illegal takeover of Lotusland Entertainment. **Extremely dangerous and savage. Do not approach. Reward for verifiable data re: any and all activities.**

Duke Stratosphere: Human male; unmasked; often encountered as Cyberspace archetype; rebel programmer of exceptional ability; Cyberspace explorer with misguided anarchistic humor, resulting in surreal and irrelevant cyberscapes; dishonorable and capable of treachery; generally of no immediate threat to Citizens, but treasonous nonetheless. **Considered subversive. Do not engage in dialog. Reward for verifiable data re: any and all activities.**

The Net Prophet: Humanoid male; unmasked; extremely dangerous reality-manipulation ability; found as both physicalized self and Cyberspace archetype; the Executive Branch concludes that apparent good intentions may be a facade for plans of world domination, making The Net Prophet **extremely dangerous and subversive. Do not engage in dialog. Reward for verifiable data re: any and all activities.**

Metalscream a.k.a. John _____: Male; unmasked; occultech necromancer; generally found in Arizona cloaked house, "The Mantic Gallery"; engaged in apparent superheroic activities of as-yet limited scope. Not yet considered dangerous, pending further actions.

The Sisterhood of Tears: Self-described "holy order" of vampiric entities, including **Sister Lucia,** a teacher and wandering vampiress generally wearing a traditional nuns' habit; and **Lachryma (a.k.a. Becka McBride)** a female vampiress engaged in apparent superheroic night activities of as-yet limited scope. **All members of the sisterhood are considered extremely dangerous and subversive. Do not approach.**

Hap Hazzard: Male; unmasked; Virtual Reality holo-character given physical form; generally found in SoCal region; charged with ionic energy allowing virtually unlimited Net access, transmogrification of machinery, and reality-manipulation; engaged in apparent superheroic activities of limited scope. Not yet considered dangerous.

All other adventurers are to be considered Criminal Adventurers unless declared otherwise by the Executive Branch.

MEGACORPORATIONS

Corporations, megacorporations, and multinational partnerships with a significant presence in the Nation (herewith "Corporations") are hereby nationalized. The term "significant presence" is defined solely by the Executive Branch.

The Confederation of World Industries, composed of **Alchemax, Stark-Fujikawa,** and **Synthia Agri-Business,** is hereby disbanded. Each company will continue to operate as an independent concern, subject to Executive Branch oversight.

Each Corporation, recognizing itself as a responsible member of the Republic and of the global community, will conduct business in a manner consistent with both the spirit and the letter of the law.

Summary of Key Laws and Related Policies

• Corporation profits above a federally mandated percentage shall be retained in the National Enrichment Fund for disbursement at the sole discretion of Executive Branch.

• Corporate executives must observe a salary cap equal to the annually reviewed and publicly listed federal maximum. Cash and non-cash bonuses may not exceed a federally mandated percentage.

• Corporations may not restrict government access to any business, financial, or technological information of any kind, means, or media. Monopoly corporations may not restrict public access to information, with the exception of research-and-development data; such data may be made public at any time at the discretion of the Executive Branch.

• Corporate actions may not lead to direct or indirect environmental damage. Questions as to whether an action may produce foreseeable environmental damage may be directed to the Minister of Order. Should environmental damage result from Ministerial approval, the Minister shall be held responsible, provided all Corporate data was accurate and timely. No toxic pesticides, herbicides, or fertilizers will be applied to ground, air, water, flora, or fauna. Harvested renewable resources must be replaced on a 3:1 ratio.

• Corporations are prohibited from mining or trading in the following minerals without a permit: Tritonium, Vibranium. Corporations are prohibited from manufacturing the following alloys without a permit: issued by the Minister of Order: Adamantium, Castrodinium. All mining contracts must be approved.

• Corporations may not engage in human experimentation. Clinical trials of medicines, drugs, technologies, and procedures may be conducted at Federal research centers under the auspices of the Minister of Well-Being. Animal research will be allowed by Ministry Permit only upon proof that cyber-simulation will be inadequate.

• Corporations may conduct no business whatsoever with Corporations listed on the *Executive Branch Enemies File* of companies determined to have committed Code violations. In cases of company termination or bankruptcy, all goods or trade pending will be fulfilled through the Federal Corporate-Euthanasia Council.

• Corporations may trade internationally only with countries (or with Corporations incorporated in such countries) having Favored-Nation status. Extraterrestrial trade with other than American lunar or Martian colonies is prohibited.

• Corporations may not trade with entities or organizations recognized by the Minister of Punishment as belonging to, or affiliated with, organized crime, including but not limited to:

The Cyber-Nostra
The Ninja Nostra
The Greater Nevada Syndicate.

• Corporations may utilize no security force outside the perimeters of their Corporate facilities and offices, unless for transportation of Corporate goods or personnel.

• Corporations may not exert direct economic leverage against another Corporation by selling or trading goods or services at below cost, or by offering incentives with the net effect of selling or trading below cost.

• Corporations may not knowingly make any false statement whatsoever to a government official, nor conceal any material fact in an investigation.

• Corporations may not commit or induce to commit the illegal transfer of proprietary or classified information.

• Corporate facilities, personnel, and intangible holdings may at any time be redirected to projects deemed by the Executive Branch as in the national interest, and any Corporate transaction may be negated for like reason.

Labor and Employment Law

All Citizens and Corporations must comply with all applicable United States and foreign labor and employment laws. Citizens and Corporations shall observe non-discriminatory employment, and health and safety policies and programs.

If a Citizen believes he or she has been subjected to unlawful employment discrimination, the Citizen must contact the office of the Minister of Order. All complaints will be investigated swiftly and in as confidential a manner as possible. Corrective and disciplinary action will be taken.

Summary of Key Labor Laws and Related Policies

• Corporations may offer no lifetime employment contracts without reasonable escape clauses.

• Corporations may not base hiring decisions on, nor terminate employment due to, gender, race, color, creed, religion, age, marital status, biological status, sexual orientation, physical disability, national origin, veteran status, or reportage of Code violations.

• Terminations due to cause must be documented and the records permanently maintained. Terminations due to corporate downsizing may take place only after executive salary and bonuses have been decreased a percentage equal to personnel cuts.

• Corporate employees may unionize for purposes of collective bargaining, but may not strike. Disputes and adjudication will be judged by the Office of the Minister of Order.

• Corporations may not utilize child labor, slave labor, or *de facto* variations of such, nor trade with any Nation or Corporation that does so.

• Corporations must offer paid family leave, vacations, and federally mandated paid holidays.

• All businesses with five or more full- or part-time employees must offer a minimum wage equal to federal minimum. This wage must rise semi-annually based on local unemployment levels and company profitability. Full-time work shall be offered first to part-time employees, unless they are minors.

• All outside contractors ("freelancers") must be compensated a federally mandated royalty percentage for all commercial uses of technologies created by such. Freelance artists, writers and other intellectual-property creators must be compensated a federally mandated royalty for all subsequent uses and sales of a work beyond first paid publication, use, or display.

• Employees and freelancers may not engage in any scheme to defraud the Corporation or a customer, supplier or other entity out of money, property, or services.

INDEPENDANT MUNICIPALITIES

In order to encourage the geographical flourishing of ideas, and to reduce the monopolistic concentration of power, the Executive Branch supports the long and established American tradition of local communities. The population of Indygovs are to be accorded all commercial, educational, judicial, and security-related benefits of Corporation-based communities.

Indygov mayors will be appointed by the Minister of Order. Mayors will appoint community and school boards for the purpose of responding to unique local needs. All decisions of such boards must comply with federally mandated directives.

INFORMATION ACCESS

Conventional Media

Recognizing the longstanding American tradition of a free press, the activities of the media — including reportage, essays, editorials, criticism, and reviews — shall not be unreasonably regulated or constrained, except by the Executive Branch.

Neither Citizens nor the government, except for the Executive Branch, shall have access to private notes or conversations between journalist and source.

All requests for information about the government, or requests for interviews with any government employee, will be referred to the Minister of Signal to ensure appropriate and timely response. All government press releases must be submitted to the Minister of Signal for approval.

The Net (Cyberspace and Other Alternate Realities)

"The Net" is defined as the data and communications network linking our Nation, including both physical components and the incorporeal region known as Cyberspace — a.k.a. the Cybernetverse (herewith "Cyberspace").

All Citizens are granted access to The Net. All Citizens are mandated to access The Net, with a federal minimum of twice daily.

All public housing facilities shall have a minimum of one Net terminal, with 24-hour government servicing. Non-functioning Net terminals must be reported immediately. **CYNEX** public-access terminals shall be available to the population on a ratio basis appropriate to local population and geographic patterns.

Cyberspace is the incorporeal dimension at the interface of mental and computerized data storage, transmission, and interaction. It shall be considered a subsidiary realm of the United States, subject to all provisions of the Code.

Citizens' archetypes may travel freely in Cyberspace,

provided a trackable cyberpath is laid for the safety and security of the traveler. The Executive Branch *Cyberdive Cadre,* under the auspices of the Minister of Signal, shall have authority over all Citizens' cyberspace travel, and may at its discretion designate secured and locked Danger Zones.

Protection of Proprietary and Classified Information

Proprietary and classified information may be any formula, design, device, or data maintained in secrecy for the national interest, and which gives the Nation an advantage over foreign governments. Citizens or Corporations may not improperly disclose or use any proprietary or classified information.

In order to best insure the safety and protection of Nation's proprietary information, all Executive Branch locations of Cyberspace are off-limits, under threat of treason, to all except those designated by the Executive Branch. Treason is punishable by death.

ENVIRONMENTAL COMPLIANCE

The Nation recognizes its obligation to carry out its activities in a manner that preserves and promotes a clean, safe, and healthful environment. All Citizens will comply strictly with environmental laws and regulations. The Nation will ensure compliance through vigilant monitoring, and the training and disciplining of Citizens.

The Nation is committed to control of the environment and weatherPand the assurance of a healthy atmosphere — through the use of orbital Environmental Maintenance Platforms (EMPs).

All potential environmental impacts will be evaluated with a view to enhancing conservation of energy and natural resources, minimizing release of any pollutant that may cause environmental damage, minimizing the creation of waste, safe and responsible waste disposal methods, minimizing environmental risks by employing safe technologies and operating procedures, and by being prepared for emergencies.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Recognizing that the United States is a responsible, respected member of the global community, and that individuals of all nationalities, ethnicities and cultures have historically coexisted on this planet, the Nation has no current plan to impose its sovereignty on any foreign government, state, nation, or territory, except as may be necessary for the national interest.

Favored Nations

Diplomatic and free-trade treaties have been established and are in effect with the following foreign countries designated "Favored Nations":

The European Continental Consolidate
The Free Russia Alliance
The Federated States of America
The Texas Republic
Wakanda
Myridia.

Suspect Nations

No diplomatic activities or trade shall be conducted with nations in violation of the *United States' International Emergency Pollution Powers Act, the Trading with the Enemy Act, the Child-Labor Reduction Act,* and related Executive Orders and Minister of Enemy Relations regulations. Currently, such restrictions are in effect with:

Egypt
The People's Republic of China.

Restricted Favored Nation

For reasons of environmental delicacy, trade is restricted with, and travel severely restricted to, the following otherwise Favored Nation:

The Savage Land.

EXTRATERRESTRIALS

Any and all extraterrestrial life is to be considered hostile unless declared otherwise by the Executive Branch. Any and all contact or presumed contact with extraterrestrial life, artifacts, or evidence thereof must be reported to the Minister of Order.

MAGIC

Recognizing that the finite, controllable, interdimensional energy spectrum referred to herewith as "Magic," or any science sufficiently advanced as to be mistaken for Magic, is notoriously unpredictable, sketchily documented, and extremely dangerous, it is hereby illegal to use or attempt to use Magic.

Technomancy, the synthesis of science and magic ("occultech"), is likewise proscribed.

AFTERWORD

While this Code provides definitive answers, there are no definitive questions. Our Nation must ultimately rely on each Citizen's good sense of what is required to comply with the fundamental principles of our democracy.

Our Nation's ability to meet the challenges of the future will depend on our Citizens' understanding of — and obedience to — the letter and the spirit of the Code. Every Citizen must understand that compliance with the Code is a condition of continued Citizenship. Your President is committed to maintaining our Nation's position as world leader by providing the best and most fulfilling opportunities for its Citizens, and by consistently emphasizing innovation and high quality-of-life, all of which will be achieved by strict and unquestioning adherence to the Code.

Rest assured that yours is a compassionate government. All of us, from time to time err (except for the Executive Branch). Transgressions will be judged fairly in relation to context and circumstances, unless we deem otherwise for any reason whatsoever.

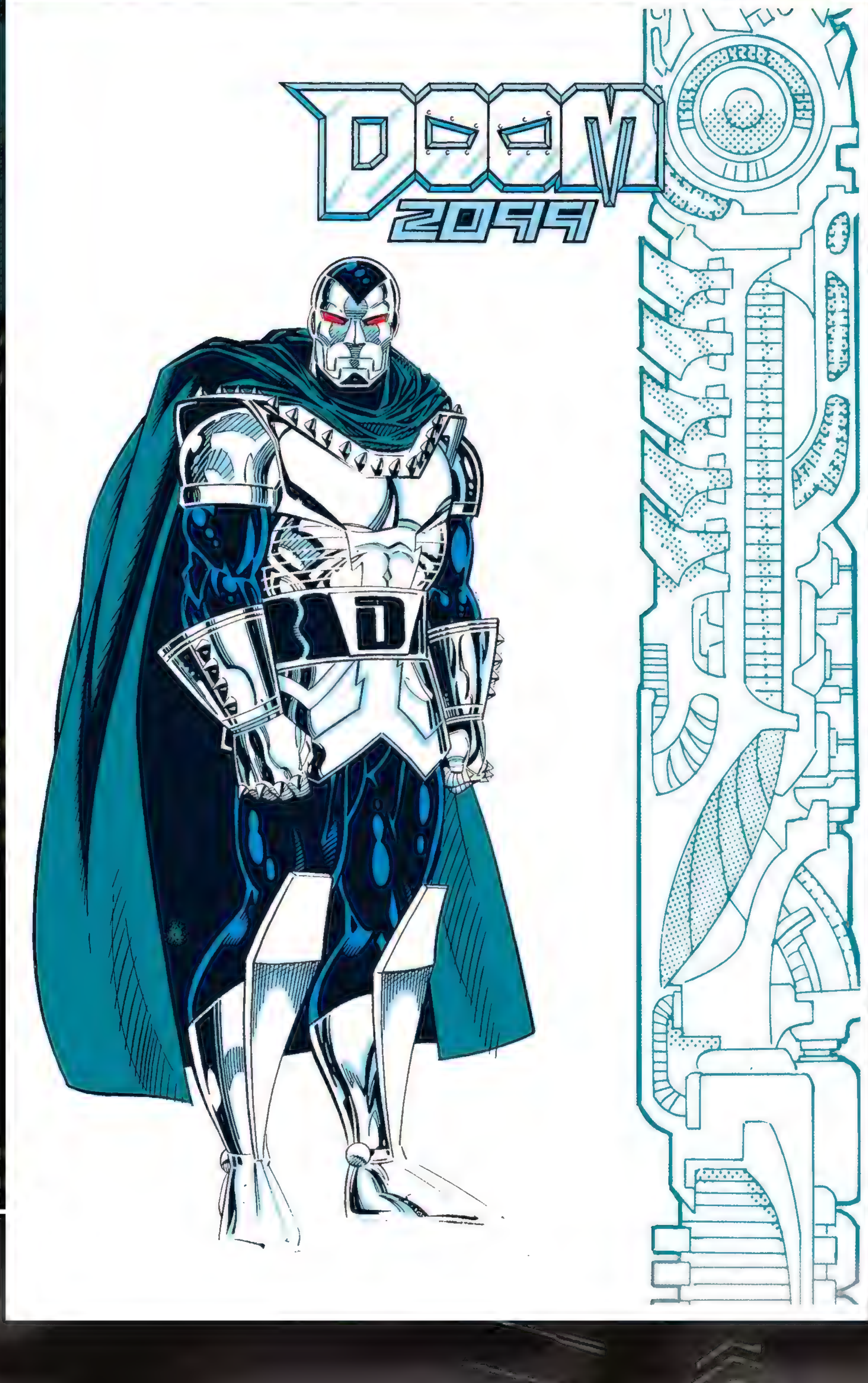
There is no need to give thanks. Your continued obedience and unquestioning loyalty to this great Nation is thanks enough.

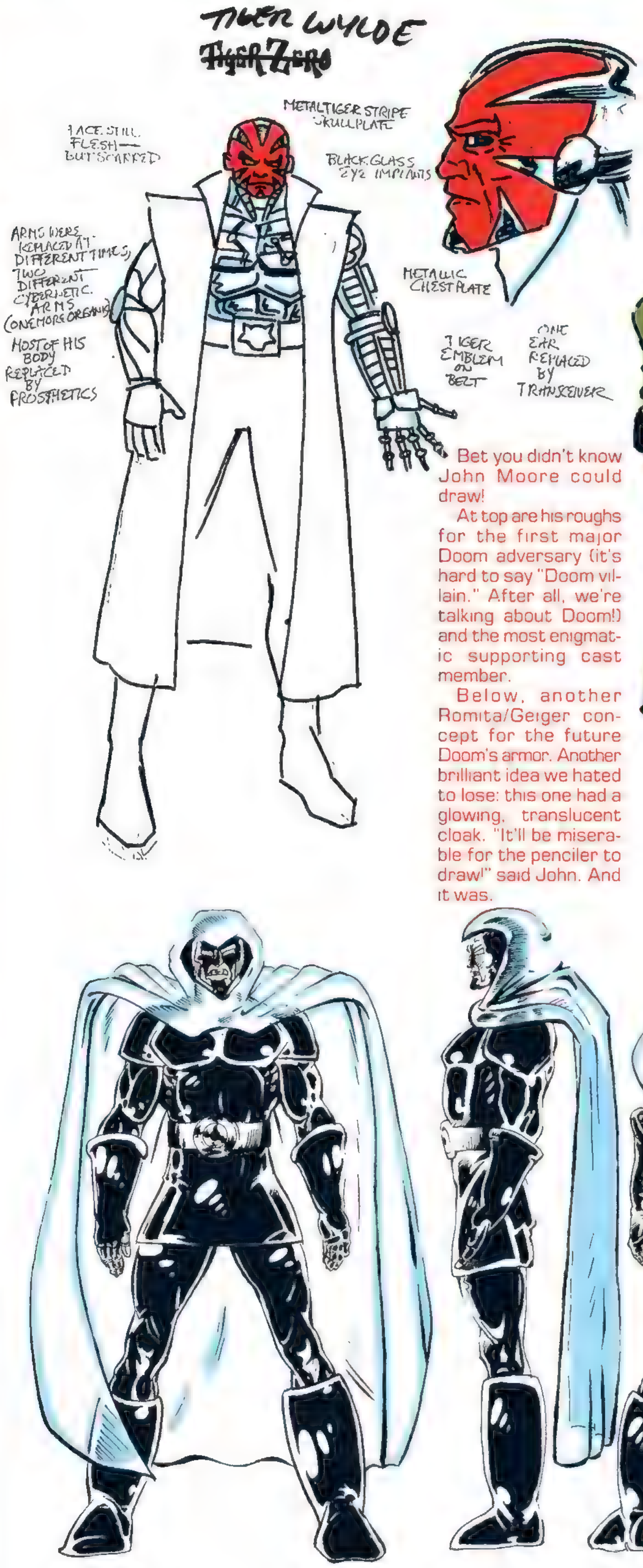
I pledge, Citizens, to fulfill my part of this great Contract with America.

And you, of course, will fulfill yours.

Frank Lovece, Official Transcriber for the Minister of Signal, writes the Marvel series ***WRAITHEART****, available in April. His previous Marvel series include* ***NIGHTSTALKERS*** *and* ***HOKUM & HEX****.*

■ DOOM 2099 CHARACTER SKETCHES BY *Pat Broderick, John Francis Moore* & *John Romita Sr.*, FROM THE 2099 SKETCHBOOK

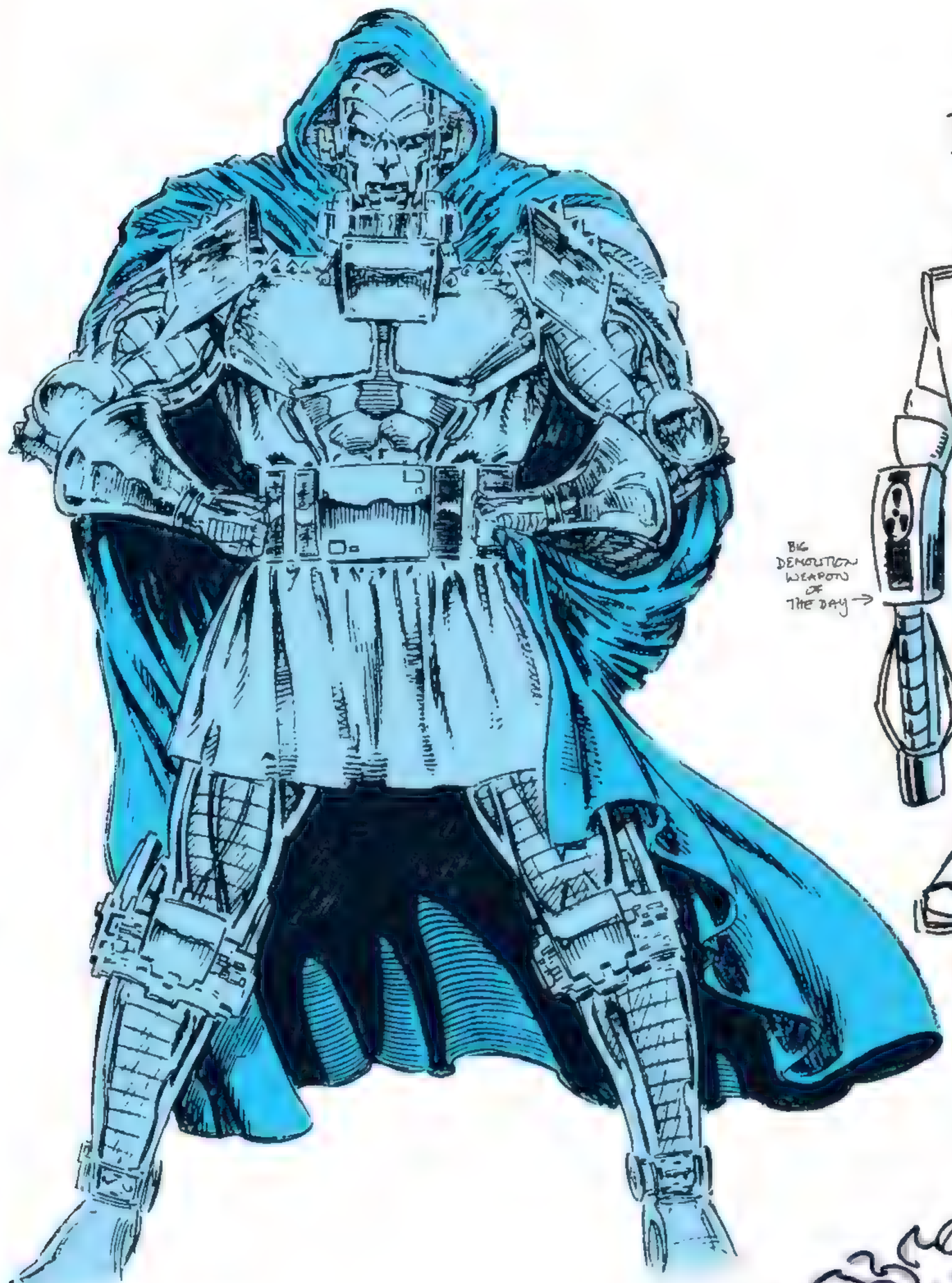




Bet you didn't know John Moore could draw!

At top are his roughs for the first major Doom adversary (it's hard to say "Doom villain." After all, we're talking about Doom!) and the most enigmatic supporting cast member.

Below, another Romita/Geiger concept for the future Doom's armor. Another brilliant idea we hated to lose: this one had a glowing, translucent cloak. "It'll be miserable for the penciler to draw!" said John. And it was.



Pat Broderick's original design for Doom 2099's armor. Who could draw this from panel to panel? Why do pencilers do these things to themselves?

Surrounding it are more of John Moore's ideas for his ever-expanding ensemble cast.

CONVERSION
MATRIX
ON LINE

DOOMED FOR ALL TIME

A person who will travel 100+ years into the past because he can't accept his country's fate is a person who will not take "no" for an answer. Doom has always been like this. Remember when the Fantastic Four had to brainwash him into thinking he beat them, just to get him to go away? Tom Peyer remembers FANTASTIC FOUR ANNUAL #2, and as the new writer on DOOM 2099 beginning with issue #40, he understands that this never-say-die attitude and uncontrollable ego are what fans have always adored about the evil Doctor. Now, with the four-part story line beginning in February, Tom will continue the legacy of Doom, making sure the rest of the world understands the events of "One Nation Under Doom," the destruction of his beloved Latveria, and his untimely ousting from power at the hands of Herod will keep him from what he feels is his rightful position: ruler of the world. Following on the heels of the very popular DOOM 2099 writer Warren Ellis, Tom, who is currently writing X-NATION 2099, has stepped in to take Doom on his most important and unusual story line yet. That's quite a task, considering that, for the past year, Doom has been President of the United States and has single-handedly turned the world of 2099 on its ear. The story line he is about to embark on will do that again, and more. Doom, having set himself up in Myridia, after having recharged during his stint in Halo City—helping the X-Men defeat Graverobber and making sure his final Presidential decree of a safe haven for mutantkind was complete—will trace his steps back, and begin his rise back to power by returning to the past. Beginning with issue #40, and continuing for three issues, Doom will travel back to 1996 to change history again. Distraught by what Herod has done to Latveria, and determined that Latveria will be a major world power again by 2099, his plans include him giving his country an important piece of future technology. It could possibly be a weapon, but for now, readers will have to wait and see just what exactly Doom has planned for both the current Marvel Universe and the future one. Neither will remain unscathed, as even Doom can't change time to suit his desires, though he, of course, believes he can. Because Doom won't be able to travel back in time with his technological ace-in-the-hole, he has to collect the pieces in 1996 and build it there from scratch. "Along the way he'll be bumping into various present-day Marvel heroes and villains. And for the first time, fans of 2099 will get to see familiar 2099 elements in their early stages of development, including the beginnings of the corporation that will eventually become Alchemax," says Peyer. "Doom will arrive in 1996 brimming with power, confidence and a solid plan to undo Latveria's tragic future. Every obstacle he meets will set his plan back terribly and increase his determination. By the climax of the last act, he's been stripped of his armor, his power, and any allies he might have made—even his ability to stand up straight. But he just won't take no for an answer! With his last spark of vicious moxie, he achieves the FINAL VICTORY OF DOOM!" Part one sees Doom arrive in present-day Latveria where "he's overcome with rapturous joy on seeing his homeland in such good shape. He breaks into Castle Doom to collect the first piece of tech that he needs to build the...well, we won't know exactly what he's building yet; we assume it's prob-

ably some awful weapon, and of course, he fights his way through an array of his old, half-remembered security devices," says Peyer. "At this stage, he's powerful, purposeful and too confident. As a result, Dr. Doom 1996 becomes hip to his presence and chases him through our remaining stories. "[I'm going to] set this up so that Doom must help Doc Doom surreptitiously. He can't tell him anything. He's just got to bury the tech in Dr. Doom's machinery and have faith that his younger self will find it and exploit it." In issues #41 and 42, Doom will slash his way through the present-day Marvel Universe. While he goes around collecting all the technological components, he's going to make a lot of enemies along the way. He's a man on a mission and in keeping with his never-say-die attitude, he's going to really upset a lot of people. He'll bump into Alchemax, which may just be "the Alchemical soap company," laughs Peyer; "maybe Spider-Man will be there!" Other present-day heroes that may appear in Doom's travels are Daredevil, Prince Namor, Doctor Strange and The Thing. All of these characters have had links to the younger Doom in some way. "I think it would be wise to use those ties to reinforce the idea that both Dooms are the same guy—and both Marvel eras are the same time-line," says Tom. And for all those who don't believe that the Marvel 2099 books have any connection to the current Marvel Universe, this story line will dispel any remaining doubt. 2099 is the future of Marvel. "The point [of this story line] is to challenge Doom's iron will. [I see] these issues as almost a series of vignettes in which he loots gadget after gadget and increases his army of foes and pursuers. By the end of the second issue, he's looking like the underdog. Half the Marvel Universe is after him, his armor tech is failing (try getting replacement parts 100 years in the past), and his escape route back to 2099 is cut off. It looks pretty hopeless, but he just keeps going." Doom's run-in with The Thing will lead into the Fantastic Four crossover this April with issues of both DOOM 2099 (#42) and FANTASTIC FOUR (#413), and for those of you who thought the SPIDER-MAN 2099 MEETS SPIDER-MAN bookshelf was Marvel history, leave it to Doom to not be outdone. In order to assemble his gadget, Doom is going to need Reed's state-of-the-art—at least state of the art for 1996—Marvel Universe lab. He may even be after the time sled, so he'll have

to bust into the Fantastic Four headquarters in order to gain access as well as to escape his pursuers. For the FF, Doom's assault on their home will lead to many important discoveries. For one, Reed will discover the mysterious and important plot point of Planet (M)arvel, the origin of which, for now, is under wraps. Meanwhile, the FF will almost destroy the weakened Doom, even stripping him of his armor. "By the end of this story Doom will be gone," says Peyer, "kidnapped by Dr. Doom!" Issue #43 will be monumental for Dooms of both times. Dr. Doom, now aware of his future self's identity, interrogates and tortures his weaker future self. He is absolutely relentless in his pursuit of future knowledge. "His attitude is, 'Hey, I'll suffer later, but I gotta know now," says Peyer. "[But] Doom stonewalls, and keeps it together by anticipating his younger self's behavior. I know this sounds utterly sick, but it could be really scary and memorable. It's gotta blow Doom's mind to be on the receiving end of his own evil. This experience will surely haunt him for a long time. And just when it seems that all hope is lost, in a dazzling feat of tactical improvisation I've yet to devise, Doom manages to implant the tech and return home, where—" well, you'll see. Once back in the future, the ramifications of Doom's toying with the past will have a ripple effect throughout the 2099 Universe. For one thing, he will not be returning to 2099. He has overshot his mark to the year 2101. Beginning this June is "Fast Forward," the story event which launches the new blanket title for 2099 to 2101. All of the books will be thrown even further into the future and all of the books will have had major changes occur during the missing time period. It will be up to the writers to bring fans up to date, but part of the fun will be finding out all of the events that have taken place regarding the heroes. Some of the heroes will be gone and others will have replaced them. The future of the future is on its way and the past will never be the same.

—Lia Pelosi

Fantastic Four 2099

Artist Matt Ryan's Sketches and Pages!

A Sneak peek of the cover to FANTASTIC FOUR 2099 #6

As with any publication, a comic book's cover is one of its most important elements. One of the e best ways to create a successful concept for a comic book cover is to take the most dramatic scene froom a story and condense it into an even more powerful image. The cover to FANTASTIC FOUR 2099 #6 u uses just this technique. It spotlights the introduction of a powerful new villain, The Tzzar of the Neg'gative Zone, while retaining the drama and mystery of who he is, and what he looks like. Hopefully thisis is enticing enough to the reader to pick up the book, flip through it and from there, be interested enaough to buy the book.

A cover idea usually begins with the penciler after he's perused the plot, here, FANTASTIC FOUUR 2099 penciler Matt Ryan has offered up two ideas for possible covers.

aa. The first idea, though dynamic and fifull of nice shots of our heroes using ttheir powers, really doesn't tell you nmuch about what is going on in this sstory.

b. The second sketch is much more successful, although, as Matt himself points out, our heroes need to be more dynamic. He's included a character who has obviously just made a mistake at his computer (and don't we all just know how bad those can be?!) and the central figure smashing through in shadow is obviously somebody to be reckoned with. Some funny Cavalieri cover copy and this would do just fine!

The Tzzar of The Negative Zone

For the design of the Tzzar of the Negative Zone, writer Karl Kesel asked for a villain, "older and ornery looking, mane streaked with silver, a nasty scar across one unblinking, white eye, but dangerous, like Maestro in the HULK." Matt Ryan takes it from there, and here are the final results!.

But wait! All that's just not going to work for our intrepid 2099 Editor Joey Cavalieri. He's got a better idea! He's even got coloring suggestions, for even more visual impact, to keep the FF 2099 in black, white and gray! So he rearranges Matt's second sketch to look something like this...

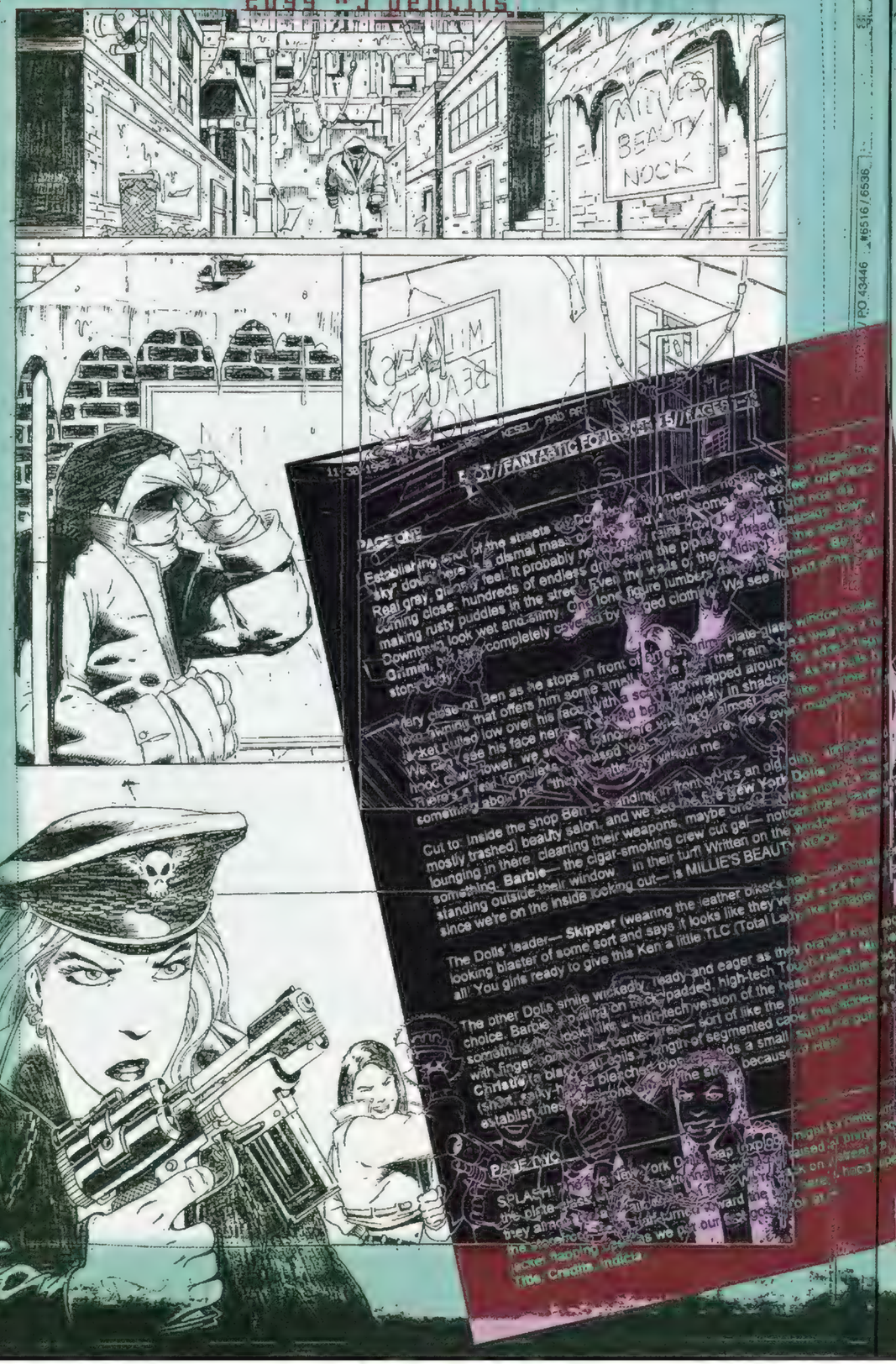
c. Joey's pumped up the Tzzar and made him even larger and more menacing on the cover. He's made the suggestion to make Johnny's flames more elaborate, have Reed stretching and twisting, add the Thing (the most visual character of the four), and, boys will be boys, to "show as much of Sue as you can."

And ta-da! There it is, from sketch to pencils. As you can see, the final product is the collaborative effort of Matt and Joey, highlighting all the successful elements from both their ideas.

From here, the cover will be passed along to Al Williamson, inker extraordinaire, and then to the colorist. Finally; the Bullpen adds the logo and cornerbox , plus any other funky features like breaking up the logo or adding special computer effects.

Fantastic Four 2099 #5 pencils

From plot to pencils, here's a sneak peek at what's in store for you in issue #5 of FANTASTIC FOUR 2099.



1. Page one takes us back to the crew of the "New York Dolls," who we met in issue #2, of Downtown 2099. We see the obscured profile of Ben Grimm who has "run away from home," figuring his stony figure sticks out like a sore thumb in the techno world of 2099. Now he's in for some real trouble.

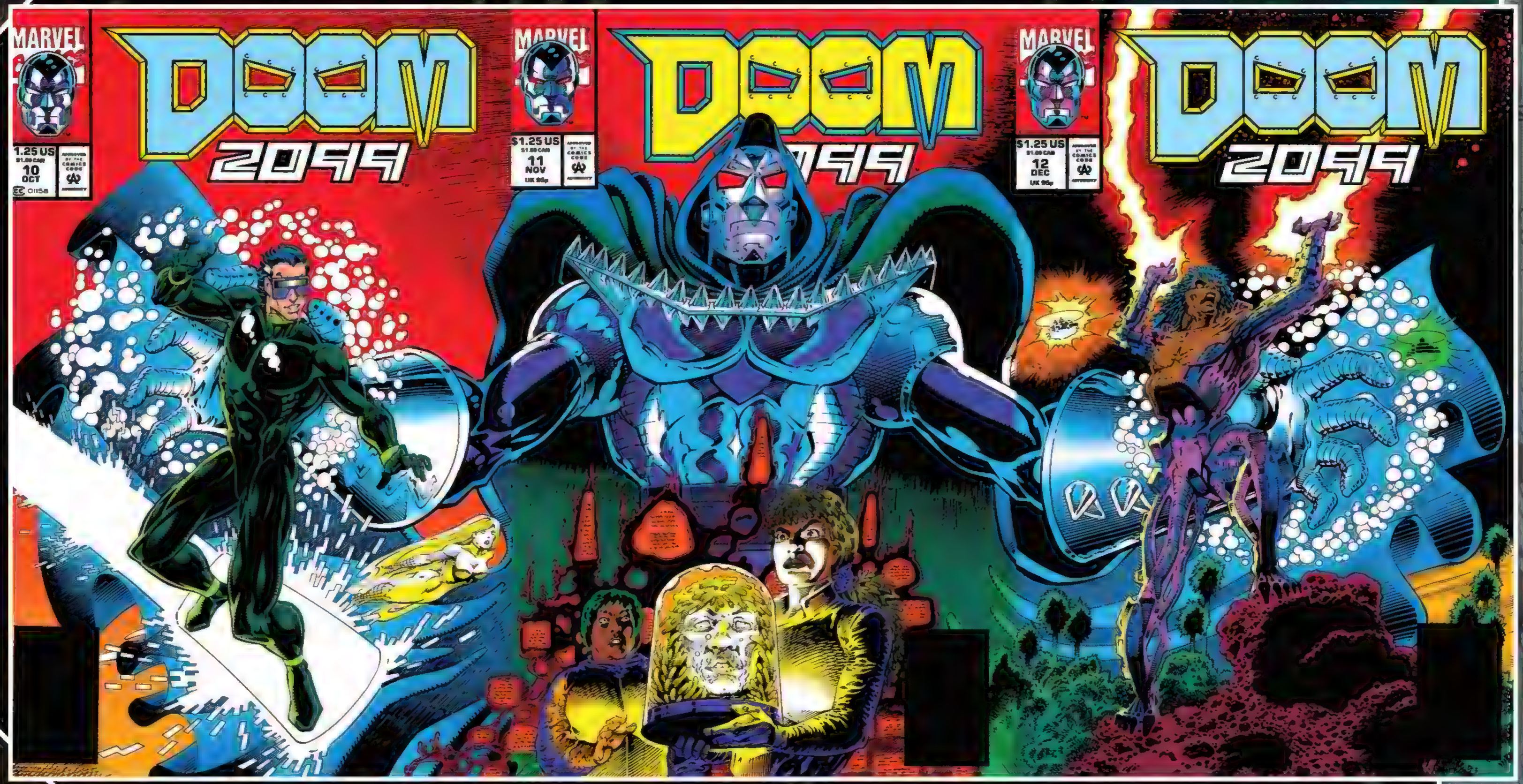
2. "SPLASH!" reads the plot to page two. "CRASH!" is more like it! And "explode" is how Karl describes it. Matt seems to have captured all three thoughts here.

3. The Showdown in Downtown begins and these "Dolls" aren't kidding around. It's clobberin' time alright, only it's Ben's turn to get clobbered this time as one of the girls sarcastically asks, shooting him dead on, "where're your *friends*?"

4. After a brief interludeInot shown here, but detailed in the plotI, we see that, by page six, things have gone from bad to worse because Ben, who "normally don't fight no ladies—" has found out that "these dolls ain't no ladies."

■ DOOM 2099 #10 BOUND-IN POSTER BY Klaus Janson

DOOM 2099 #10-12 COMBINED COVERS BY Pat Broderick



2099 A.D.

FIND OUT YOUR PLACE IN 2099'S NEW WORLD ORDER THIS MARCH.

MARVEL COMICS

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PLEDGE YOUR ALLEGIANCE

DOOM TAKES OVER AMERICA IN DOOM 2099 #29 AND NO 2099 TITLE WILL ESCAPE UNSCATHED!

2099

MARVEL COMICS

2099 AFTER DOOM. THE NEW WORLD ORDER BEGINS IN MARCH!

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Triumph of the Will:
The Making of the American Takeover

"I don't want to go to bloody New York. I've just bought a house. I want to unpack. So stop wasting my time with bad jokes about paying for me to go to New York and get off the bloody phone."

"This isn't a joke, Warren. All the other writers are coming to the conference, and we need you there, because, quite frankly, it's all your fault."

"My fault? *My* fault? So who was it phoned me in the middle of he bloody night and said, 'Warren, y'know you wanted to do politics in Doom? Well, have we got an idea for you!'? Go on, tell me who said *that*, Cavalieri!"

"If you dare tell any of the other guys that, not only will I deny it, but I'll have my hitmen burn your house down."

"Joey, I'd purely love to come to New York from England in a bloody Sopwith Camel operated by Big Crash Airlines for your 2099 conference in October. Shall I be staying at Dirty Tonio's Flophouse on the Lower East Side?"

"No. We have a cardboard box picked out for you on Avenue A. Don't be late."

Actually, I was staying at a big Lexington Avenue hotel, whose most memorable feature was an eight-foot-tall doorman named Gordon who stopped taxis by walking out into the middle of Lex, all three lanes of it, blowing a whistle, and then glaring at the oncoming traffic (which didn't want to hit him for fear of the damage he would do to their cars). A taxicab would miraculously appear within about ten seconds. Of course, most New York taxi drivers appear to have seen *Taxi Driver*, and for no good reason insist on regaling all Englishmen with swivel-eyed, marbles-in-mouth Travis Bickle impressions. Like I needed this. Bad enough that Americans make up for having a weedy 55 mph speed limit by driving like hungry epileptic dingoes.

This was my first time in New York, and, sadly, the first thing it brought to mind was an sf novel by John Brunner, entitled THE SHEEP LOOK UP. It tells the story of a modern society collapsing under the weight of its own filth. Written in 1972, it prefigures the current trend of environmental shock-fiction, and does it a lot better.

People don't look up in New York. It makes them look like tourists.

This is the place where, nearly three years ago, 2099 was built. And, in October 1994, I came along to sit in on its reconstruction. And it wasn't all my fault. I have witnesses.

What we wanted to do was to make the world unpredictable again. We needed a big shake-up, a massive change on the scale of any major world event, but without the superficiality that comics often brings to such things. Let's face it, if the Crimson Goatgouger grows eight extra arms and decides to go sort out "Yugoslavia," you know fine well that in the following issue he'll be back to the regular limb-count and nothing will be different in the ex-Yugoslavian region (unless the comic is really bad, in which case we'll be treated to the Goatgouger punching out Radovan Karadzic). In 2099, we can do major world upheavals honestly. And that's the plan.

What you're seeing is something that'll shake the world to its roots, and, furthermore, will actually make the world of 2099 a little more cohesive. Because Doom will connect across all strata of this society. Lines will be drawn between, say, VR entertainment on the West Coast and environmental maintenance on the East. The structure of law enforcement in Washington will have ramifications in Transverse City. Doom will see it all and make it all make sense. And, if you keep reading DOOM, you will come to understand the world of 2099 in an unprecedented way.

My concern was to keep the books evolving. The old mantra of "no change, just the illusion of change" gives me a rash. So, as the writers who ride for the 2099 brand filed in on that Indian summer of a Monday, spoiling for a fight (because someone had told them it was all my fault), and I realized that none of them was against change, I just hurled out all my ideas and waited to see which of them would stick to the wall. EMP America. Cynex. Clean lifters. The Black Cabinet. And then Gerry Jones, being Californian, turned up fashionably late—Wednesday—and I had to explain it all over again.

Which leaves only one question; why didn't Joey fire me for drinking heavily on the first day and then spend the rest of the time in bars and stores? I should have been at the table, beating out the details of the next year's publishing. I should have remained to continue blowing smoke over Peter David and needling him about wafting off to some ozoneless holiday island and becoming a big melanoma with legs within a week...but no. Not necessary. Because this is not a crossover. Tattoo that on your eyelids. I was not necessary, once I'd stated what I intended to do in DOOM up to #38. It's entirely up to Pat Mills, John Moore, Tony Skinner, Len Kaminski, Peter David, and Gerry Jones as to the extent to which they want to interact with the Takeover. You do not have to buy all the 2099 books to get the story. Each book will deal with its own individual angle on the New Regime. Mind you, no one's saying you can't buy all the 2099 books, either, y'know.

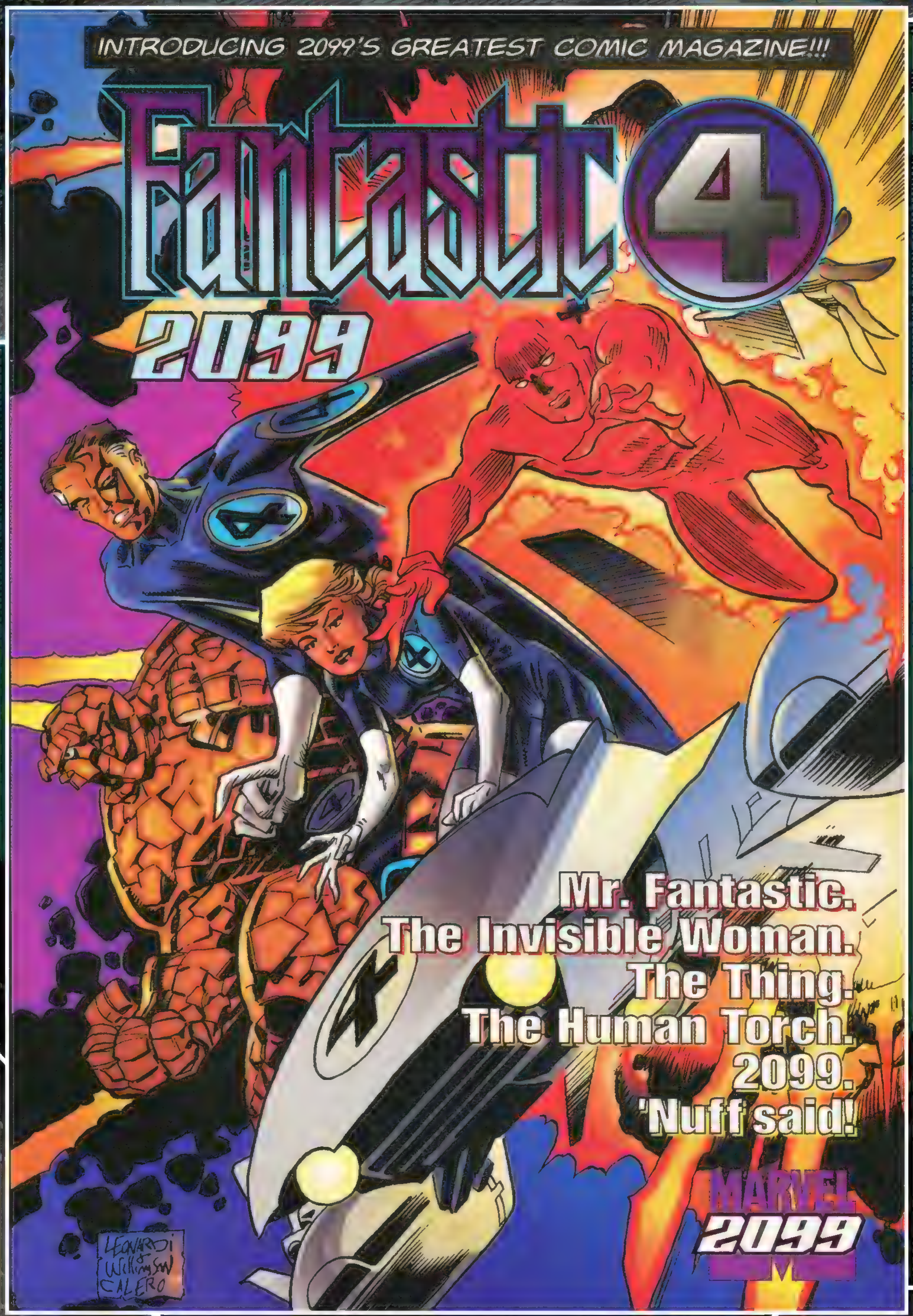
So, while I was off on me toes, everyone else was working out their approach with Joey, Lia and Matt. Save a special thought for Lia, who had to note down everything that was said at the conference. Because, on the first day, every other note was "Shut up, naff off and get me coffee." Sorry.

I left the millennial rot of Manhattan on Thursday, having helped build the Second American Revolution. Funny, that's being blamed on an Englishman again.

Maybe we'll do a better job of it this time around.

—Warren Ellis

■ IN ADDITION TO ITS **FANTASTIC FOUR 2099** TEASER SCENE, **2099 A.D. GENESIS** CONTAINED SEVERAL SPLASH PAGES SPOTLIGHTING VARIOUS CHARACTERS — INCLUDING THIS ONE FEATURING DOOM. BY *Warren Ellis, Dale Eaglesham, Scott Koblish, Mike Thomas, Malibu & Jon Babcock.*



■ FANTASTIC FOUR 2099 HOUSE AD BY *Rick Leonardi, Al Williamson & Dennis Calero*

FANTASTIC FOUR 2099 — SPECIAL PREVIEW

So the phone rang. It was Joey Cavalieri, offering me another chance to work on one of his 2099 titles. Joey was one of the first people I knew in this business. I liked him from the start, and I really liked what he was doing with his corner of the Marvel Universe. It would be a blast to be part of it, but I was always too busy. I knew this was going to be another time when I had to say thanks, but no thanks.

"FANTASTIC FOUR 2099." Joey dangled in front of me the only words that could've made me think twice.

"We talking Reed, Ben, Sue and Johnny?"

"We could be."

He would've had to shoot me to keep me away at that point.

FANTASTIC FOUR was one of the first comics I ever read, ever collected. I started with ANNUAL #6 — the birth of Franklin and, coincidentally enough, a wild ride through the Negative Zone. I paid my money every month and read and then re-read as the FF were trapped in Dr. Doom's village, powerless … as they fought for their lives in the Mole Man's surreal house of horror … and by the time Ben Grimm was a slave of the Skrulls (*the* comic-book epic of my childhood), I was counting the days between issues. I knew they were right — this was the World's Greatest Comic Magazine. No doubt about it.

It wasn't just the characters — even though the pattern of the brain, the brawn, the babe and the boy has been copied ever since; and I still think Ben Grimm is one of the greatest comic creations of all time — and it wasn't just their powers — although I've always loved the primal, forceful simplicity of the FF's abilities, instantly understandable yet constantly full of amazing surprises and twists.

No, *this* is the coolest thing about the FF: they were just like any other family, except Reed's ham-and-cheese sandwich would give him an idea for anti-gravity shoes; or Johnny would spend his school break searching for a lost civilization; or the nanny they'd get for Franklin would turn out to be a witch. A *good* witch, but still …

You see, getting super powers *didn't* change the Fantastic Four's lives at all! Remember, they snuck off on a secret space flight *before* they had super-strength or could stretch or turn invisible or flame on. Challenging the unknown was *always* part of their lives. Their powers made things a little more … colorful, but behind the cosmic razzle-dazzle they were still — and this is Stan Lee and Jack Kirby's stroke of genius — a normal family like yours or mine.

Except *way* cooler.

When they got a pet, it wasn't a dog — it was Dragon Man! When they took a vacation, it wasn't to some lame cabin in the middle of nowhere — it was to Monster Island, or the Negative Zone, or a quick trip through time …

Maybe, say, to 2099?

The idea really appealed to me. After all, the future isn't what it used to be. 2099 isn't a "problem" that could be solved in four to six issues, and the FF's Heroic Age idealism would be hopelessly out of place in a world much better suited to Doom. 2099 would reduce one of the most technologically advanced teams in the Marvel Universe to out-of-date anachronisms. Finish turning everything on its ear by making them wanted fugitives with no place to go and no one to turn to and I thought we really might have the Fantastic Four as we've never seen them …

…And as we've always loved them — on the edge, exploring a new world, uncovering something strange or exciting or astonishing every issue.

Something *fantastic*.

I'll tell you, I can hardly wait to see it myself — and I plan to be here for as long as you are.

Karl Kesel

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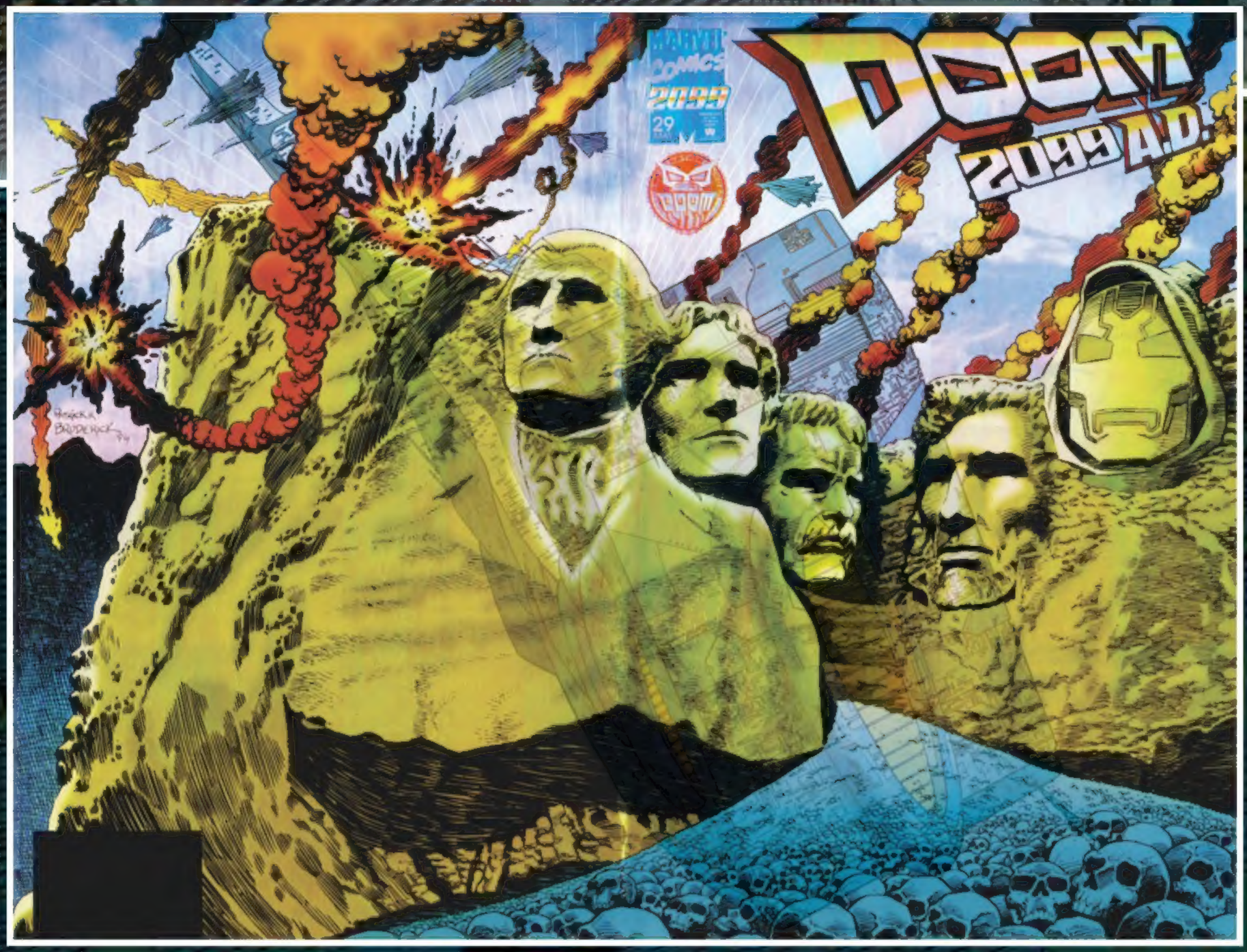

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